

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 1152: Watching Lives Pass as He Counted the Cycles of Life and Death Quietly in His Heart - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 1152: Watching Lives Pass as He Counted the Cycles of Life and Death Quietly in His Heart

Chapter 1152: Watching Lives Pass as He Counted the Cycles of Life and Death Quietly in His Heart

Zhang Wen Zhang might not like studying, but as the son of a teacher, he believed that he should sound eloquent when he spoke. It was rather difficult for him, however, which was why he listened to the advise of the daughter of his father's employer, the one he was incredibly fond of and the one who was incredibly beautiful...

He started intentionally showing a thoughtful expression. No matter whether he was sleeping, eating, walking, or doing something else, he would keep a thoughtful expression. This was the method the girl he liked had mentioned to him when they were young. She suggested that he should look like he was constantly thinking about something, and because of that others would believe that he was knowledgeable.

Zhang Wen Zhang abused this method to its limit, and gradually, as he grew up, he began to slowly think for real instead of just pretending to do it.

On the day he married the woman he liked under the envious gazes of those around him, he thought about his life. When they were about to bow to heaven and earth as part of the wedding ceremony, the woman had to drag him down in anger so they could finish the ceremony.

He was very fortunate that the woman he liked had a father who did not love her. Because of that, he completely disregarded the marriage in which Zhang Wen Zhang's status did not match up to that of his beloved. In fact, the man did not even turn up for the ceremony.

This luck seemed to have accompanied him throughout his life. As he continued pondering it, he thought to have come to understand something, but when he thought about it carefully, he found that he had understood nothing.

Time trickled by. On the second summer since the marriage, there was a night with rain pouring from the sky. There was a storm on that night, and as lightning crackled, his wife was about to give birth.

On that night, his father-in-law threw his head back in the rain and laughed as if he had gone mad. He did not care about the rain drenching his body. His laughter echoed in the air, and there was grief in his voice.

Zhang Wen Zhang stared at his father-in-law in the rain. The man's crazed expression made him sink into contemplative silence. However, his thinking only lasted for a short moment before it was interrupted by anxiety. Because... his wife's shrill screams of pain came from the house. Her voice was full of the pain from experiencing a difficult labor.

It caused his heart to tremble, and he could no longer ponder about his life. Fear was in his heart. He was afraid that on this day, he would part with his wife forever. Once the day ended, he might become as crazy as his father-in-law.

As his wife's pained screams continued ringing in the air and his father-in-law's laughter grew stronger, Zhang Wen Zhang shuddered. At that moment, someone pushed open the door to his wife's delivery room. The midwife who was brought over to receive the baby ran out with an expression full of fear.

"Monster... Monster!"

Zhang Wen Zhang's heart shuddered. He rushed into the house and cast a glance at the room where his wife was giving birth. When he saw her pained expression, he called out to the other people in the room to bring the palanquin. Then, they rushed out of the room.

He wanted to get a doctor, not a midwife, because he had a strong feeling that this birth might cost someone a life. If that was the case, then it was no longer something with which a midwife could help. He needed a doctor to save his wife's life!

With rain pouring down on him, he walked past the noodle stall which was still open despite the storm. He did not notice the old man sitting on the rock with his gaze towards him. Zhang Wen Zhang in too much hurry to pay attention to those around him.

When he finally brought the doctor whose skills were rather similar to those of Doctor Mo back to the courtyard, Zhang Wen Zhang stared at his wife's labor room before gritting his teeth and stepping inside. He did not want to wait outside. He wanted to hold his wife's hand so that he could go through the hardship with her.

But the moment he pushed open the door to the room, someone else pushed it open from within as well. Lightning crackled and thunder roared. At that instant, he saw a baby in the doctor's arms, and he also saw the body of his wife lying on the bed without moving or breathing.

A loud roar went off in his head. In his ears he heard his father-in-law laughing shrilly outside. His body shuddered, and he walked to his wife. He stared at her pale face which reminded of a corpse, but which still had a smile filled with maternal love on its

lips. His heart was torn apart forcefully. At that moment, he no longer thought about life, but instead turned around to glare at the doctor.

An illusion manifested without his knowledge. It seemed like another figure was slowly forming in front of him. As for the doctor staring at him, disbelief appeared on his face, along with some sort of understanding.

Zhang Wen Zhang did not know that his father-in-law had gone through almost the exact same thing in the past, but the difference was that his father-in-law had had the figure appear behind him, while he himself had turned into the illusion, and the figure appearing in front of him was a body manifesting itself to gain corporeal form.

It was also at this moment that a loud rumble suddenly rang out in Zhang Wen Zhang's head, as if a sealed memory had suddenly been released. At the instant it was freed, he woke up from the cycle of life and death. He opened his eyes from his sleep, and slowly, they cleared from earlier madness and gained clarity. He did not look any different from before, but there was an air of someone who had gained some form of epiphany about him.

He closed his eyes. As his memories returned and he woke up from the cycles of life and death, he remembered everything. He was not Zhang Wen Zhang... but Su Ming!

He was True Morning Dao World's Su Ming, the Abyss Builder's Su Ming, and the Su Ming who had prepared and activated the Mortal Refinement Art on a broken planet to refine the white ring!

He remembered everything... but he could not remember the cycle of lives he had gone through. His memories reached only up to the moment when he stepped into the world formed by the Mortal Refinement Art.

In silence, Su Ming turned his head around to cast a glance at the body of the woman lying on the bed. He saw her face, and he shuddered lightly.

The woman looked like Bai Feng from his memories, or rather, as Bai Ling from Dark Mountain...

'In this cycle, she was my wife...'

In silence, Su Ming raised his right hand and tapped Bai Ling's body gently. A wave of life force immediately surged into her. Even though her life had been about to disappear a moment ago, she slowly opened her eyes.

She stared at Su Ming, and a smile bloomed on her frail face.

"Let me... take a look at our child..."

Su Ming stared at Bai Ling. With his memories recovered, he couldn't help the complicated emotions in his heart. However, they did not reflect on his face. Instead, he nodded and took the baby from the doctor's arms before returning to Bai Ling's side. The two of them stared at the baby together, and the smile on Bai Ling's face showed maternal love.

"He looks quite like you, but he'd best not be as silly as you," Bai Ling said with a smile, but there was still a hint of weakness to it.

Su Ming closed his eyes and hid the complicated look in his eyes. He sighed in his heart.

Time passed, and in the blink of an eye, three years went by.

During them, Su Ming stayed by Bai Ling's side. He no longer pondered over life, because life was right before his eyes. There was no longer anything to ponder about it. He was in a cycle of life, an illusory life. Within it, everyone was asleep, and only Su Ming was awake. He looked at the people living their lives in happiness, anger, sadness, and joy. He watched Bai Ling's gentleness towards him, watched as his child grew up, and the emotions he felt could not be described with words.

At certain times, waking up... was a form of suffering. If Su Ming had not remembered everything, he could have lived happily as he did in the past, but now, even if he wanted to live happily, it had become impossible to immerse himself in it completely once he knew that it was all fake.

Three years after Su Ming had regained his memories, Bai Ling's father closed his eyes and left the world.

Another three years passed, and Su Ming's father in this cycle, the teacher, also reached the end of his life.

Being born, growing old, getting sick, and dying were all parts of a person's life. The noodle stall from the past was no longer around. It was empty, as if it had disappeared without a trace in this time and place.

The child grew up, and wrinkles appeared on Bai Ling's face. When an ancient air surrounded Su Ming's body, time had walked a long path with Su Ming and Bai Ling in this cycle.

Bai Ling was happy. Even if she was old, every single time she looked at Su Ming, gentleness would appear in her eyes. When she whispered to him, she would talk about their childhood in this cycle, about how they had stayed together since they were young.

Su Ming, too, gradually stopped thinking about his past. He slowly allowed himself to immerse himself in the cycle. As they counted the white hairs on their heads, they slowly grew old together.

Then, their daughter married off. Then, the mercilessness of time aged Bai Ling's body as decades passed. More wrinkles appeared, and on a midnight several years later, she held Su Ming's hand. While staring at the starry sky beyond the window, she whispered under her breath...

"I had a dream. I dreamed of a mountain which housed an ancient tribe. I dreamed that I was a girl in that tribe, and I was dressed in white mink fur. There were some pretty embellishments at the center of my brows, and you... were a person from another tribe. One day, there was a blood moon, and you carried me on your back... At dawn, you circled the mountain with me. You did not want to send me back..."

"I dreamed of a promise. A promise made between us..." Bai Ling mumbled. There was a smile on her lips. She did not manage to finish speaking though. Her words turned into murmurs, and she closed her eyes for the last time.

Su Ming held Bai Ling's hand, and nostalgia appeared in his eyes. He watched her life gradually flow from her body and the world go through a cycle of sixty years.

One year later, Su Ming sold the courtyard, because there were no longer any people in his memories of this place. As time passed, he became the oldest person in the county town. He witnessed all the changes during the cycle of sixty years, and far too many people living and dying. Then, he sold his property, built a platform at an empty spot in the county town, and there, he built a noodle stall.

He made noodles, brewed soup, weaved grass puppets, and watched lives pass as he counted the cycles of life and death quietly in his heart...

Chapter 1153: Thirteen Meteors

Within a vast galaxy in True Morning Dao World was a whirlwind. It had already raged for over ten months. Thankfully, it did not continue becoming stronger, but it didn't weaken either. It continued raging in the galaxy, intending to destroy all signs of life.

Ten months might not be long even for a mortal, but in this place, to the cultivators who could originally move across galaxies and had the world at their beck and call... the ten months was a very long period of time.

They could not venture too far away from their shelters. They had no way of learning what happened in the world outside and could not contact their fellow Daoists. They had been trapped in a hopeless situation and could only watch the whirlwind beyond the galaxy. Full of anxiety, they quietly waited for the day when the whirlwind would disappear on its own, which might or might not happen.

However, there were some cultivators who gradually found some indistinct patterns in the whirlwind with the use of their mighty strength and ceaseless investigations during the ten months. With the knowledge of the patterns, they could venture slightly further away to head to other places in search of their surviving companions... or to rob those who were in trouble!

At that moment, there were thirteen huge meteors not too far away from the planet where Su Ming was meditating. They were charging forth through the whirlwind. When they touched it, they shrank at a speed visible to the naked eye. Judging by looks of it, they would last only for three more days before they were crushed by the wind.

And this was under the condition that there was cultivation energy being sent continuously from the meteors to constantly neutralize the power of the World in the whirlwind. Otherwise, they would shatter even sooner.

The thirteen meteors were empty at the center, and there were three cultivators sitting cross-legged and meditating in each one of them. Their clothes were rather beautiful and did not seem to be disheveled. After all, during the ten months in which True Morning Dao World was reduced to wreckage, they did not care too much about it as cultivators.

Besides the three main cultivators who were meditating in each of the thirteen meteors, there were dozens of others around them. Their presences were weak, and their bodies were pinned against the walls by dozens of nails. Their minds were clear, but their cultivation bases had been pinned to the walls of the meteors in a bizarre fashion. They were connected to where they were situated.

They were clearly being treated as living spirit stones and were forced to release their cultivation bases continuously so they would fuse with the meteors to fight against the whirlwind in the world outside.

"Based on the information Old Monster Wen sent us several months ago, there is a planet in a rather good condition three days away from here. There are ripples of power from cultivation bases spreading out from there.

A middle-aged man who was one of the three people sitting in the meteor in the lead opened his eyes. A ferocious smile appeared on his lips, and he said languidly, "Let's hope that we can get a very good haul this time..."

“What if we run into those from Morning Dao Sect?” An old man also opened his eyes. When he voiced his question in a calm voice, he cast his gaze at the last person among them.

“There are no longer any sects after the great disaster in True Morning Dao World. We’ll just kill them and use their cultivation base as a soul source to keep the Rune in operation. Their Enchanted Treasures will belong to me, their soul goes to you, and their body will go to Fellow Daoist Miao.”

The last person of the three was a young man. He was dressed in a Constellation Robe, but the robe made it clear that he was not a direct descendant, just a member of the branch family.

However, the young man’s power was incredibly great. He had already attained great completion in Solar Kalpa Realm, and he was only a step away from entering Mastery Realm. Yet for some unknown reason, the mighty pressure spreading out from his body could cause the other two to treat him as their equal.

Even if they were in Mastery Realm!

After all, there were few who were weaklings among those able to survive so freely in the disaster. Only those who had the power of Almighties had the right to do so.

The two men cast each other a glance, then smiled faintly. They did not speak and closed their eyes.

Time trickled by. In the blink of an eye, three days went by. When the third day arrived, most of the thirteen meteors had been lost, but they still did not disintegrate in the whirlwind. Instead, they turned into thirteen shooting stars that charged towards Su Ming’s planet.

After a moment, booming sounds rang out from the planet. A powerful tremor shook it ceaselessly. There were many parts at the edges that were reduced to fragments and swept up by the whirlwind into the galaxy.

While Su Ming was enveloped by the Light of Extreme Darkness in the pit, a glint suddenly shone in the bald crane’s eyes, and its gaze turned into a fierce glare. It flew up and rushed out of the Light of Extreme Darkness. Then when it cast its gaze into the distance, its expression changed.

‘One, two, three... Darn it all, there are hundreds of people in those thirteen shooting stars?! That’s not right, there are only 39 lively presences. The others... have been turned into puppets used to protect and operate the thirteen shooting stars... They’re like human-shaped spirit stones. This idea isn’t too bad. I didn’t expect them to be able to use this method to move through the galaxy.

‘Could it be... that they came here because of this place?’

A thought formed in the bald crane’s mind, and it shrank, returning back to its place. It dissipated and fused with the Light of Extreme Darkness while changing the scenery so that no one would be able to see a pit, but flatland.

It did not take long before the 39 long arcs charged over from the distance. In an instant, they came to Su Ming’s isolation grounds and drifted in space. An icy expression appeared on the 39 people’s faces. They had grim, murderous looks.

Clearly, all of them were people who had killed plenty of others. There were six among them who exuded the mighty pressure belonging to Almighties, and even the weakest among them was in the later stage of World Plane Realm.

There were some who were originally cultivators from Morning Dao Sect, and there were also those from the Immortals’ Union. They had been from two opposing parties who would fight against each other the moment they ran into each other ten months ago, but right then, they were on friendly terms. The reason for it was the disaster that had fallen on True Morning Dao World. The distribution of loot between them was also a factor to their cordial relationship.

“It’s strange; it should be in this place. Based on the information the old monster told us, it should be this place!”

A glint shone in the eyes of the old man named Miao, and a jade slip showed up in his hand. When he read it, he frowned and spoke slowly.

“Could it be that Old Monster Wen sold us fake information?” one of the thirty people immediately asked with a cold sneer.

“He wouldn’t dare. If he dared to sell us fake information, I would definitely find him and skin him alive. I would then use the fat of his corpse to light a lamp to burn his soul!”

“Impossible. Fellow Daoist Wen has a good reputation. Even if he is selling fake information, he wouldn’t sell it to us. Could it be that the person here left?”

“He either left or hid himself. We might not be able to sense anything with our divine senses, but if we destroy this planet and fuse it into our Enchanted Vessels, we wouldn’t have come here in vain. If that person has really hid himself, then when we crush the planet, he will naturally show up,” the young man in the Constellation Robe said in a sinister voice.

As he spoke, he raised his right hand and seized space. Immediately, the galaxy rumbled, and a black, long blade appeared in his hand.

When it appeared, the weather changed. Waves of cold air crashed into everyone's faces, and greed immediately filled the expressions of the cultivators in the area. But their wariness was even greater than their greed.

"The sect defending treasure of the Immortals' Union's Freezing Blade Sect, the Heavenly Frost Cutting Blade... Heh heh, only you alone are suited to have this item, Brother Dao. At least my action of killing the Great Sect Elder of Freezing Blade Sect in the past when he went into isolation to cure his wounds wasn't in vain." The old man named Miao smiled faintly.

"Brother Miao, you praise me too much. I've also split up a portion of Great Sect Elder Han Dao's soul with you, didn't I? The strength of your divine sense is outstanding among your peers.

"And Brother Song obtained the physical body of Freezing Blade Sect's Great Sect Elder. After he refined it, he added another layer of refined skin on himself. He might be the person with the strongest physical body among his peers."

The young man dressed in the Constellation Robe made light of this matter. As he spoke, he raised his right hand and pushed it swiftly downwards!

The ground immediately roared, and a black thread appeared. As it distorted, several threads spread out from it. As they intersected with each other, they turned into a black net that charged towards the ground.

The net was large and had no end. Judging by the looks of it, once it landed, it would instantly crush the planet and cut it into countless stone fragments.

The flatland that the bald crane had manifested was also within the area where the net would cut. If it truly landed, Su Ming's isolation grounds would immediately be revealed.

The bald crane's illusion could hide them from the detection of all divine senses, but there was a huge weakness to it. What it created was an illusion, not something real. The naked eye and divine senses might not be able to detect it, but if anyone broke it forcefully, they would immediately notice the difference.

'Damn it, Su Ming still needs a few more months! Why did this group of people suddenly appear in this place?! And who is that Old Monster Wen?! How did he know that there's someone here?!

The bald crane's eyes glowed in the Light of Extreme Darkness. A dark look appeared on its face, and it did not bother to dodge the black net descending on them. It simply allowed the net to charge towards the ground.

When the ground trembled, huge cracks immediately appeared. They spread out and intersected with each other with loud bangs. In just a few breaths, a loud bang came from the planet as if it was about to crumble.

Yet at that moment when the black net cut up the planet and touched the illusion, it suddenly disappeared on its own, and an endless black light spread out from within.

The thirty something cultivators in the area were the first to be affected. At the instant the black light spread out, some of them immediately let out shrill screams of pain. Cold chills filled their bodies. Four of them who were cultivators in the later stage of World Plane Realm plunged straight to the ground. With a thump, their bodies turned into blocks of ice. Their Nascent Divinities could not escape either. They were instantly shot through by the black light, and their forms as well as their souls were destroyed.

The other people escaped by a stroke of luck, but shock was on all their faces. Only the eyes of the six cultivators who had the presences of Almightyies spreading out from their bodies filled with greed, even if they were retreating with the others.

“What is this light?!”

“Haha! There’s definitely a person in this place! He has such a powerful light with him, but he chose to hide, so it’s certain that he’s severely wounded and is exercising his breathing to heal himself. This is our chance!

Chapter 1154: The Road to Hell

“This light...” The instant the young man in the Constellation Robe saw the black light, he frowned as if he had remembered something.

“This is the Light of Extreme Darkness! I’ve seen in True Morning Dao World before. At that time, it was controlled by Dynast Dao Kong. Could it be that the person recovering from his injuries here is Dynast Dao Kong?” A glint appeared in the young man’s eyes. It shone with excitement and bloodthirstiness.

“Move into formation!” the old man named Miao roared while licking his lips. The thirty something people in the area immediately moved and surrounded the area from which the Light of Extreme Darkness spread out. They formed seals with their hands, and at a deep shout from the old man named Miao, they lifted their palms. Using all their power, they pushed down against the ground.

The land trembled, and the planet rumbled. It already had plenty of cracks, and after the attack, it looked like it could no longer withstand the pressure. It crumbled and shattered

As layer upon layer of the planet tumbled backwards, what was revealed in the galaxy before the people's eyes was a gigantic stone of about one hundred thousand feet big.

That stone encapsulated the pit in which Su Ming was sitting!

The thirteen planets which had descended flew up and surrounded the area to form a Rune, preventing the whirlwinds from surging inside. As for those which had come out, these cultivators had no need to fear their power for the time being.

The moment the planet shattered and the stone was revealed, the bald crane let out a shrill screech. The Light of Extreme Darkness spread out swiftly, and the thirty something people immediately cried out again. When they retreated, two more people turned into blocks of ice and fell onto the planet.

'Damn it! If it wasn't because I, Grandpa Crane, need to split my divine sense to maintain Su Ming's world of reincarnation, I would have killed all of you bastards a long time ago! But I can't do it because I can't move too much of the Light of Extreme Darkness!

'If Su Ming woke up, then it'd be even easier to kill these people... Damn it, why are there so many of them, and six of them are even Almighties! Th-th-this... This is just bullying!'

The bald crane felt slightly anxious. It would have been easy if the enemy wasn't numerous, but with so many people... The bald crane did not fear them, but it knew that Su Ming's Mortal Refinement Art was at a critical stage. If he was disturbed, an irreversible change might occur. Besides, once he failed, he would no longer be able to use this refinement Art to subjugate the supreme treasure.

"This is indeed the Light of Extreme Darkness! If we absorbed it, our offensive abilities would increase by a large margin!"

The greed in the eyes of the old man named Miao grew stronger. Without any hesitation, he raised his right hand and swung it forward. Immediately, the galaxy shuddered and distorted. In the area surrounded by the thirteen shooting stars, dozens of huge eyeballs appeared!

They were filled with blood capillaries, and some of them were even damaged. However, all their pupils shone with a brilliant light at that instant. When it gathered and was about to shine on the stone serving as Su Ming's isolation grounds, it was surrounded by the Light of Extreme Darkness.

The eyeballs were the Eyes of the Sacred Temple!

When they appeared, the old man named Miao formed a seal with his hands and pushed his palms against his chest before coughing up a mouthful of blood. It immediately turned into blood-red marks which stuck to each eyeball.

“Make the offering!” he roared.

Immediately, around forty of the hundreds of people pinned to the walls of the thirteen shooting stars started trembling violently. Some of them had belonged to the Sacred Temple and had been the ones in control of the eyeballs.

As they shuddered and coughed up blood, it raced through the shootings stars and charged towards the eyeballs. Once it fused with them, the eyeballs shone with a blood-red light. When they cast their gazes on the Light of Extreme Darkness, they seemed to be able to penetrate the light, making it semi-transparent and allowing the people in the area to see Su Ming sitting cross-legged and meditating in the Light of Extreme Darkness. A huge ring was spinning slowly above him. In fact, even the bald crane’s figure, which was originally hidden in the light, was revealed for a short time.

Moments later, a dozen of eyeballs exploded with a bang. Clearly, they were only able to see through the Light of Extreme Darkness with much effort on their part and after sacrificing some of their number. The dozens of cultivators from the Sacred Temple also collapsed.

This had happened because Su Ming had yet to awaken; otherwise, with his status as the origin of the Light of Extreme Darkness, even if there were ten times the number of eyeballs, they would still be unable to see through his light. The bald crane, however, was only an entity with only its soul left, and it had also lost many of its memories. It only had its instincts left, and it was not strong enough to use the Light of Extreme Darkness to fight against Almighties.

“That is...”

“That is definitely some kind of supreme treasure! I can vaguely sense the mighty pressure coming from it! This is a supreme treasure that can bring forth the Light of Extreme Darkness!”

“He’s not Dao Kong. That person’s figure doesn’t belong to Dao Kong. Then the appearance of the Light of Extreme Darkness is definitely due to that supreme treasure. I understand now, he’s using the supreme treasure to cure his wounds. By the looks of it, he should be gravely wounded!”

All of the Almighties, including the young man in the Constellation Robe, looked at each other, and they could see the greed in each other’s eyes.

“Heh heh, I didn’t expect that there would be a soul entity in the Light of Extreme Darkness as well. I’ll take care of it, but I’ll need some help. Fellow Daoist Han, you

used a treasure to destroy my entire army of cultivators in the past. Don't tell me that you didn't bring it with you this time."

An old man dressed in black robes and who possessed the power of an Almighty laughed hoarsely. His physical body started withering rapidly, and in the blink of an eye, he became emaciated, reduced to only a layer of skin. In fact, even his bones seemed to have melted, making his body squeeze together. A wisp of black smoke flew out from the top of his skull.

The black smoke moved through space while changing into a three-headed malicious spirit. It roared toward the heavens, and the ripples of power which belonged to Almighties spread out from it. This was no longer a Nascent Divinity, but a magical entity that had fused with a Nascent Divinity after refinement!

The three-headed malicious spirit roared and charged towards the Light of Extreme Darkness. At the same time, a cold sneer appeared on the face of a middle-aged man dressed in purple robes. He did not speak, but instead raised his right hand and flung something into space before he sat down and began meditating. Clearly, the item he had thrown just then required him to immerse his entire mind in it to control it.

Booming sounds rose into the air, and the galaxy trembled. A gigantic, green log appeared before everyone. There was an old face on its surface.

However, most if it was damaged, and it looked rather indistinct. At the instant it appeared and the purple-robed man sat down, the eyes of the giant log flew open. At the same time, a freezing glare shone in them. The log let out a loud bang and charged toward the Light of Extreme Darkness.

The three-headed malicious spirit laughed ferociously and rushed forth as well.

'Damn it, that's an Enchanted Treasure that is only brought out during large-scale wars, a treasure that can only be activated by tens of thousands of people, and he could activate it on his own?! This... Darn it all, so all the souls of a sect fused into this log when the sect was destroyed? Because of it, they might have a chance to Possess others and be resurrected once the disaster is over!

'It's a pity that this item was given to someone unworthy. Or it is a treasure he snatched away once he killed the original owner?'

The bald crane used its full power to operate the Light of Extreme Darkness. With a loud whoosh, it shone brightly. Immediately, it crashed into the giant log, and booming sounds reverberated in space. The log shuddered and shattered layer by layer, but it still pushed through t, drawing incredibly close to Su Ming.

Immediately after, the three-headed malicious spirit hidden behind the giant log roared towards the heavens and lifted its arms to seize the Light the Extreme Darkness. The

bald crane instantly sensed great danger. It felt its soul being absorbed by a great force, about to be yanked out of the Light of Extreme Darkness.

As the bald crane screamed, its wings suddenly flashed, and its body changed into that of a seven-colored peacock. Screeching, it fought the suction force.

At that moment though, the old man named Miao who had summoned the Eyes of the Sacred Temple let out a cold harrumph and lifted his right hand to push against the Light of Extreme Darkness. The galaxy rumbled, and his palm turned into a huge seal that immediately suppressed the light.

The young man in the Constellation Robe formed a seal with his hands, and the Freezing Blade performed a horizontal slice to cut the Light of Extreme Darkness. Four Almightyies were attacking together. All of them were by no means weak, since they could survive the disaster and even live luxuriously.

When they attacked simultaneously, there was no way the bald crane could stand up against them. It could not turn the tables and get out of the disadvantageous situation as its soul was being continuously sucked out.

“Fellow Daoist Chen, Fellow Daoist Si Ma, please attack together. Once we obtain this supreme treasure, we can try to gain an epiphany from it based on our own fortune.

“We’ll see who among us is destined to have this treasure, and the others won’t be allowed to fight against the one who obtains it, or we will all work together to kill that person! However, the person who obtains this treasure must provide some benefits to the others.”

A glint shone in the eyes of the old man named Miao. His languid speech was a telling sign that he already treated the supreme treasure as theirs.

A man and a woman who seemed to be a wedded couple and who were by his side cast each other a glance. The man’s eyes shone, and he smiled.

“My fellow Daoists, none of you have used your full strength, but you still ask me to attack. Clearly, you’re worried that I will ambush all of you and snatch that treasure. Oh well, it wasn’t easy for us to run into each other, and there are still plenty of things for us to do in the future. I will help you.”

As he spoke, he raised his right hand and pointed forward. Immediately, the power of the laws of fate appeared. Soon after, the woman by his side smiled faintly and pressed her left hand on his. White light instantly appeared between their palms, and it turned into a long, white blade. Instantly, the galaxy seemed on the verge of shattering.

With one swing, the light from the sword turned into white streak that charged towards the Light of Extreme Darkness. For the bald crane, having six Almightyies attack it was a

challenge it had never faced before, as far as it could remember. At that moment, as it was being extracted, it threw its head back and let out a fierce screech. Still in the shape of a peacock, it opened its tail!

Its was not in seven colors, but entirely black. At the instant the tail was spread, the Light of Extreme Darkness swept outwards as if it was water that had begun boiling!

Chapter 1155: One World, Nine Lifetimes

Compared to the danger the bald crane was facing when dealing with the six Almightyies trying to seize it, the world of reincarnations was in a state of peace.

Since there was no wind, there were no waves. Since there were no trees, there were no leaves which could move, making everything peaceful and quiet... Only the seasons changed silently while governed by a law that was different from the world outside, but no one noticed this change.

Time went by in a blink of an eye. As Su Ming watched the sun rise and set as people moved about around his noodle stall, he grew used to the smell of the smoke from his tobacco pipe, using blades of grass to weave grass puppets, and adding fish bones into his soup so that it would be filled with the scent of seafood.

Almost every day, a fisherman would deliver him fish. When he saw him, Su Ming felt like he was watching his first reincarnation, but also like he was staring at the fish that had been delivered to him. When it opened its mouth once it left the water, suffocating, Su Ming felt like he was watching another of his incarnations.

There was also the doctor who would not come close to his stand every single time he passed by as well as the official who had moved into the county town. He had then come with a group of servants and a palanquin on a rainy night to bring the doctor over.

When he saw them, Su Ming closed his eyes.

There was a teacher who could not achieve his ambitions visiting his noodle stall. He was used to drinking soup and eating noodles in this place, and not even storms could stop him from coming.

He would always bring his son, a child who looked rather smart, to drink soup together while they ate noodles...

Occasionally, a little girl would also follow them. When she came, she would usually play with the boy. Their happy laughter would echo in the air, and when it reached Su Ming's ears, a faint smile would grace his lips when he looked at them.

"Fisherman, little girl, fish, a doctor, an official, a teacher, the grown-up son, an old man who brews soup and makes noodles in a stall... Eight people, eight lives, but their lives intersect with each other quite often and affect each other..."

When the sun set, rain began to fall. Su Ming sat on the stone and stared at the dark clouds in the distance while he mumbled under his breath.

There was understanding in his eyes, along with a hint of sentimentality.

"If fate governs the sun rising and setting, then this would be the rise and fall of fate... it is also reincarnation... Reincarnation forms a net in which countless fates intersect with each other. Every single life in this net become part of the reincarnation."

Su Ming sighed softly.

'Mortal Refinement Art, what an Art... I am actually immersing myself in a cycle of life and death; this is clearly a way for me to gain an epiphany of Fate Realm. I am forming links of fate connecting me with the ring time and again, and they will turn into threads that bind it layer by layer until they cannot be unwound, and the ring would be impossible to separate from me...

'During one incarnation, I was a fisherman, and it was a fish. Bai Feng was the little girl. When I brought it out of water, I formed a link of fate with it without realizing it. Bai Feng released it, and then it dragged her into the lake, which formed a link of fate as well... and because of it... the incarnation afterwards was formed, because this is the rise of fate...

'During another incarnation, I was the doctor, and the ring was the baby in the woman's womb while Bai Feng was its mother... I killed Bai Feng and brought it out... and because of it, I formed a link of fate with it. This is the fate of helping it be born.

'During yet another incarnation, I was the official, and it was the baby in my wife's womb. I watched it grow, and it was Bai Feng, but also the soul of the ring. This is the fate of bloodlines...

'In another incarnation, I was a teacher. I taught children to perform good deeds, and I formed the fate of teaching and educating with it...

'In another incarnation, I was a fish, and it was the fisherman. As if the cycle of life and death had been reversed, I sensed the pain it felt in the past. This is the fate of empathy...

'We experienced lifetimes together until Bai Feng and I married each other. It then became my daughter, and this is the fate of a father and child... The ring and I have gone through seven lifetimes together and shared our fates. During the eighth lifetime, I have become an old man who counts the lifetimes and watches the cycles of life and death...

'This Mortal Refinement Art has nine cycles of life and death. I've experienced eight of them, so only one is missing... This missing cycle might be the fall of fate. The rise and fall of fate, a dream of reincarnation.'

Su Ming shook his head and opened his eyes. When he saw the world again, he found rain pouring outside. It was heavy and loud as it fell. After watching it for a long time, Su Ming went to close his eyes again, and but at that instant, he heard an indistinct, barely discernible, shrill cry in the rain.

"Feng Er... Feng Er..."

Su Ming's heart shuddered violently, but he still closed his eyes, because he knew that the missing cycle might... have already passed, and it was just that he had forgotten about it.

At the instant Su Ming closed his eyes, the world swiftly turned into countless shards. They were swept up into a vortex. As it spun with loud booming sounds, it gradually turned into nothingness.

.....

In True Morning Dao World, the planet in which Su Ming meditated had already shattered; the only thing that remained of it was the stone protected by the bald crane. Yet it was suppressed by the thirteen shooting stars. The Light of Extreme Darkness was attacked by the six Almightyies working together, causing the bald crane to spread open a black tail in its madness.

With a whoosh, the galaxy seemed to freeze at that instant, and the Light of Extreme Darkness which surrounded Su Ming swept out violently. The giant log was the first affected and crumbled with a bang. It was disassembled layer by layer until it was reduced to ashes. The three-headed malicious spirit let out shrill screams of pain and retreated swiftly. Green smoke poured out from the magical entity, and it instantly became much weaker.

The Freezing Blade sliced down, but was sent backwards once it touched the black light. As booming sounds reverberated in the air, the expression of the young man in the Constellation Robe changed, and he staggered a few steps back.

The huge seal formed by the old man named Miao shattered as well, which made his pupils shrink.

Only the white sword beam coming from the long white blade between the wedded couple's palms did not dissipate when it charged down with a howl. Even if it had also been weakened when it touched the Light of Extreme Darkness and was reduced to a single thread, it still charged straight towards the meditating Su Ming.

Clearly, the wedded couple's target was not the bald crane or the ring, but Su Ming!

As long as they killed him, there would naturally no longer be any problems.

When booming sounds echoed in the air and the bald crane delivered its final hit after it spread its tail, most of the Light of Extreme Darkness around Su Ming dissipated, the spot in which Su Ming sat and his appearance was seen rather clearly by the group.

The bald crane let out a roar. With a bang, it turned back into its original appearance. Weakness appeared on its face, and its body that was a soul was reduced to a semi-transparent state. The bald crane rushed towards Su Ming, wanting to close in on the white sword thread before it reached him and stop it.

Yet at that moment, the three-headed malicious spirit that was originally retreating turned around swiftly. The six eyes on its three heads fixed on the bald crane before the creature rushed over at an indescribable speed.

"Damn it! This bald soul entity is mine! No one snatches it from me! I will swallow it! I'm going to crunch it to pieces bit by bit!" the three-headed malicious spirit roared.

The bald crane was about to reach Su Ming, but it could only watch helplessly as the white sword thread seeped into the center of his brows with a bang, and the three-headed malicious spirit caught up. It lifted its claw and sent it sweeping at the bald crane with a ferocious smile. The other people in the area rushed over, but at that instant, a flat voice echoed in all directions. It was not loud, but the instant everyone heard it, their hearts trembled!

"Who gave you the right?"

Su Ming opened his eyes. He had the look of someone who had experienced the vicissitudes of life from the cycles of life and death in his eyes, along with a chilling glare that could make the entire world submit to him. He also had a domineering air that could make the galaxy tremble and the universe surrender!

A boundless, maliciousness surrounded him. When it fused with his appearance, the feeling Su Ming gave off turned into a huge, chaotic presence. It could absorb all the wills in the world, and the dead stillness within him erupted without holding anything back.

He lifted his right hand and with just the simple act of seizing the air, the three-headed malicious spirit with the power of an Almighty found itself frozen, unable to fight back.

As fear and shock appeared in its eyes, the magical entity disappeared before showing up in Su Ming's hand. He pushed his fingers inside it to grab its heart!

"Was it you?" Su Ming's gaze swept past the area.

The first person he looked towards was the young man in the Constellation Robe. His face instantly turned pale. A bang shot up in his head, and he staggered a few steps back. When he coughed up a mouthful of blood, his heart filled with great fear, causing him to instinctively shake his head. He felt that if he did not do so quickly enough and actually dared to nod, then with just one thought, this person could make him die ten million times.

"Then was it you?" Su Ming looked towards the old man named Miao.

The old man's face turned stark white. His body shuddered violently. An unprecedented fear rose up in him when he met Su Ming's gaze. He felt like the stranger was the universe, and at that moment, it seemed to be intent on wiping off all lives with an aloof mercilessness.

And the old man was just a tiny ant beneath the universe's anger!

"Then it was you," Su Ming stated flatly.

At the instant he said those words, the white ring above his head moved, and a ripple spread out from it before instantly disappearing. When it reappeared the next moment, it was in front of the purple-robed man who had activated the giant log. Fear showed up on his face. Before he could even say a single word, the ripple shot through his body, shattered it and destroying the soul.

At the same time this happened, Su Ming slowly furled his right hand and crushed the heart of the magical entity. With a bang, its body turned into a ball of fog. Su Ming flung it towards the bald crane's mouth.

"Chew it slowly. I didn't make its soul dissipate, so you will have to chew it slowly, bit by bit."

When Su Ming said those words in a flat voice, excitement and eagerness showed up in the bald crane's eyes. It opened its mouth and even used its claws to stuff the soul fog formed by the magical entity into its mouth... and it actually started chewing it slowly.

Shrill screams of pain shook the area, making the hearts of everyone present to tremble. At that instant, their gazes focused on Su Ming were filled with fear, as if they had just seen an ancient, ferocious beast that could shake the entire universe!

'Run!'

The remaining four Almighties and the twenty something people in the area only had one thought in their heads at that moment!

Chapter 1156: Old Monster Wen

‘Run!’

They had to run. Su Ming’s strength as well as the casualness and easy with which he killed the person shook the hearts of all the people. At that moment, when the four of them fled, their faces were pale. They brought forth all of their power.

The young man in the Constellation Robe turned into a star and charged towards one of the thirteen shooting stars around them.

The old man named Miao dashed away as well. Distortions swiftly appeared in the space around him, and as they flashed, his speed increased.

The pupils of the wedded couple shrank, and they turned into two sword beams that left into the distance with a loud whistle.

The twenty something cultivators in the area could not compare with the monstrous Almighties neither in terms of their speed nor reaction. Even though they were also retreating, they were much slower.

“You interrupted my meditation and scared my companion. How can I just let you leave like this?” Su Ming asked flatly.

He raised his foot and took a step forward. In an instant, his body sliced through space and appeared right behind the old man named Miao. He struck him gently with his right hand.

The expression of the old man named Miao changed drastically. He knew that it would be difficult for him to escape from this disaster, and madness appeared in his eyes. It was the one that made it clear that he was about to risk his life by fighting with everything he had. The old man named Miao naturally had his killing moves, since had been able to survive through the disaster and even live so luxuriously and freely.

The instant he turned around and looked at Su Ming while prepared to fight with everything he had, the old man named Miao growled and raised his arms to push up space. Then, he brought his arms down in Su Ming’s direction.

“Life and Death!”

An iron book appeared in the old man named Miao's left hand. At the same time, a black wooden brush manifested in his right hand.

Su Ming had seen that set of Enchanted Treasure before. At the instant the old man brought it out, he roared again.

"Your life will be erased from the Book of Life and Death!"

He swung the wooden brush in his right hand and drew a line across the iron book serving as the Book of Life and Death. Immediately, a vast power spread out from the iron book. It turned into a huge, ferocious head of a ghost that opened its mouth to eat Su Ming.

"Interesting. Your level of cultivation is passable, and your divine abilities are not too bad. Give me your soul and acknowledge me as your master, then I will spare you," Su Ming said flatly.

The ghost head closed in on him, but he stayed still. The white ring floating behind him let out a buzz, and a ripple spread out from it. With a shudder, it touched the ghost head, and it immediately let out a shrill scream of pain. At the instant it crumbled and shattered, the iron book and wooden brush were also destroyed.

As for the old man named Miao, he coughed up a large mouthful of blood, and shock appeared on his face. Disbelief could be seen in his expression. Just as he was about to retreat, Su Ming took a light step forward. He casually lifted his right hand and squeezed the neck of the old man named Miao, then dug his fingernails into his skin. His expression was relaxed, but there was a blatant killing intent that made the old man shiver even though it was not cold.

"Do you choose to die or to live?" Su Ming asked flatly.

The old man named Miao laughed brokenly. He had intended to self-destruct, but once he met Su Ming's gaze, he could only shiver in place. He had a strong feeling that even if he self-destructed, he would not be able to injure the man in the slightest. The sense that spoke of the great disparity between their strengths made him certain that he would be unable to deal any sort of damage to Su Ming.

He closed his eyes. His soul fused into the center of his brows and turned into a Brand. Flashing once, it floated out. Su Ming sucked in a breath and swallowed it. Like this, he gained control of the life and death of the old man named Miao.

When he relaxed his right hand, the thirteen shooting stars in the area roared at once. Before the young man in the Constellation Robe could step into one, all thirteen moved simultaneously and charged towards the wedded couple. It surrounded them and formed a huge meteor that charged into the whirlwind. The two fled on their own, completely ignoring the young man in the Constellation Robe.

His eyes immediately turned bloodshot. At the instant he threw his head back and roared, Su Ming moved towards him languidly.

The instant Su Ming got close, the young man in the Constellation raised his hands and quickly formed a seal. Madness appeared in his eyes, and he flung his arms outwards. Immediately, the twenty something cultivators in the area who were fleeing shuddered. They let out shrill screams of pain, and their bodies withered, turning to ashes. However, the blood did not scatter. It gathered together to form a sea of blood that charged towards Su Ming.

At the same time, the young man in the Constellation Robe roared, and his body collapsed with a bang. His blood swept up his Nascent Divinity and rushed to attack as well. If anyone cast their gaze in that direction, they would find that the area around Su Ming contained a sea of blood. A bloody stench surged into the heavens, and crazed, shocking killing intent filled the area.

“You have quite good skills, so you have also showed your value. Acknowledge me as your master, and you will be able to live.”

Su Ming did not dodge. He stared at the young man in the sea of blood with a cold gaze. The young man’s Nascent Divinity jolted. He fell into silence for several breaths before the sea of blood immediately merged together and turned into a body of blood. The young man’s Nascent Divinity fused into it, and he cast Su Ming a complicated gaze. He did not intend to fight him. Based on his judgment, even if he fought with everything he had, he would still not be Su Ming’s opponent.

He had spared no pains, even self-destructing his body and killing the twenty something people in the area to show off his strongest divine ability, and he did so not to fight against Su Ming... but to survive.

He gritted his teeth and struck the center of his brows with his right hand. Immediately, his soul turned into a Brand. It rose up and flashed a few times before charging towards Su Ming. He caught it, and with a squeeze had it fuse into his palm.

The young man in the Constellation Robe wrapped his fist in his palm and said darkly, “Master, while our levels of cultivation are quite high, Chen Wen and Si Ma Yu are more important. The both of them are skilled in the Art of Runes. They were the main overseers of all the Runes in the Immortals’ Union. The thirteen shooting stars were created by them while we were the ones who prepared the materials,”

“That’s right. In fact, the two of them were the ones who discovered some of the weaker areas in the whirlwind. If we let the two of them escape, they will definitely bring us endless troubles in the future...”

A glint shone in the eyes of the old man named Miao, and he glared at the wedded couple who had already run into the whirlwind.

Su Ming did not speak. He lifted his right hand and pointed at the white ring behind him. Immediately, it let out a buzz and moved, but it did not rush forward. Instead, it swiftly expanded, growing to ten thousand feet, one hundred thousand feet, and even larger. With a bang, the ring grew to a size where its edge could no longer be seen. It still continued spreading outwards though, and wherever it went, even the whirlwind disintegrated with a shudder.

This scene stunned the old man named Miao and the young man in the Constellation Robe. Their pupils shrank, and great shock as well as fear took over their hearts.

In just the span of a few breaths, the galaxy rumbled, and a white thread charged towards them from the distance. When it approached them, the old man named Miao and the young man in the Constellation Robe saw with their own eyes that the white thread was the shrunk white ring.

Within it was a gigantic meteor, and it was... the one that the wedded couple had formed and used to flee just then. No matter how the meteor struggled, it could not rush out of the ring. It could only be dragged back continuously as the ring shrank.

Just a few breaths of time passed. Su Ming did not do anything, simply standing in his original spot when the meteor appeared in front of him. It had already stopped fighting back, abandoning the pointless struggle. The meteor disassembled itself, and the wedded couple appeared inside it. Their faces were pale, and when they looked towards Su Ming, their gazes were filled with fear.

Su Ming cast a glance at the both of them, and his voice was flat when he spoke.

“One, two...”

Those were meaningless words, but the numbers caused the wedded couple's expression to change drastically. They cast each other a glance before gritting their teeth and raising their hands to strike the center of their brows. Immediately, their souls gathered together to form a Brand, and they flew out of their foreheads to charge towards Su Ming.

Clearly, they had already seen the old man named Miao and the young man in the Constellation Robe being spared after they delivered their souls.

Su Ming raised his right hand and swung it, taking away the Brand of the wedded couple's souls. His expression remained calm when he lifted his head to cast a glance at the area above him.

“My fellow Daoist, how long are you going to keep watching? Do you truly want me to bring you down?”

When he said that, the four people immediately felt their hearts tremble and lifted their heads to look above. They had not noticed anything strange with the galaxy up there.

But as Su Ming's words reverberated in space, a dry cough came from above. Soon after, distortions appeared before their eyes. A white-haired old man with an awkward expression on his face showed up. There was a guarded look in his eyes, hiding the fear brought by the shock of all Su Ming had done after waking up.

"Old Monster Wen!" The old man named Miao was the first to recognize the person's identity. His words were practically hissed through his teeth.

Chen Wen, too, glared at the old man with white hair and spoke up. "Master, this is the person who sold us the information of a cultivator recuperating in this place. He is the reason why we offended you just now."

"It's a misunderstanding. This is a misunderstanding. Fellow Daoist, please listen to me. In truth, this is..." The expression of the old man with white hair known as Old Monster Wen immediately change. He spoke quickly, but the next moment, his eyes shone, and before Su Ming could attack, he took action first.

He swung his arm, and a vast, mighty pressure flew out from his sleeve. At the same time, a dark light shone. It did not go forth to attack Su Ming, but instead, swept up the old man to flee into the distance.

Clearly, he was shocked by Su Ming's strength and was forced to change his plans. He did not dare to negotiate and only wanted to leave the place as quickly as possible.

Chapter 1157: Finger

Su Ming's eyes shone when he cast a glance at the dark light that Old Monster Wen had flung out from his sleeve. It had surrounded dark light his back, and a faint presence that Su Ming doubted others could notice spread out from it.

'The presence of an Ancient God. Interesting.'

Su Ming swung his arm, revealing his right hand, and pointed at space. With his move, the galaxy shuddered. The space where Old Monster Wen stood instantly looked like it was about to crumble, but also like it had frozen. At the same time, black light shone in the frozen galaxy. The Light of Extreme Darkness was brought out of Su Ming's hand, and its might was much greater than when the bald crane had used it.

Old Monster Wen let out a shrill scream of pain. He moved back swiftly, but he felt like he was deep in mud. In a panic, he raised his right hand and swung it. With a roar, a huge item instantly flew out from his storage bag.

It was... a finger!

It was also several hundreds of feet big. It was filled with an ancient air, and it looked like an antique. At the instant it appeared, it pointed at space and the Light of Extreme Darkness as if it was controlled by the old man.

Booming sounds reverberated in the air. The power which froze space instantly shattered, and even some of the Light of Extreme Darkness dissipated. A gap was formed, allowing the old man to pass through in a flash. He was just about to disappear.

“An Ancient God’s finger!”

Su Ming’s pupils shrank. This time, he did not hesitate the tiniest bit. He charged forward and appeared right in front of the old man. Then, he raised his right hand to strike him.

Old Monster Wen growled and formed a seal with his hands before coughing up a mouthful of blood. It fused into the Ancient God’s finger, and it let out a buzz. Its aura grew, then like a huge stick, it went to strike Su Ming with loud bangs in its wake.

At the same time, a pure wave of Ancient God’s power erupted from the finger and charged towards Su Ming. Even if the Ancient God had died, the power in the finger was enough to intimidate Almighties in Mastery Realm and make them not dare to fight against it head on.

However, Su Ming remained calm. At the instant the Ancient God’s finger came towards him, he flipped his right hand over and used the back of his hand to touch it. His body moved a few steps back due to the force, and he flipped his right hand over. Then, as if he had borrowed the finger’s strength and fused it into his own palm before he added in his own cultivation base to it, he struck with his palm.

Loud rumbled deafened the ears, and the old man coughed up blood while staggering thousands of feet back. His face was pale, and when he looked at Su Ming, his body suddenly jolted.

This was because he saw that Su Ming had not come for him. The man patted the Ancient God’s finger, and it disappeared without a trace as if he had taken it forcefully. After that, Su Ming turned to the old man with the ghost of a smile on his lips and a sinister malicious air about him.

“Senior, please calm down and hear me out. I know the spot where the giant’s from the Immortals’ Union corpse lies, but my level of cultivation was not high enough, so I could

only obtain one of his fingers. That is why I have been searching for those whose minds are especially strong to obtain the giant's corpse together.

"Several months ago, I noticed the ripples of your power on that planet, which was why I wanted to test how great was your level of cultivation. My intention was to work with you.

"Senior, you might have been careful while practicing your cultivation, but my divine sense is different from that of a normal person. I do not investigate based on the ripples of a cultivation base, but sense the flames of life in the galaxy, which was why I was able to sense you."

The old man said quickly told Su Ming everything. He did not dare to hide a single thing from him. Su Ming's strength was so great that he was already immensely regretting his decision to provoke him. He knew that if he still intended to hide the truth, he would definitely die in this place.

"If you require it, I can lead the way and bring you to the place where the giant's corpse is. Let me use this as a deed to redeem myself. Senior, please give me this chance so that I may compensate for the agitation caused by my provocation." The old man's face was pale. His heart raced in anxiety as he bowed deeply.

Su Ming cast the old man a glance. He did not speak, but turned around and looked towards the pit which he had used as his isolation ground. A complicated look showed up in his eyes when he looked at the spot where Bai Feng had been.

It was an empty place. Clearly, Bai Feng had died a long time ago, and her corpse had turned to dust.

The dream of Dark Mountain, the promise made in the snow, and the sigh that wandered about for one thousand years had come to an end at that moment. Su Ming sighed softly, and the complicated look on his face disappeared.

The nine reincarnations could be said to have allowed him to fulfill the promise, and that he had brought about an ending to their relationship. Since it was over, Su Ming would no longer force himself to persist in anything regarding it. The enmity between him and Bai Feng had come to an end.

He raised his right hand, and the white ring approached him with a hum. When it shrank, it fit itself on his finger, turning into a real ring. A feeling as if he could not be separated from the ring rose in Su Ming's heart. There were links of fate between them, and they were the knots formed during the cycles of life and death. No one could untie them.

The spirit in the ring had also caused the knot to become something eternal. Perhaps it had become different than before, because now... it had Bai Feng's soul.

With a swing of an arm, a black robe appeared around Su Ming's body. A black hood covered his face. Everyone could only see... a black-robed man.

The instant Su Ming put on the black robe, Miao Feng's pupils shrank, and he sucked in a sharp breath. Shock appeared in his eyes again. Since he was a member of the Immortals' Union, there was no way he would not recognize a black-robed man like Su Ming.

"I, Miao Feng, member of the Tower Rememberers in the Immortals' Union, greet Master. Greetings, Grand Immortal!"

The young man in the Constellation Robe had a slightly complicated look on his face, but he soon lowered his head to bow respectfully as well.

"I, Dao Zhong, member of Morning Dao Sect's branch family greet my master. Greetings, Grand Immortal!"

"We, Chen Wen and Si Ma Yu of the Rune Runagates in the Immortals' Union, greet our master. Greetings, Grand Immortal Daoist Zhang!" Chen Wen and Si Ma Yu had a dazed look on their faces the moment they saw Su Ming in different clothes. They cast each other a glance, then lowered their heads in anguish and bowed sincerely.

They had... met Zhang Ji Jun before, which was why their words as they greeted Su Ming were different from the others. They could tell that all the black-robed people who appeared in the Immortals' Union were this person's subordinates.

They had only seen his black robes before and not the face, which was why it had been difficult for them to recognize him. However, the mighty pressure from Su Ming was the exact same as that of the black-robed Daoist Zhang whom even the higher ups in the Immortals' Union had to be polite towards.

Old Monster Wen's expression turned paler at that moment. As he stared at the black-robed Su Ming, he groaned in his heart. He had not expected that this person would be an Immortal of the Higher Realm; he had actually told him he was aiming to plunder the corpse of the giant who was also an Immortal of the Higher Realm.

"How did you manage to move about in the whirlwind?" Su Ming asked in a hoarse voice. At that moment, his ancient presence carried with it a mysterious air. It caused all those who looked towards him feel their hearts tremble.

"I... Since my divine sense is different from the others, that is why... I can see the trajectory of the destructive power in the whirlwind. It's because of this that I can move through it and avoid the destructive power. It might be slow, but it is better than being trapped in a place, like the others," Old Monster Wen quickly explained. His expression was one of immense respect.

“Come on. Lead the way.” Su Ming swung his arm, and a faint white ripple spread out from his ring to surround an area of around three hundred feet around him.

Old Monster Wen hesitated in his heart, but did not dare think too much about it. He summoned all his courage and stepped into the area of three hundred feet belonging to Su Ming, then bowed towards the hostile looking Miao Feng and the others before he began leading the way in low whispers.

Su Ming’s eyes flashed while hidden beneath the black hood. Immediately, the white ripple charged forward. When it passed by the thirteen meteors, they were instantly retrieved by him. With a whoosh, the white ripple charged towards the whirlwind. Wherever it went, the whirlwind would fall back. Even the destructive power of the World in it would disintegrate once it touched the ripple.

“How many survivors like all of you still exist in True Morning Dao World?” Su Ming asked hoarsely while sitting in the white ripple.

Miao Feng and the rest stayed quiet, so Chen Wen, who was highly skilled in the Art of Runes, said in a low voice, “We can only live in a small corner and cannot venture too far away. Fellow Daoist Feng should know the details about this.”

Miao Feng remained silent for a moment before he said softly, “Only one in one thousand could survive... I’ve gone to many places during the past ten months, and I’ve only seen two slightly larger gathering spots. The others are mostly scattered... Plenty of people died in the disaster or the lawless chaos after it.”

Old Monster Wen cast Su Ming a glance and spoke of everything that he knew. “The Immortals’ Union has turned into complete ruins. All the entrances to Morning Dao Sect have crumbled. No one knows what is happening inside, but based on what I could sense from the divine sense I sent in, there’s a thick wave of death there. Perhaps... a drastic change had also happened in Morning Dao Sect...”

“Morning Dao Sect...” Su Ming’s eyes fell slightly under the black hood. The moment the Seed of Life Extermination flew back, he could guess that Su Xuan Yi began a bloodbath in Morning Dao Sect.

It would not be out of Su Ming’s expectations if everything in that place had been reduced to ruins. He was only worried... about Xu Hui. Did she die in the disaster or was she fortunate enough to escape from it? He sighed in his heart, and that sigh turned into a sharp stab of pain that made him fall silent.

Old Monster Wen hesitated for a moment before he suddenly said, “Those who could survive are definitely not weaklings. With your power, you could bring these people together and form a new sect...”

Su Ming lifted his head and cast a cold glance at him. When the old man's heart trembled, Su Ming slowly nodded.

He knew some of the things that the people here did not know. For example, that the whirlwind surrounding True Morning Dao World would not remain there forever. It would disappear after some time. This might happen soon, but it might also take a long time. Even so, the longest stretch of time before it disappeared would not be too long.

Once the whirlwind disappeared, Dark Dawn and Saint Defier would descended through the gap. At that time... what awaited Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos would be a bloodbath.

Chapter 1158: Devour the God

The destruction at that time had nothing to do with Su Ming. He did not care about it. Instead, Old Monster Wen's suggestion had caused a thought to rise up in his mind.

'True Morning Dao World no longer has any sect. If I can gather those who survived and form one... they would become a force of power which will be completely mine once people from Saint Defier descend.

'Since I chose to keep Zhang Ji Dao's identity, this force would be of a lot of help to me. At the very least, True Morning Dao World would then belong to me in its entirety!' Su Ming's eyes sparkled.

The white ripple charged forward through the whirlwind in True Morning Dao World. Su Ming meditated in it. He remained silent during the entire trip. The people beside him kept quiet as well.

Only the bald crane put on airs and acted incredibly smugly, occasionally taunting the other people. In its eyes, they were just asking for death. Even if Su Ming had not woken up, with the great Grandpa Crane's divine abilities, it could still chase all of them away. At that moment, it had clearly forgotten how dishevelled it had been...

Days passed, and in the blink of an eye, seven days were gone. A week was not a long period of time, but the white ring moved at a speed akin to shifting. Wherever it went, the whirlwind had to move back, and it was so fast that in just seven days, Su Ming and the others had already reached the spot where Old Monster Wen had said the Ancient God's corpse was located.

It was an area where the whirlwind was incredibly strong. There was endless wind there, and it swept out in all directions. Within it was a corpse which was hundreds of thousands of feet big.

Many of its parts had been damaged, and it was filled with the aura of death. It drifted in the whirlwind, its flesh being ripped apart. In many places, the bones had already shattered, and they looked about to be swept away at any moment.

The Ancient God no longer had a right arm, and there were only three fingers left on the left hand.

His face was indistinct, but Su Ming could still see that the mark of a star at the center of the Ancient God's brows.

"This is the place. Eight months ago, I passed by it and discovered the giant's corpse. At that time, it was still in a rather complete shape, but now... it has already been damaged to this extent... but the fact that it could last till now in the whirlwind and not be completely destroyed shows that it was incredibly powerful and tough while alive. If you can refine this body into an Enchanted Treasure, it would definitely be something that is on the level of a supreme treasure," Old Monster Wen quickly said.

As Su Ming stared at the Ancient God's corpse, his eyes sparkled. He moved, and immediately stood on the Ancient God's body with the whirlwind blowing in his face. He then rushed to the center of the Ancient God's brows, arriving there after a moment, and dipped his head down to stare at the only mark of the star left.

The star was dull. As far as Su Ming understood the Ancient Gods, it seemed like all of their power was gathered in the stars at the center of their brows. After a moment of pensive silence, Su Ming sat down cross-legged and raised his right hand, pressing it against the star. When he closed his eyes, his appearance under the black hood changed. In an instant, he turned into the appearance of the clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole.

However, he did not have a corporeal form for this clone, only an illusion. After all, all of Su Ming's clones were destroyed in the world beyond the universe. While he could make all of them manifest once more as long as his soul was around, he needed to use up different amounts of power to do so.

His Dao Kong clone could be taken as an example. It required the least energy, and it was also the easiest to control. What it required was just Su Ming's cultivation base, but now that he had Zhang Ji Dao's body, that clone was no longer of any use to him, which was why he had yet to restore it.

If Su Ming wanted to restore his clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole, he required something with great physical strength. This was the reason why he had rushed to this place when he heard about the Ancient God's corpse.

As for his Ecang clone, he would need to spend Ecang's power. Su Ming was already prepared for it. He was the complete Ecang, so he only needed time to recover. It was a lot of time, however, so if Su Ming could find the portions of Ecang's souls which had

escaped from the foreign lands and devour them, he could form his Ecang clone much faster.

'I no longer have a physical body, or rather, I never had a physical body to begin with. My body was destroyed an unknown number of years ago. This means that what I need to do now is not to obtain a physical body... but to create a body that belongs solely to me!

'It will have all of my clones serve as its flesh and blood and my cultivation base as its bones. I will use my epiphany of moving from winter to spring to form my soul. When my flesh, blood, bones, and soul fuse together... I will form my real physical body, and it will belong solely to me!'

Su Ming's eyes shone with a brilliant light while hidden under the black hood. He closed them swiftly, and while his right hand was still pressed at the center of the Ancient God's brows, he sent his fingers deeply into the skull.

However, the instant he was about to seize the mark of the star, Su Ming's palm suddenly stopped moving. With his eyes sparkling, he cast a scrutinizing glance at the Ancient God before he raised his head and cast a glance at Old Monster Wen, who was in the distance. A hint of a cold sneer appeared on his lips.

But it did not last. Instead, he swiftly seized the mark of the star with his right hand.

With it, a vast power surged up Su Ming's right hand into his body. In an instant, it filled his physical body.

'Explode! Explode!'

A glint shone in Old Monster Wen's eyes while he sat in the white ripple in the distance. He was shouting loudly and smugly in his heart. Su Ming was not the first person he had met. In truth, he was the third to be tricked into coming to this place over the last couple months. Every single one of them craved for the physical power of the Ancient God and wanted to absorb it, but both had exploded while they were absorbing the power.

Su Ming was the third, and on his way to face the same fate. Old Monster Wen could practically see Su Ming exploding in a few breaths. When he died there, all of his treasures would belong to Old Monster Wen.

He felt proud of himself, but as time passed and the ten breaths went by, the pride in Old Monster Wen's heart slowly turned into hesitation. He stared blankly at Su Ming who was at the center of the Ancient God's brows. His aura was running rampant, and his robes fluttered. It was as if he was still continuously absorbing the power, but the sight Old Monster Wen longed to see, the sight of Su Ming exploding, did not bless his eyes.

His heart made a loud thump.

'It's fine. It has only been ten breaths. Before long, this person will definitely explode. No one can absorb the giant's physical body. Even if he is a Grand Immortal, it's impossible for him to be able to do so. After all, the Ancient God personally told me that no one can obtain his physical power!'

Old Monster Wen sucked in a deep breath, but when time trickled by and another twenty breaths passed, his face gradually turned pale.

At the same time, Su Ming's lips curled up into a cold sneer once more. He had noticed a long time ago that he was not absorbing the Ancient God's physical power from the mark of the star, but its ancient thought hidden within it.

The divine thought was disguised as his physical power, like a flying beast pretending to be a candle flame so that it could devour all the moths lunging at it. After devouring enough of them, he could repair his body until all of his injuries were healed.

"The Ancient Gods who descend in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos only have at most seven stars at the center of their brows. Forget the fact that you're injured. If I could fight against Ancient Gods with seven stars at the peak of their condition, then it is even easier for me to stand up against you, since you're heavily wounded and recuperating.

"You disguised your divine thought as your physical body. Once I tried to devour it, you could obtain my cultivation base and Nascent Divinity to use as nutrients for your recovery. You've... overestimated yourself in this matter."

At the same time Su Ming absorbed the divine thought, he sent his own divine thought into the Ancient God's mind through his right hand. It turned into a rumble as loud as thunder.

The Ancient God jolted. His eyes instantly flew open, and a hint of panic showed up in them while the smile on Su Ming's lips grew colder. A white ripple spread out from the ring on his right index finger. It surged into the Ancient God's mind through the mark of the star, and a loud rumble echoed in space. It turned into a power that suppressed the Ancient God.

At the same time, Su Ming lifted his right hand. With a single move, he appeared on the Ancient God's left arm, then raised his left hand to seize it.

"There is an incredibly sinister Art in Zhang Ji Dao's memories. I'll use your body to test Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos' Forbidden Art! Foul Flesh of Hell!"

The instant Su Ming touched the Ancient God's left arm with his own, a black ripple spread out from it. Immediately, the Ancient God's left arm started withering before his eyes. The Ancient God started trembling violently, but his divine thought had already

been suppressed, and he could not fight back in the slightest. His entire left arm was swiftly reduced to only skin and bones in the the span of a few breaths.

At the same time, a large amount of physical power surged madly into Su Ming's body, causing his clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole to gain corporeal form at a terrifying speed.

In just ten breaths, the Ancient God's left arm no longer had any flesh or blood left. However, it was not the end yet. Once the Ancient God's left arm was reduced to only skin and bones, his torso and his legs withered away. The vast power of his flesh and blood was continuously absorbed by Su Ming, and his clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole gained corporeal form. It was swiftly getting stronger.

The Foul Flesh of the Netherworld lasted for half the time it takes for an incense stick to burn. The Ancient God remained large in stature, but he had become completely emaciated and resembled a skeleton. He looked incredibly terrifying.

This scene caused the faces of Miao Feng and the other three to turn pale. Fear appeared in their eyes, and when they looked towards Su Ming, they seemed to see an evil spirit.

"Netherworld Burns Bones!"

Su Ming moved. This time, he appeared at the top of the Ancient God's head and pushed his left hand against the skull. He grabbed it swiftly, and as cracking sounds reverberated in space, a black ripple spread out from Su Ming's hand and covered the Ancient God's body.

The Ancient God trembled even more violently. If it was not because of the white ring suppressing him at that moment, his shrill roars would have rang out in all directions. He would not be acting as quiet as he was now, only able to shudder. The Ancient God's eyes turned bloodshot as he descended into madness. He wanted to self-destruct, but due to the white ring suppressing him... he could not!

As he trembled, his legs gradually melted and his body slowly became pliant. Su Ming absorbed the power from the bones with his left hand and fused it with his clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole.

Chapter 1159: Saint Defier, Sovereign of Dawn, Arid God!

'I wonder how strong is my clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole after he devoured the complete Ancient God!'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. After the time it takes for half an incense stick to burn, Miao Feng and the other three felt their skin crawl, because they saw that the large Ancient God only had a head left!

His flesh and blood had withered, his bones had melted, and his body... was no longer a body!

"Transmigration of the Soul!"

Dark light shone in Su Ming's eyes. He raised his left hand and pushed it at the top of the Ancient God's skull. With a sharp inhale, the Ancient God opened his mouth and let out a roar that shook the galaxy. As he roared, his head melted, and after a moment, the large Ancient God which had previously existed in the whirlwind was gone.

Only Su Ming remained sitting in space as he quietly circulated his cultivation base to digest the Ancient God's soul and nourish his clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole.

Almost at the instant the Ancient God was destroyed, Old Monster Wen let out a shrill scream of pain while still in the white ripple. His body started shuddering before it was destroyed along with his soul. He was reduced to ashes before he vanished.

Time trickled by. When half a month passed, Su Ming opened his eyes. The brilliant light in them was as fierce as a sharp blade, but after he blinked, the burning gaze vanished and became calm.

'Hell, Netherworld, and Transmigration of the Soul—these are the three Forbidden Arts of Sacred Defier Expanse Cosmos. Heh heh, since it's a Forbidden Art, why did they create it? From Zhang Ji Dao's memories, it's clear that the three great Forbidden Arts are used to target the Ancient Gods specifically.

Some people used to hunt down the Ancient Gods to strengthen their own physical bodies, since the three Forbidden Arts can turn an Ancient God's flesh, bone, and soul into pure physical power.

'They weren't Forbidden Arts originally, but after Saint Defier appeared among the Ancient Gods, it was named such. All those who cast this Art against the Ancient Gods in Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos will suffer the fate of having all their blood relatives destroyed!

'But it's rather difficult to cast this Art. It requires the Ancient God to be unable to struggle, and his divine thought must be unable to control his own body, or else it would be difficult to cast the Art successfully. The caster might even suffer backlash.

'Fortunately, I had the ring to suppress the Ancient God's will, which is why everything went so smoothly. This is also related to him being heavily wounded, or else I'd have been forced to do something else to cast this Forbidden Art.'

Su Ming slowly stood up and touched the ring which had long since returned to his finger. He then took a step towards the white ripple floating in the galaxy.

"Master, congratulations on successfully fusing with the giant's physical power!"

Miao Feng and the other three had been in a constant state of anxiety during the half a month. They had witnessed Su Ming devouring the Ancient God, and they could not calm their minds. This overturned all that they knew since they were well aware of the giant's strength.

In fact, while they could accept that Su Ming could absorb the Ancient God, a forceful devouring at such a fast pace and in such a terrifying and ferocious manner brought immense terror to them once they witnessed it with their own eyes.

When they saw Su Ming return, the four of them bowed respectfully to him without any hesitation.

Su Ming cast a glance at the spot where Old Monster Wen had disappeared, and a hint of derision flashed in his eyes.

His suspicion towards Old Monster Wen had arisen when he asked him about how he moved in the whirlwind, and his suspicions had been verified. The old man named Wen had clearly had his life controlled by the Ancient God, or perhaps he had obtained some benefits for it. This would explain why he had started searching for people to bring over to the 'corpse' in the name of obtaining the Ancient God's physical power when in truth he was sending people to the Ancient God to be absorbed.

Su Ming stood in the white ripple and stared at the spot where the Ancient God's body had been. The whirlwind in the land was incredibly strong, and as it howled, it swept through the area. There seemed to be a vortex at the depths of the whirlwind. It spun slowly, and occasionally, a bit of the whirlwind would seep into it.

As Su Ming stared at the place, his eyes focused.

"Who among you knows what this place originally was?" he asked calmly.

Dao Zhong fell into a moment of pensive silence before he wrapped his fist in his palm and answered. "Master, this is... If I remember correctly, this was once one of the Relocation spots in Morning Dao Sect."

Su Ming did not speak. He cast his gaze on the Relocation spot in the whirlwind, then raised his right hand and swung it. Immediately, the white ripple around them spread

out. In an instant, it covered tens of thousands of feet. Then, with another bang, it continued expanding. Only when it spread over an area of three hundred thousand something feet did it stop.

As the white ripple spread out, the whirlwind in the land fell backwards. Even the power of the World in it was pushed back, clearing the area of three hundred thousand feet.

Immediately after, Su Ming swung his arm. The thirteen gigantic shooting stars he had taken previously flew out and surrounded the area. They rotated in the slowly.

Su Ming charged towards the broken Relocation Rune in the distance. When he arrived there, he sat down cross-legged and lowered his head. After scrutinizing the Rune, he closed his eyes and fell into a moment of deep thought.

“Once the disaster fell, Immortals’ Union and Morning Dao Sect ceased to exist. Right now, I will create my own sect, and the name of this sect... will be the Ninth Summit.

“The four of you can each obtain a protective ripple from me. This ripple will not only allow you to move in the whirlwind, but it can also defend you. Search for other cultivators in this True World and invite them into the sect. Those who submit will be offered protection, and as for those who don’t... record the places where they were found. I will visit them one by one on my own.

“There is one more thing. The four of you, record the portraits in this jade slip. If you find any one of these three people, immediately send me word with a jade slip. I will immediately rush to the place.”

Su Ming raised his head, and when he lifted his right hand, four jade slips appeared on his palm. He focused his mind and left a Brand on them before he threw them to the four people.

Miao Feng and the other three received one each. When they trained their attention on the jade slips, they immediately took note of the portraits of the three men.

Each person had their own unique characteristics. The first one was a headless person with a heinous murderous aura. All those who saw his portrait were able to sense a killing intent that came crashing into their faces.

The second was a gentle man who had a smile like flowers. It gave off a feeling of a spring wind, making those who saw him unable to forget him.

The third was a big man who looked like a boorish person. His big and sturdy body as well as his honest but foolish expression made him into someone people would pay some attention to once they met him.

The four people bowed to Su Ming. When he swung his arm, white ripples immediately appeared under the four people's feet. They moved back and instantly turned into four long arcs that rushed into three different directions.

After they left, the place became quiet. Su Ming stared at the Relocation Rune and shook his head in silence.

'This Rune is completely sealed off and badly damaged. The difficulty in activating it and entering Morning Dao Sect is far too great. But if Hu Zi was here, he might have a way.' Su Ming raised his head and stared at the galaxy before he quietly closed his eyes.

Building the Ninth Summit and becoming the master of True Morning Dao World were the things Su Ming had to accomplish before Saint Defier and Dark Dawn came. Only by doing so could he gather up enough power to have a slim chance of surviving and possibly even gaining a serendipity in the True World ending disaster which would be several times more violent than the whirlwind.

'Based on Zhang Ji Dao's memories, Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos paid attention to Arid Triad only because... Arid Triad is an Expanse Cosmos. It is a place that can give birth to a Saint who can claim the title of Arid God, and this person would be of equal status to the three Saint Defiers and the three Sovereigns of Dawn. There is even a possibility that this person could surpass them!

'Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos has their Lord Saint Defiers, Dark Dawn Expanse Cosmos has their Sovereigns of Dawn, and Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos will have an Arid God!

'An Expanse Cosmos has three Deities. Only by becoming the Arid God, especially the first one, would I be able to look down upon the three Expanse Cosmoses with confidence!'

Chapter 1160: Seize the Heavens and Replace the Sun

Time trickled by as whirlwinds howled in the galaxy beyond the white ripple. They sounded like a malicious spirit, and it made a person feel as if they were in the netherworld or in the realm of ghosts if they listened to it for a prolonged period of time.

Su Ming had long ago grown to love loneliness. He was used to meditating silently, and as he did so, he would regulate his cultivation base while mulling over his epiphany about winter, autumn, summer, and spring. However, since his physical body had yet to be formed, the will of spring was still a little bit away from him, and he could not complete the path.

When Su Ming formed a physical body that belonged solely to him, he would step completely into the path depicting the will of spring. With the resurrection of spring, he could reach completion of his physical body, and then, he could open his eyes to see a different world.

It was just like his ideal goal when he was in the land of Berserkers. He wanted to open his eyes and see a world that the others could not see. Back then, he had believed that the day was not far away from him, that it was just within his reach. Only after all that happened did he learn that while the distance was not great, he did not know how close he was. He needed to walk towards it step by step.

The nine cycles of life and death had ended his fate with Bai Ling. He might be feeling a little melancholic, but the past was the past. Insisting further on it was not Su Ming's character.

From the moment Bai Feng chose to stand against him, the end to their relationship was already set in stone. The way things went down could already be considered a satisfactory conclusion.

The nine cycles of life and death had allowed Su Ming to end his story with Bai Ling. He had also formed links of fate with the white ring. At the same time, he had also sensed the power of fate within the Realms of the Masters of Fate, Lives, and Death during the reincarnations he experienced in the Mortal Refinement Art.

This epiphany was due to Bai Ling and the ring. It was related to him, but it was related to the others even more so. If he regarded it as a law of fate, then this fate would be vaguely related to the fate of the world around him, but also to him.

"The Fate Realm is too fascinating for words. This is true... This Realm might be slightly similar to Avacaniya. Perhaps there are even some similarities between them.

"Right now, I can sense the existence of the fate in the world around me. This feeling exists in my heart, and it is shown in my hand..." Su Ming mumbled.

He lowered his head to stare at his hands. In silence, he raised his right hand and seized space. Immediately, threads of black light gathered on his palm.

They were the Light of Extreme Darkness and looked like ropes of grass, so Su Ming slowly tied knots on them. The knots merged together, and in the end, a doll made of the Light of Extreme Darkness appeared in his hand.

He stared at it for a long time, but he found that he could not tell who the doll was. It looked like him, but the sense of unfamiliarity when looking at it was just as strong. It seemed to contain the images of all lives as well as the appearances of all the people Su Ming had seen in his life.

With a fling of his hand, the knots in the puppet were untied, returning to being only two threads of the Light of Extreme Darkness. Su Ming weaved them together once more. This time, he made a doll of himself, but as time passed, he noticed that he could not successfully create himself. He felt as if there was always something lacking, making him unable to complete the doll.

Su Ming continued for a while longer before he let out a soft sigh and gave up on the weaving =.

‘Turning the fate in the world outside as the doll in my fate is known as external fate... If I can create my doll someday, it will be a sign that I have mastered my own fate and perfected Fate Realm...

‘I used the Light of Extreme Darkness to weave the doll now. If I can use the threads of law in this galaxy to make a doll one day, the power of the laws of fate would reach its strongest!’ Su Ming relaxed his grip, and the doll fell apart.

‘The former is an epiphany, and the latter is a divine ability. Only when they are merged together can they be considered to be the complete Fate Realm... but this Fate Realm is Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos’ Fate Realm. It is still inferior to what the powerful warriors in Saint Defier’s camp have reached.

‘But if I can use laws to make a doll and then take it a step further by using the Light of Extreme Darkness to replace all the threads of laws in the galaxy where I am, it would be equivalent to saying that the laws were created by me, and they would change because of me as well.

‘Once that becomes the case, I will definitely be much stronger than an average Almighty in Fate Realm. I will be able to fight against the powerful warriors from Saint Defier’s camp who are in the same stage as I am.’ Su Ming mulled over his thoughts for a moment before a glint appeared in his eyes.

‘Mountain Shifter and Ocean Remover are my strongest divine abilities, second only to my inborn abilities as an Abyss Builder. Then, perhaps two more powerful divine abilities shall come next—Seize the Heavens and Replace the Sun!

‘Seize the Heavens would come from me perfecting the laws of fate. My body itself will be heaven and fate. The matter of replacing the sun will be that my fate replacing the laws in any place. This would not be a temporary change, but a complete, eternal change!

‘And based on what I can imagine, the strongest state in this Realm is being able to replace all the laws in True Morning Dao World. They would form once again based on my will, and because of it... I would replace True Morning Dao World’s will. I would... become True Morning Dao World!’ A brilliant light shone brightly in Su Ming’s eyes.

‘On that day, even if the people from Saint Defier’s camp descend, they will have to be wary of me. Even if their levels of cultivation are higher than mine, as long as the difference in level between us is not too great, they can only fight against me on equal terms. After all, I will have already turned into True Morning Dao World. I... will be True Morning Dao World, and True Morning Dao World will be me!’

‘And Zhang Ji Dao’s body will help me mediate and adjust to this. At that time, True Morning Dao World will belong to me completely.’

‘This is what I’ll do. Before this whirlwind disappears, this is what I must do. Only by doing so will I be able to have a hand in the disaster that will arrive after this, and I will also have the right to obtain a serendipity from it!’ The light in Su Ming’s eyes became brighter. He had already found his direction.

‘The first step is to stabilize the fate of the world around me. The second step is for me to figure out my own fate and gather it together until I perfect my epiphany of it. The third step is to use the Light of Extreme Darkness to replace the laws in a small area around me. The fourth step is also the last step. I will replace the will of True Morning Dao World and turn it into a world that belongs to extreme darkness. Then, I will have turned all of the laws in the area into my will.’

‘The first step is simple. I can do it with my current abilities, but I will need to spend some time on it. But the second step... how am I to master my own fate in the shortest time possible? This is...’ Su Ming frowned slightly and sank into deep thought.

Several days later, a sparkle shone in Su Ming’s eyes. At the same time it turned into a brilliant glare, he raised his right hand and drew a circle in the space before him.

The circle slowly turned bigger. When it was several hundreds of feet big, a look of understanding appeared on Su Ming’s face.

‘The fate in the world around me can form this circle, and my own fate can cause this circle to grow without end. When it reaches a certain size, it will have gathered a lot of the fate in the world around it, and it will naturally expand again until it can gain control over itself.’

‘This form of control is a gradual control moving from a small scale to a big scale. When the circle grows larger, everything it covers will be in my control, and slowly, I will have the feeling as if I gained control of my own fate. This feeling will continue growing stronger until it forms a will, and then, it will be considered perfection!’

‘I can’t take this path, however, because it will take too much time. It would have been fine before, during times of peace, but a disaster is imminent, and the thing I lack the most now is time.’

'Then I should find another way to step into the state in which I can control my own fate. No one should have taken this path before, but it will still allow me to achieve the same result!'

Confidence appeared in Su Ming's eyes. This idea had not come to him out of the blue, but he had come to gain an epiphany on it based on the epiphany he had from the cycles of life and death he experienced in the world created by the Mortal Refinement Art.

'The cycles of life and death in the Mortal Refinement Art are in truth countless connecting dots in a single cycle. I can be said to have experienced nine different lives at the same time. These lives intersected and connected with each other to form a huge net.

'All of this is external fate, but if I experience more things, I will live through more lifetimes. The net will become bigger, and each of the intersections will be part of my will. Once it reaches a certain size, I will have achieved the goal of mastering my own laws of fate through the fate in the world around me.

'It'll be like giving birth to countless lives with my will as the center. Through these lives, I will be able to continue expanding the circle of fate until the net is completed, until I come to be in control of myself through the lives of others.

'This is just a theory, but there should be nothing wrong with it. Yet if I am to put it into practice, I might need to make a few changes. After all, I cannot truly experience countless cycles of life and death... but I can gain an epiphany through other people's lives.

The prerequisite for this would be that they have me in their hearts. They must also worship and respect me. With that, the will they produce can be connected and turn into the great net of reincarnation I need!'

Su Ming mulled over his thoughts. What he had come up with might sound difficult, but if he went about understanding it in a simple manner, he would describe controlling his own laws of fate as a form of confidence. With that premise, controlling the laws of fate in the world around him could be said to be how many people knew him.

Having ten people know him was nothing, and it was also nothing even if thousands of people knew him. However, if there were ten thousand, tens of thousands, or even millions of people who knew him, it would be the same as him seizing control over the fate of the world around him.

When these links of fate increased and reached an incredibly terrifying number, they would fill him with confidence. It would stem from the ability to control the power of his own laws of fate.

In truth, the so-called great fame operated in this logic. Those who were famous would definitely become illustrious people. This was the power of fate.

'What is similar to what the people who I saved in the World of Nine Yin did. They formed their own race and worshiped me. In their hearts, they remember me, and they deliver to me the power of their will. It then naturally forms the laws of my fate...

'If that is the case and I can make more people worship and respect me, their wills will turn into the net of reincarnation. Once inside it, I will become stronger daily... and through them, I will obtain my own fate.

'In fact, it will be easier for me to seize True Morning Dao World and replace it through them as well. With my will, I will be able to replace the laws!'

Determination appeared in Su Ming's eyes. After pondering over everything carefully for a moment, he became certain that the idea was plausible, and he closed his eyes, immersing himself in meditation. He was now even more certain that he could make True Morning Dao World integrate with him.

Chapter 1161: Sending out the Clones

In the blink of an eye, three months passed. During them, Su Ming meditated in the area. He strengthened his understanding of the epiphany towards the laws of fate, making his body and mind master it thoroughly.

On that day, Su Ming opened his eyes slowly and stared at the distant galaxy. His gaze was profound, as if the universe was contained in his eyes. Before long, a long arc charged over from the whirlwind.

There was a white ripple around the long arc. Wherever it went, the whirlwind would spread out, allowing the person to muster a certain extent of their power. In the span of a few breaths, the long arc turned into the old Miao Feng hundreds of feet away. He wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed deeply towards Su Ming.

"Greetings, master."

Su Ming remained as calm as ever. He cast Miao Feng an indifferent glance and nodded slightly.

"Master, I investigated the easternmost direction and noticed tens of thousands of cultivators in the area. They are either in groups of three or four, or in hundreds. They are scattered in several hidden parts in the east.

“Most of them were wary of me... Besides a small portion who showed delight and surprise towards being offered to join the sect, most of them are hesitant...” Miao Feng explained with his head lowered.

Su Ming swept his gaze past Miao Feng’s body and asked calmly, “How did you get those injuries?”

“I obtained them in a spot in the east, about two months away from here. It is the furthest I have went this time. There is a small army formed by members of the past Morning Dao Sect there. They number nearly ten thousand, and they refused your offer to join the sect. However, they wanted the treasure to move through the whirlwind which you bestowed upon me...” When Miao Feng said that, he lifted his head and cast Su Ming a glance. He did not continue speaking.

A barely noticeable glint shone in Su Ming’s eyes. He sized up Miao Feng, then raised his right hand and swung it. Immediately, a medicinal core appeared out of nowhere in his palm before it charged to Miao Feng.

“This core is from the Higher Realm and will heal your injuries. Swallow it and meditate for two hours, then bring me to the spot where you were injured.” Once Su Ming finished speaking, he closed his eyes, but his divine sense had locked onto the old man in the distance and began observing him closely.

Miao Feng received the medicinal core and swallowed it without hesitation before immediately beginning to meditate. Soon, sweat broke out on his skin, and two hours later, his eyes flew open. Excitement appeared in them, and banging sounds resounded in his body.

In truth, the injuries on his body were not everything. During the disaster, he had also been injured, but had been suppressing it. Yet the two-hour long meditation had healed most of his injuries and even made his cultivation base slightly stronger. The qualities of the medicinal core made it clear that it was a valuable item.

Miao Feng’s gaze when he looked towards Su Ming immediately filled with gratitude. Right away, Su Ming noticed with his divine sense while he had his eyes shut that a power of the laws of fate leaning towards him had appeared around the old man, though it was weak.

The old man himself did not notice it, but Su Ming could see it clearly. This proved that his previous analysis was correct. At that moment, he was no longer uncertain of what he should do. Once he opened his eyes, he remained still, but overlapping shadows instantly appeared around him. A muddled figure walked out and turned into another him. It was also dressed in a black robe, but it was Su Ming’s clone, the one that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole and which he had just recovered.

A faint layer of golden light surrounded the clone. It was one of Su Ming's personalities. At that moment, it had been extracted from him as the clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole left him.

In the past, Su Ming could not control his personalities with his own power, but when he gained an epiphany towards fate and took control of the fate in the world around him, he could easily control his different personalities. He could even extract them and fuse into different clones.

"Lead the way," Su Ming's clone said in a hoarse voice from within the black robe. Miao Feng immediately voiced his obedience and stood up, turning into a long arc that charged into the distance along with Su Ming's clone.

The white ripple was beneath their feet. When it spread out, it pushed away the whirlwind, increasing their speed. It was especially so for Su Ming's clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole. He was already so strong that he could force his way through the whirlwind for a period of time without suffering too much damage. After all, his blood, flesh, bones, and veins were formed after absorbing the Ancient God's body. While the physical power he controlled might not be able to make him imperishable, he had still reached a state that he was incredibly hard to destroy.

With booming sounds shocking the heavens, two long arcs left swiftly into the distance. After a moment, they disappeared into the whirlwind.

Su Ming slowly lowered his head while he was sitting in the millions of feet of empty space formed by the white ripple. He closed his eyes again and began meditating.

Su Ming's clone forced his way through the whirlwind with his powerful physical power, and he was so fast that he surpassed Miao Feng. In the end, he grabbed the old man's arm and charged forward while stirring up piercing whistles which indicated that space had been broken as he charged at a speed faster than lightning.

Miao Feng felt excitement as well as shock. He knew that his master's level of cultivation was astonishing, but he did not expect that a mere clone would possess such terrifying power. This shocked him, but no rebellious thoughts rose in his heart, only obedience.

Half a month after the clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole left, long arcs charged over from the distance into the region where Su Ming as Zhang Ji Dao meditated. The long arc was incredibly frail, and it seemed to be struggling.

When the person rushed into the region within the ripple, he showed up to be Dao Zhong. His face was pale, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood. There were numerous white insects squirming in his blood. When he spat some out with the blood, they let out shrill screeches before shattering with a bang. They then turned into centipedes with wings that charged towards Dao Zhong while roaring at him.

“Master!” Dao Zhong, who was immensely weakened, immediately shouted while raising his right hand. When he was about to make the last bit of his cultivation base in his body erupt, Su Ming’s eyes flew open. He raised his right hand and pointed forward.

With it, a power of time descended with a bang on the region where the young man was. It caused a terrifying reversal of time in that small area. As time flowed back, the centipedes with wings fell backwards and turned back into white insects with blood staining their bodies. The blood also immediately flowed back and returned into Dao Zhong’s mouth.

At the same time, his body trembled. In just five breaths, countless white threads seeped out of his pores with a bang, then gathered together to form a small white ball the size of a fist in space.

As it formed, Dao Zhong’s cultivation base started recovering from its weakened state. He didn’t recover to his best condition, but most of his cultivation base had been restored. Only then did the power to reverse time dissipate.

Dao Zhong was struck dumb. His body shuddered slightly. His gaze when he stared at Su Ming filled with fear greater than ever before in his life. His heart trembled, for he could sense that what had happened to him just now then was due to a power of time. It was the reversal of time, a great divine ability allowed a person to control time.

Only this sort of divine ability could make the injuries on his body to instantly become better. Only it could make the white threads come out of his body in the same manner they entered until they turned back to their original form.

Su Ming’s strength stunned Dao Zhong at that instant, as if he had been suppressed. He sucked in a sharp breath, then bowed deeply to Su Ming. With respect in his eyes, he said in a deep voice, “Thank you for your help, master!”

“What happened?” Su Ming asked flatly. He seized the space with his right hand, and the small white ball immediately went to him. When Su Ming caught it, he began observing it carefully.

“Master, I found thirty-one spots where the cultivators who survived gathered to the west of this place. Most of them have less than one hundred people. Only two of them have thousands, and they are two shattered planets. Based on my observations, I could tell that they are filled with cultivators who were once from the Immortals’ Union.

“There are four Almighties in Mastery Realm among them... During the investigation, I was heavily injured by a mortal enemy of mine. If it was not because of the treasure you bestowed upon me allowing me to move through the whirlwind while the other could not chase after me, I might have already died there...” Dao Zhong explained with a bitter smile.

“And...” He hesitated for a moment.

“Speak,” Su Ming said flatly while staring at the small white ball in his hand.

“The forces of power from the Immortals’ Union which chased after me seemed to have formed their own sect...” Dao Zhong immediately said.

Su Ming shifted his gaze away from the small white ball and let his eyelids fall slightly. Immediately, overlapping shadows appeared around him once more. After a moment, a layer of fog manifested around his body. When it moved out of him, it turned into a man with an indistinct appearance.

There was an indescribable, malicious air about the man’s body. It was Su Ming’s Ecang clone, and the black shade from among Su Ming’s personalities was within it. That color represented the will of midwinter, signifying destruction and slaughter!

When the black shade fused with the Ecang clone, its gradually went black.

The black-haired man’s appearance could not be seen clearly, but a powerful, killing intent surrounded him.

“There can only be one sect in True Morning Dao Sect from now on. No second one will be tolerated. Once any appear, we will simply destroy it. Only kill their leader. If the ones remaining submit to us, bring them back.”

Su Ming did not look at Dao Zhong but instead continued staring at the small white ball as if he was incredibly interested in it.

A blood-red light shone in the eyes of the black Ecang clone. He did not speak, but took a step forward to appear next to its guide. Dao Zhong felt his heart freeze. He could sense the dense killing intent emanating from the black figure, along with madness that made him shudder. He quickly lowered his head and voiced his obedience while looking forward to the expression his enemy would have upon his return.

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Chapter 1162: Mo!

‘Damn you, Zhou Tian Feng, this time, I will make you die without having a body to be buried!’

Killing intent shone in Dao Zhong's eyes, but when he looked at Su Ming's black clone beside him, his expression immediately turned into one of respect. He bowed deeply, then he turned into a long arc and charged forward, disappearing into the whirlwind.

'This thing is rather interesting. It's an insect egg, but there is a hint of the power of a World contained in it. It seems... like it isn't something that belongs to this True World.'

Su Ming stared at the small white ball in his hand, then sent his divine sense into it to observe it carefully. Once they fused, the small white ball started shuddering in Su Ming's hand as if it was struggling to free itself, but Su Ming's hand was like a seal that completely sealed up its movements.

There were two long arcs charging through True Morning Dao World. Before them, there was a shattered continent in the whirlwind. It was not large and had already been broken up. Even the center of the continent was divided by the whirlwind.

Miao Feng pointed at the continent in the whirlwind before he spoke respectfully to Su Ming's clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole. "Master, it's this place! This is the spot where the small army formed by those who once belonged to Morning Dao Sect live. They have three Almighties in there..."

The clone had a calm expression on his face when he cast a glance at the continent in the whirlwind. He walked out of the white ripple and forced his way through the whirlwind by turning into a long arc that stirred up shocking booms. Miao Feng followed behind him. He stared at the clone forcing his way through the whirlwind and became even more wary of Su Ming.

The clone did not intend to hide his movements. The booming sounds he stirred up reverberated in the air and reached the continent. In just the span of a few breaths, a long arc flew out from inside it.

"Heh heh, trespassers are not allowed here. This is the territory of Morning Dao Sect. Those who trespass will be killed!"

The person who spoke was a middle-aged man with an aquiline nose. He was dressed in a golden robe, and there was a hint of arrogance on his face. His words traveled in all directions, echoing in space.

The power belonging to those in Mastery Realm spread out from his body. His presence was slightly muddled, making it clear that he had just recently reached Mastery Realm, but his arrogance was much greater than that of most Almighties in Mastery Realm.

There was an air of superiority about him, but he was not someone who had fought in battles before. He might have seemed arrogant, but his heart was filled with caution.

What answered him was a punch from Su Ming's clone as he descended from the long arc!

The punch was thrown when the two of them were hundreds of thousands of feet away, but it was such a monstrous attack that the galaxy shook, the universe rumbled, the earth trembled, and the whirlwind froze for a moment.

It immediately turned into an illusory shadow in the sky. That shadow was one thousand feet large. When it closed in with loud bangs on the middle-aged man, it expanded until it was ten thousand feet large.

The middle-aged man's expression changed, and he quickly retreated without any hesitation. When he raised his arms, incantations tumbled out of his mouth. He also formed several seals before he tapped a few spots in front of him. Rays of light from treasures shone on his body.

In the blink of an eye, they turned into a shield that was several dozens of feet large in front of him. It had a picture of two pythons on it. At that moment, the two pythons came to life and flew out to surround the middle-aged man. They formed a whirlwind that crashed against the incoming punch.

Booming sounds shook the entire galaxy. The two pythons did not even manage to scream in pain before their bodies were reduced to ashes. The shield too instantly disappeared, allowing the punch to land on the middle-aged man's body.

The man's face turned stark pale. Fearful disbelief appeared on his face, but no matter what, he was an Almighty. He might not have been able to escape in time, but he bit his tongue with a snap of his jaw, and with that intense pain, he stimulated his Nascent Divinity. It fell back swiftly and rushed out of his body the instant its physical body collided with the illusory shadow of the fist.

Boom!

If anyone looked from above, they would find that the middle-aged man's body was reduced to a bloody shower. As rumbling sounds echoed in the galaxy, the fist landed on the continent. A loud bang shook the sky and earth, and the ground trembled violently.

Wind swept outwards madly like the waves in an ocean, shocking and astonishing the ten thousand something cultivators on the continent. Most of them flew up before raising their heads to look the sky with fear and panic on their faces.

Su Ming's clone revealed himself in the sky. With a swing of his arm, he said flatly, "The Ninth Summit has descended. Those who submit will enter the sect, and you will offer up your souls to do so. Those who do not... will have no need to continue living in degradation."

Once the dust settled, a huge pit was revealed on the continent. That hole... went through the entire continent. Those above it could see the galaxy on the other side. The whirlwind shot through the hole and turned into a vortex that penetrated the continent to connect both sides of the galaxy.

Thin cracks spread out from the edges of the hole to the entire continent with loud cracking sounds. The shock of it was enough to astonish all the cultivators in the area.

Two long arcs flew out from the continent and stood in the air to stare at Su Ming's clone with grim expressions on their faces. They were also staring at Miao Feng, who had only just arrived behind Su Ming.

The two cultivators were old men. At that moment, one of them said in a dark tone, "Sir, what is the meaning of this? Are you taking advantage of us for having lost our connection with Morning Dao Sect and intend to forcefully plunder out souls?! Aren't you afraid of Morning Dao Sect's rage once the whirlwind disappears?!"

"Morning Dao Sect has already been reduced to ruins. The Immortals' Union is gone. Plenty of cultivators have died in the entire True Morning Dao World. All of you are trees without roots. Even if you can last for many years until the whirlwind disappears, you will not find the peace of the past welcoming you. Instead, you will be faced with a disaster that will be much more violent than this whirlwind.

"Enter the Ninth Summit and become the masters of True Morning Dao World. This is your only choice," Su Ming's clone stated flatly.

"Nonsense. Morning Dao Sect is powerful enough that it will not be destroyed by this whirlwind. On what basis do you dare to say—"

"On the basis that I can move through the whirlwind and on the basis that I can bring all of you through it as well," Su Ming said calmly.

"Do you agree or disagree?" A brilliant light shone in his eyes when he said his final sentence.

A chilling killing intent shone in the eyes of the old man who had spoken, but at that moment, Su Ming's clone smiled coldly. He raised his right hand and seized the air in the direction of the hole he had just punched. Immediately, the vortex formed by the whirlwind jolted as if it was being sucked by a great force.

As everyone stared in shock and horror, it charged towards Su Ming. It surrounded him, and when Su Ming clenched his fist and struck forward, booming sounds shook the universe. The vortex disintegrated and fell backwards, charging towards the whirlwind in the galaxy beyond the continent. Continuous booming sounds reverberated in the air, and a gap that was one hundred thousand feet big appeared in the whirlwind.

This gap was formed by Su Ming throwing a punch with his full power. The whirlwind in the gap disintegrated, and the power of the World in it fell back. This shocked the heart of the old man who had killing intent in his eyes..

“What... What level of cultivation do you have?!”

Right after he said that, the other old man sighed under his breath. Determination appeared on his face, and he wrapped his fist in his palm to bow deeply towards Su Ming.

“I am willing to join the Ninth Summit!”

As he spoke, the mark of his soul immediately shone at the center of his brows. Upon rising, it rushed out and charged towards Su Ming. In an instant, it fused with him, and he relaxed. Su Ming’s strength had given him a great shock, but the more shocking thing was that with his power of Fate Realm, he had been able to tell that the person before him... was just a clone!

.....

Compared to the success experienced by Su Ming’s clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole, his Ecang clone, the one which contained his black, destructive personality and was yet to gather together a corporeal form, found himself faced with a different conclusion due to the different personalities Su Ming gave the two great clones.

“Those who submit live, and those who defy me die,” the Ecang clone stated in a hoarse voice while its face remained indistinct. In his right hand was a bloody head whose face was full of disbelief. It seemed like the man could not believe that he would die even right before his death.

As he spoke, Su Ming’s Ecang clone threw the head forward, and it landed on... a tower made up of more than one thousand heads piled up together.

Behind the tower of heads were thousands of cultivators. At that moment, their faces were pale, and the two men right in front stared at two heads among the thousands of heads while their hearts trembled.

The two heads belonged to Almighties who were equal to them in terms of strength and who were their companions. However, before the indistinct figure with a malicious air spreading from its entire body, the two Almighties did not even last for the span of an incense stick before they were killed.

“Who are you?!” one of the two men roared in a nearly hysterical tone.

The moment his roar traveled into space, Su Ming's Ecang clone lowered his head swiftly. Blood-red light shone in his eyes, and his body swiftly expanded. An Ecang tree appeared between the sky and earth, and an endless, malicious presence spread out. It was an oppressive air that suffocated others, and it instantly landed in the hearts of the thousands of cultivators on the planet.

"You may call me Mo Su, but you can also call me... Mo!" Su Ming's Ecang clone said hoarsely.

"Mo..." The man shuddered, then lowered his head in anguish. He wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed to Su Ming's Ecang clone.

The other Almighty was also forced to lower his head and worship him.

As the two of them submitted, the thousands of cultivators knelt down and worshiped Su Ming without any hesitation.

"We are willing to join the Ninth Summit. Greetings, Sect Master Mo!"

As they bowed, the mark of their souls immediately appeared at the center of all their brows. They gathered together and charged towards Su Ming's Ecang clone. When they fused into him, his body instantly looked like it had become slightly more corporeal.

At the same time, the power of the law of fate which was visible to Su Ming alone appeared on the thousands of cultivators. Immediately after, as if the power of the laws of fate reacted to Su Ming, a barely discernible law of fate belonging to him appeared around his Ecang clone.

Chapter 1163: An Fang

Su Ming sat in the big empty spot enveloped by the white ripple in True Morning Dao World, right next to the edge of the Relocation Rune while he stared at the small white ball in his palm.

Shrieks came from inside it at that moment. There was madness and ferociousness in the voice, as if it wanted to rush out of Su Ming's right hand and devour him. However, his hand was like a seal that kept the small white ball imprisoned. No matter how it struggled, it was useless.

'This is definitely not something of this World.'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. The more he investigated the item, the more he sensed the strange qualities within it. There were 99,999 insects in the form of thin threads in the ball. None of them were sentient, but strangely, once they gathered together, a sort of will formed between them.

That will was very faint. Once Su Ming's divine sense touched it, he immediately sensed a monstrous aggressiveness and madness within it.

The white ball seemed to want to devour the universe, and its madness promised that it would not willingly submit even in the face of the Paragons in the universe.

"This is an egg," A brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes as he mumbled to himself.

He sensed a hint of life force in the will. It was as faint and weak as the will, but it gave off the feeling that it could grow endlessly.

'Interesting. It is divided into nearly one hundred thousand parts which have no consciousness. However, when they are together, a faint will can be born. Since this item is not from this World, there is a high possibility that it is from Saint Defier or Dark Dawn...'

After remaining silent for a moment, Su Ming furled his right hand. At the same time, his divine sense became violent and swept past the small white ball, using violence to instantly destroy all forms of consciousness within it.

Cracking sounds immediately came from the small ball. There seemed to be a shrill scream of pain which only divine senses could hear in those sounds. After a moment, a wisp of green smoke spread out from the small ball. When it disappeared without a trace, the ball was no longer white, but had become dreary gray.

The instant Su Ming destroyed the will in the small white ball, in the depths of the endless whirlwind within True Morning Dao World, right under the gap to Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos, a shrill roar rang out.

If anyone could see into the depths of the whirlwind, they would be able to see a gigantic object. It was a locust that was magnified an unknown number of times. The insect was so large that its size was comparable to that of an Ancient God.

The locust was laying eggs, and there were numerous small white balls connected to it with thin threads. The small balls numbered to tens of thousands. They were connected to each other, and all of them were squirming and shrinking. If anyone saw it, their skill would crawl. It was a terrifying sight to behold.

At that moment, the large insect was roaring, and its compound eyes filled with anger and madness. Buzzing sounds came swiftly from its body.

“Who is it?! Who killed my babies?! My, An Fang’s babies?!” As the locust roared, a fierce light lit up in its eyes, and the creature stared into space. After a long while, Su Ming’s figure appeared clearly in its eyes.

“This person... is from Saint Defier’s camp! All those from Saint Defier should die!”

The locust threw its head back and roared. Its cultivation base spread out, and it was so strong that it could make the galaxy tremble. It was a power that surpassed those of Sublime Paragons. Even though the insect had yet to reach Avacaniya Realm, its level of cultivation was already incredibly terrifying.

Just as it was about to rush out, a golden chain flew out from the gap in space behind it. With a crack, it hit its body, making the locust jolt.

“Damn this chain from Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos! If it wasn’t limiting my descent, I would have long since become the master of Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos! My fellow Daoists from Dark Dawn, what are you doing?! You asked me to descend so that I can gain the initiative, but if you don’t get rid this Saint Defier Chain, how am I supposed to descend with my full power?!”

The locust threw its head back and roared. Its voice traveled straight into the gap that led to somewhere unknown.

At that moment, golden light swiftly shone on the golden chain. Not only did it not disappear, it charged towards the locust at an even faster speed. Judging by the looks of it, it seemed like it could crush the locust straight away.

“Damn it! Damn it! This is a Saint Defier attacking me!”

Madness appeared on the locust’s face. When it saw the chain approaching it, it roared loudly, and its body swiftly crumbled before the chain to turn into tens of thousands of parts that fused into the eggs behind it. Immediately, the eggs resembling small white balls shuddered together before splitting up to turn into tens of thousands of parts that shot into all directions.

The golden chain swept outwards, and the galaxy roared. The universe was damaged, and nine-tenths of the tens of thousands of small balls crumbled. However, there were hundreds of them that vanished into space and disappeared without a trace.

“Fortunately, I activated the Body Splitting Art once I came here. Damn that Saint Defier camp. Sooner or later, all of you will die!”

A crazed voice traveled through the galaxy. When it reverberated in space, the golden chain lashed out again, stirring up a layer of golden ripples that swept towards the fleeing hundreds of small white balls. However, the instant it lashed out, a sinister, cold snort suddenly came from the gap in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos.

At the same time, a strange arm that looked like an octopus' tentacle lashed out and collided with the golden chain. Booming sounds rang out.

"The war between us has yet to end. The battle between Dark Dawn and Saint Defier is still ongoing. If you dare get distracted by the matters in this place, you might die in this battle!"

The voice was answered by a woman's cold snort, but the golden chain disappeared. The two people's presences seemed to leave the gap within Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos to continue waging war in their own battlefield!

The moment the hundreds of small white balls spread out in the whirlwind, they rushed out in multiple directions to charge towards life forms closest to them.

As long as they could touch a living and breathing creature, they would latch onto them as parasites and use them to nourish their bodies. When they merged together again, they would regain the form of the locust.

Its level of cultivation would be slightly lower than before, but given time and enough killing for offerings, it could return to its top condition in a short period of time.

Not all of the hundreds of small white balls stayed in True Morning Dao World. Quite a large number of them split up and shot through the plane between Worlds to head to the other three Great True Worlds.

"Kill, I need to kill! I need the fear of countless lives when they die. Only by doing so can I recover at the shortest amount of time possible. Only then can I build my own locust army in this shoddy Lower Realm!" the locust roared, and it slowly spread out as the hundreds of small white balls gradually spread out.

After about a day passed, in the galaxy to the north in True Morning Dao World, Chen Wen and Si Ma Yu were looking around themselves with grave expressions. There were thousands of cultivators in red robes around them.

All of the cultivators had numb expressions, which created a grim and chilling atmosphere. Each of them had extraordinary power, but what was even more shocking was their murderous aura as well as the feeling of superiority belonging to those who always won in the battles they participated.

Perhaps by themselves they were not Chen Wen and his wife's opponents, and not even ten or a hundred of them could hope to match up to them, but there were thousands of them. Their presences seemed to be connected, fusing into a single shockingly strong one. Chen Wen could instantly sense danger.

When the thousands of presences fused together, what the wife and husband felt became even worse.

“My friends, are you cultivators from Morning Dao Sect’s War Chamber? Please ask your commander to come forth so that we may speak to him,” Chen Wen said in a mild tone, abandoning the arrogance usually adopted by Almighties.

However, the area around them was silent. No one answered. The thousands of people had no expression on their faces. They only stared at Chen Wen and his wife coldly.

“Kill them,” a calm voice with matchless chilling air said languidly from the legion of cultivators.

Almost the instant the words were spoken, the thousands of cultivators looked like they had woken up from deep sleep. They moved, and a bizarre presence swiftly came from each cultivator’s body. It did not seem to be formed by a cultivation method, but like a strange divine ability which belonged to the tribes in Divine Essence Star Ocean.

At the instant the presence erupted, the eyes of the thousands of cultivators turned bloodshot. Their cultivation bases increased exponentially at the same time, and they roared in a manner that could shake the sky and earth.

“Kill them!”

Chen Wen and his wife’s expressions immediately changed drastically when the thousands of cultivators took a uniform step forward. Their murderous aura reached a monstrous degree and descended on the couple with loud bangs. At the instant it looked like a battle was about to erupt, Chen Wen activated his cultivation base. Si Ma Yu’s expression changed, and she cried out in a piercing voice.

“The two of us represent the only sect in True Morning Dao World right now, the Ninth Summit! We came here to invite all of you into the sect. My master is a cultivator from the Higher Realm, and his level of cultivation far exceeds what you can imagine. If you insist on attacking us, you will surely be bringing upon yourselves the disaster of your entire race being destroyed!”

The instant Si Ma Yu said those words, the thousands of cultivators in the area revealed their killing intent. They charged forward, but at that moment, the voice which had come from behind the legion of cultivators spoke again.

“Stop!”

This one word immediately made the thousands of cultivators come to an abrupt halt. Their uniform movement caused Chen Wen’s pupils to shrink when he saw it.

Immediately after, the legion of cultivators before Chen Wen and Si Ma Yu took three uniform steps to the side to reveal a gap leading to the space beyond the encirclement. A tall figure slowly walked forward through it.

That figure held a gigantic battle axe in his hand while taking huge strides forward. His body was tall and muscular, and he was filled with an indescribable, murderous aura... but he had no head!

It was a figure that brought others fear when they cast their eyes on it. The man's cultivation base also exuded a bizarre ripple. He seemed like an Almighty, but at the same time, not. Chen Wen and his wife could not help themselves and cast their gazes on him.

The instant they got a clear look of the person, their expressions changed at once. They cast each other a glance before bringing out the jade slip Su Ming had given them to compare the portrait with the person before them.

Chapter 1164: Senior Brother...

Once they finished checking, a strange light lit up in Chen Wen's eyes, but before he spoke, the headless man walking over with a heinous murderous aura all over his body spoke in a ghastly, booming voice.

"Did you just say the ninth summit?"

"It is indeed the Ninth Summit!"

Chen stared at the headless man, then wrapped his fist in his palm before he bowed deeply towards him. He swiftly squeezed the jade slip in his hand, intending to send the information of his findings back to Su Ming.

But when he squeezed the jade slip, Chen Wen's expression suddenly changed drastically. It was the same for Si Ma Yu. They discovered to their shock that the jade slips in their hands had turned into normal stones at some unknown point in time!

Their jade slips had instead appeared in front of the headless man. They shone with a brilliant light as the headless man used his divine sense to check them.

This scene immediately caused Chen Wen and his wife to feel their hearts thump in their chests. Shock and fear filled their bodies. They had no idea how he had been able to do such a thing, and how they had been unable to even notice it.

After a moment, the jade slips in front of the headless man shattered with a bang.

"The person who gave you these jade slips has extraordinary power. I cannot see the contents within them. Lead the way, I will go to... the ninth summit you speak of!"

When the man mentioned the ninth summit, no one noticed that there was a slight quiver in his voice. His heart was far from the calm look he put up on his face. A huge storm was raging within him. It was mixed with extreme anticipation.

‘Are you the one who gave them these jade slips... youngest junior brother?’ the headless man mumbled in his heart.

In silence, he swung the battleaxe in his right hand, and it immediately turned into a long arc that charged towards Chen Wen and Si Ma Yu. The long arc shot through the space between them, going straight towards the whirlwind. With loud booms, a path was opened.

“Lead the way,” the headless man repeated languidly.

Chen Wen and Si Ma Yu cast each other a glance. After a moment of hesitation, they made their choice. Su Ming had given them the jade slips while saying that they were to immediately notify him when they saw the people in the portraits. Although the jade slips had shattered, they would still be considered to have fulfilled his request if they brought the man to him.

As Chen Wen and his wife’s expression changed, they chose to lead the way. The ripples under their feet immediately spread out and enveloped the area. The couple then charged along the path that had been opened in the whirlwind.

Behind them, the headless man took large strides forward. He was followed by the thousands of cultivators with expressionless faces. Together, they all charged through the whirlwind.

The headless man was completely unbothered by it. When he swung his axe, the whirlwind before it would disintegrate and fall backwards, opening a path for him.

In the meantime, Su Ming was still sitting cross-legged in the empty space. The instant the jade slips shattered, his eyes flew open. A dark glare shone in them. He cast a glance at the galaxy in the distance, then frowned slightly.

‘The jade slips I gave Chen Wen and his wife were shattered. It’s not because of them, however, but someone else forcefully shattering them. Yet person would not have been able to obtain the portraits I left behind.

‘Since the person could crush my jade slips, they should have become a true Almighty in Mastery Realm, not like the others in Arid Triad, who have only reached a pseudo Mastery Realm.

‘Looks like even if True Morning Dao World is terrorized by the disaster brought by the whirlwind, there are still plenty of powerful warriors around. This is good.’

Su Ming pondered over it for a moment, then closed his eyes again. He could sense that Chen Wen and his wife were still alive and were rushing in his direction.

All the answers would be clear when they returned.

At the same time, Su Ming sensed that his clones with the different personalities were using different methods to collect more souls and gather more power of the laws of fate. Their actions proved that Su Ming's assumption was plausible. If he could gather together all the remaining cultivators in True Morning Dao World, he could complete the second step of his plan. He could control his own fate, then use the Light of Extreme Darkness to replace the laws in a small area!

To the east, Su Ming's clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole was shrouded in golden light. It had a gentle air, but due to the clone's mighty strength, the golden light had a domineering presence despite its gentleness.

Miao Feng stood behind the clone. He was followed by tens of thousands of people. They moved forward like a great flood while enveloped by the white ripple.

Before them was a planet that was still partially whole. The moment they arrived, nearly ten thousand cultivators flew out.

"Submit to me and join the Ninth Summit. You will then receive protection during the disaster. This is your only choice. You are not allowed to resist or refuse, because this is the only way for you to survive."

The clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole had golden light spread out from his body. He lifted his hands slowly, and his voice from within the golden light traveled in all directions.

In another place, the west of True Morning Dao World, Su Ming's Ecang clone killed all those who refused to join the sect with a murderous aura and bloodlust wherever he passed. Roaring behind him was a sea of blood filled with countless heads. They intimidated the tens of thousands of cultivators who followed him; their numbers were similar to those that the golden clone had gathered. The hearts of the cultivators trembled every time they caught a glance of it. When they cast their gazes on Su Ming's Ecang clone, there was deep respect in them.

In another place was a lone ship sailing through the whirlwind. The gentle man on it was drinking wine while accompanied by beautiful women. He looked like he was having the time of his life.

Behind him was an incredibly boorish person. This man had a simple and honest look on his face. With a sideways glance, he stared at the gentle man with a scornful expression.

"Second senior brother, should I change the way I refer to that woman beside you as my second sister-in-law or as your Master? Damn it, that title is too confusing." The man harrumphed.

The lady sitting beside the gentle man was a beautiful woman. She was completely unbothered by the big man's words and covered her mouth to hide a chuckle. Due to her laughter, her eyes narrowed into the shapes of crescent moons, and she stared at the gentle man by her side. This adorable person was once her disciple, but had now become her man.

"Hu Zi, there are three things in a person's life against which they are completely helpless, do you know what they are?"

The gentle man drank his wine, then put down the cup and signaled to the beautiful woman beside him to pour wine for him. When he turned his head around, he had a smile that was like spring wind.

"Nonsense, of course I know those stupid three helpless things you're talking about. To me, when I want to drink but there is no wine, I feel helpless. When I want to sleep but can't, I feel helpless. When I miss home but can't see the ninth summit, I feel helpless as well. There's no way you'd feel helpless. Come on, why don't you tell me? I'd like to hear it. "The honest-looking man seemed to be incredibly dissatisfied with the gentle man and spoke loudly.

"Ahem, third junior brother, you are so rude. It would have been fine if there was no one else beside us, but when there are other people, could you show at least a little respect to your second senior brother?" The gentle man shook his head and picked up the wine cup to take a sip from it with an incredibly resigned expression.

"Rubbish! From the day you went off and left me in the Immortals' Union, I swore that I would definitely take revenge! Y-y-you... You went off to find love in a woman's bosom while making me suffer in the Immortals' Union, and you didn't even bother picking me up after so many years! There were plenty of times when my body was shot full of holes!" The honest man glared at the gentle man.

"But that is the plan set by eldest senior brother. He wanted us to split up, and he said that you needed to put yourself through the mill. If you want to be angry, go to eldest senior brother." The gentle man pouted and sighed.

"Hmph, I wouldn't dare to get angry at eldest senior brother, but as for you... Heh heh, I've already helped you preserve enough of your dignity by not mentioning you spying at the female disciples from the other summits in the past. I still remember that you even wanted to figure out the method to create the Rune for peeking at others, but failed and were chased to the ninth summit," the honest man said with a harrumph while glaring at the gentle man.

The gentle man let out a few dry coughs and changed the topic.

"I have yet to finish speaking. There are three things in a person's life about which they feel completely helpless. Hu Zi, the three things we feel helpless against are envy, jealousy, and hate. Right now, you're envious of me, and you're even jealous of me, and because of it, you have hate growing in you, but I am your second senior brother. Heh heh, oh well, look at the season, could it be spring? Don't worry, Hu Zi, I will handle your marriage!" The gentle man patted his chest as if he was making a pledge.

"Come on, tell me, what type do you like? Don't worry, even if I can't find the type you like among the girls here, when we go to the Barren Lands of Divine Essence to search for youngest junior brother, he will definitely find one that is good for you over there," the gentle man said in a teasing manner while taking a sip of his drink.

Hu Zi fell silent.

"Hmm? Why aren't you speaking? Ah, Hu Zi, you shouldn't be embarrassed at such a young age. Come on, tell me." When the gentle man saw that Hu Zi had a different expression on his face, he became interested. He even sat up a little straighter.

Hu Zi still remained silent.

"Let me guess. Do you like the younger ones, so that you can enjoy the feeling of protecting them when you're together? No, that can't be right. Then do you like older women? The mature ones who still retain some of their charms despite being past their prime?"

The gentle man spoke nonstop, causing Hu Zi's face to twitch. In the end, he could not take it anymore and his right hand rose swiftly. A pot of wine appeared in his palm, and he threw it at the gentle man.

An incredibly exaggerated scream of pain rose up. It was followed by a sigh.

"Women who are past their prime, young lassies... You're still too young. Oh, Hu Zi, why are your tastes so strange? Ah..."

"Sir, that is a good poem!"

"That's right, sir. This is the 637rd poem you made on your way here. I've recorded all of them."

Hu Zi's face twitched a few more times before he cast the gentle man a resigned look and sighed long and hard. He then picked up a pot of wine and started drinking, no longer bothering himself with him.

In one galaxy, but three different places. Fellow brothers of a lifetime. Perhaps there was some sort of fate manipulating events, but it did not matter whether it was the headless man or the ship, both of them were slowly approaching the spot where Su Ming had made his residence.

If they did not run into any accidents on the way, then perhaps soon, they would be able to see each other...

A separation that lasted for more than a thousand years... Perhaps soon, they would reunite...

Chapter 1165: An Fang's Baby!

As time trickled by, another month passed. Su Ming remained meditating, quietly trying to gain an epiphany about the laws in the world around him. He also quietly sensed the increasing power of the laws of fate that his two clones absorbed.

The aura of his cultivation base grew every day. It might not be much, but without a doubt, he was getting stronger. In fact, during the past few days, besides trying to understand the laws of fate, he had spent some time to understand Zhang Ji Dao's memories.

From them, he gained a deeper understanding of Essences and the existence that was Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos.

'Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos is like the origin of heaven... In the eyes of Saint Defier and Dark Dawn, this is an Expanse Cosmos that was just born... It is just like Dark Dawn and Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos during their early days. In the endless passage of time, they had grown until each of them obtained 180 Expanse Cosmoes.

'This can be considered a form of wholesomeness. It can be said that their Expanse Cosmoes reached the limit of their growth. If I say that the Expanse Cosmos itself is the mother, then the 180 Expanse Cosmoes in it are her children, and the cultivators as well as the lives in those 180 Expanse Cosmoes are her blood veins.

'Arid Triad is an Expanse Cosmos which has just been born. It is an origin of an Expanse Cosmos which will have 180 Expanse Cosmoes develop from it if it is given enough time. This is why if Saint Defier or Dark Dawn obtain Arid Triad, they will gain the power to destroy the other party.

'It is also why from the moment they discovered Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos, they began fighting over it ceaselessly.' Su Ming opened his eyes and stared at the galaxy, falling silent once more.

Compared to Saint Defier and Dark Dawn, the current Arid Triad was like a child. It was absolutely impossible for it to compare itself to the two ancients. It simply did not possess the power to fight. Whether it was Saint Defier or Dark Dawn, both of them would find it incredibly easy to subjugate Arid Triad.

But unfortunately for them, they were fighting against each other, and neither allowed the other to make the first step. On top of that, Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos might be weak, but it was still an Expanse Cosmos in its early stages of development, which meant that it had a power within it that could suppress external forces. This was an instinctive reaction of Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos. While growing, it would reject all forms of external forces from stepping into it.

Even if someone forced their way in, they would have their level of cultivation suppressed. However, this had changed because of the disaster a year ago. A gigantic gap had opened up, and it could allow those from Saint Defier and Dark Dawn to step in without anything inhibiting them. It was as if a door had been opened, lying Arid Triad bare before anyone who came. It could only quietly await its fate of being gobbled up.

And the cause of all this was Su Xuan Yi!

'Since I am not Su Xuan Yi's son, who exactly is his child? Could it be Yu Xuan? But it couldn't be that simple... That man has incredible intelligence and a great mind for strategy. He also behaves in a manner as if he is nearly mad. His thoughts cannot be predicted nor guessed by a normal person.

'But no matter what, one of the segments in his plan is definitely built on the idea to destroy the entire Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos to make Saint Defier and Dark Dawn pay a devastating price.

'This would explain why he opened that gap. It would force the tension between Dark Dawn and Saint Defier to reach its climax... and would bring them over en masse. The best result would be if all their powerful warriors descended. If that happened, then when Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos collapsed, they would face the destructive power of an Expanse Cosmos in the early stages of development collapsing. It would not be something that cultivators could withstand.

'But what would he gain by doing this? How can he make the Abyss Builders raise to power..? What else is he planning..?'

In silence, Su Ming shook his head. There were some thoughts in his mind, but he did not know whether his analysis was accurate. He could only continue waiting and observing in hopes to obtain a serendipity which would help him survive the disaster.

'Essence. The foundation of all external matters... Wind, rain, thunder, lightning, all things that exist will have Essences. Steel, wood, water, fire, earth, the cause of the changes in Essences within everything in the universe...

"If I was to master Essences, I would definitely be able to walk down the path of becoming a powerful warrior. The more Essences I understand, the stronger my power will be. Is this the foundation of Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos' cultivation method? I wonder what is Dark Dawn's..."

Su Ming remembered the small white ball from before. He fell into a moment of pensive silence. Within the memories of Zhang Ji Dao were some battles with the cultivators from Dark Dawn.

'Interesting. Those from Dark Dawn are all beings transformed from foreign matter, and they are all different from Saint Defier's cultivators. They can take human form, but usually they can only bring forth their full power when they are in their original forms.

'This is the truth based on the cultivator from Dark Dawn's camp who fought against Zhang Ji Dao in the past. His original form was a three-eyed toad that was thousands of feet big...

'Compared to the cultivators in Saint Defier referring to themselves as Immortals and Gods, those from Dark Dawn refer to themselves as Demons and Ghosts. They do not practice Essences, but their own cores. Even if their cultivation systems are generally the same, the core of it is completely different.

'When they cultivate the core in their bodies, it is their souls and their Nascent Divinities as well. It is also the heart of the mark of their lives. The changes in them are unfathomable, and this core can fight against Essences energy from Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos. From this, I can tell that this so-called power of cultivating the core contains the foundation of the universe!' In silence, Su Ming raised his right hand, and the gray ball immediately appeared on his palm.

There was still life force in the ball, but it was no longer sentient. The near one hundred thousand thin threads in it remained still, as if they were in deep sleep.

'If that's the case, then I can be certain that this is from Dark Dawn. Since it appeared in the whirlwind, could it be... that someone from Dark Dawn has already descended?'

Su Ming pondered it for a moment before he spread his divine sense and had it fuse into each of the threads in the small gray ball.

But no matter how Su Ming fused his divine sense or completely enveloped the inner parts of the small gray ball, he could not find a way to leave a Brand of his divine sense. It was as if the small gray ball was transparent.

A fierce light shone in Su Ming's eyes. He opened his mouth and let out a puff of the breath of his life. Once it surrounded the ball, he sent his divine sense to scan it again, but obtained the same results. The small ball might have seemed to contain countless threads densely packed together, but Su Ming still could not find a spot to leave a Brand.

He let out a cold harrumph. When he lifted his left hand to form a seal, the white ripple around him shone. It spread out before falling back and charging towards Su Ming. In an instant, it turned into a white ring. With Su Ming's will controlling it, the ring instantly enveloped the small gray ball, and it shrank slightly. The ball let out a cracking sound, and the near one hundred thousand thin threads instantly shuddered.

At the same time, Su Ming sent his divine sense inside once more. Without pausing for even a moment, he left his Brand on the thin threads.

Once he was done, Su Ming unfurled his right hand and tapped the small gray ball. It immediately shattered with a bang. Buzzing sounds soon echoed in space. The gray threads flew out from within the ball and surrounded Su Ming, forming a gray whirlwind.

It consisted of nearly one hundred thousand threads. As they spun, a vague figure could be seen inside. This figure looked like a locust which had been magnified many times, and it exuded a strange demonic presence.

Su Ming closed his eyes. He could sense that his Brand existed on each of the one hundred thousand threads, and he could control all of them. He could also sense that the threads were like babies that had lost their foundation and could no longer keep growing. Before long, they would wither and die.

The moment Su Ming had his divine sense finally Brand the one hundred thousand threads with the power of the white ring and they surrounded Su Ming, forming a whirlwind around him, dozens of cultivators in various places in True Morning Dao World shuddered simultaneously.

A huge hole appeared at the center of their brows, but no blood gushed out. The holes had been made by a white ball of light which had appeared and penetrated their skulls while they were meditating not too long ago. Their presences had disappeared after that, but at that moment, as they shuddered, they opened their eyes simultaneously.

"Someone made a baby of mine manifest itself... This baby isn't one of those who had split up from me previously. This is... the one I sent out in the beginning. It had latched itself onto the body of a cultivator of this world, but it soon had latched itself onto another person. Someone then took it out and wiped off its consciousness!

"This person has quite the courage. Since he could wipe off the consciousness of my baby and leave his Brand, he cannot be weak, but he is a little too conceited. If my baby had enough nutrients, it could grow to my level.

“But unless it devoured billions of cultivators in Arid Triad, it would have trouble growing up. Still, I don’t need to be worried about it. I’m actually looking forward to its growth. When I meet up with it, I can devour it and shorten my time of recovery.”

These sort of words tumbled out of the mouths of the dozen something cultivators scattered in different places at the same time. Their words and tone were the exact same. In fact, there were also quite a number of cultivators and ferocious beasts who had holes appear at the center of their brows in the other three Great True Worlds as well. They had all spoken the exact same words.

Su Ming stared at the threads spinning around him. He examined the faint image of the locust and narrowed his eyes. When he raised his right hand, he extended his right index finger, and a thin thread immediately shot out to wrap itself around his finger before half of it crawled into him.

Su Ming’s expression remained the same. He sensed the presence of the thread and discovered that the cultivation base in his body was being absorbed swiftly. His cultivation base was fusing into the gray thread, which was visibly becoming thicker. Its life force also increased at that moment, and it no longer looked like it was about to wither.

‘So you absorb cultivation bases, huh? I wonder if this thing will be a huge supplement to you.’

Su Ming fell into a moment of pensive silence before he decided to keep the strange thing from Dark Dawn as his pet to figure Dark Dawn’s strength.

After mulling over it for a moment, he flung his right hand. Once he sent the thread away from his body... a poisonous wasp appeared on his palm!

It was the poisonous wasp which contained the God Ascension Nectar!

Under Su Ming’s control, one drop of the poisonous liquid seeped out of the wasp’s stinger. At the instant the drop appeared, the one hundred thousand threads surrounding Su Ming stopped rotating simultaneously as if they had frozen. Not one of them moved.

Chapter 1166: One Hundred Thousand Locusts

God Ascension Nectar was contained in the poisonous wasp’s body. It was a treasure Su Ming had obtained when he was in Yin Death Region, and it had accompanied him for most of his life. Even when he was in the world with the endless light under space

and beyond the universe, it remained in his storage bag. Su Ming had made his storage bag fuse with the Resentful Wei, which was why it was not hurt in any manner.

This was something he had done on instinct, and it allowed him to preserve his storage bag in a perfect condition. It was not damaged in the slightest.

When the poisonous liquid with the God Ascension Nectar was brought out, all the gray threads around Su Ming instantly stopped moving. All of them seemed to be completely attracted by the God Ascension Nectar.

After a few breaths, the gray threads let out a shocking screech and charged towards the poisonous liquid in front of Su Ming. They were so fast that in the blink of an eye, they merged together with a bang, turning back into a small gray ball in front of Su Ming that enveloped the poisonous liquid.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He stared at the ball, and after a moment, its color began to change swiftly. It went from gray to crimson red, then changed back to gray with a few scattered red spots.

There seemed to be countless creatures squirming in the ball. They would occasionally sink inside before rising back up from the surface, creating an incredibly bizarre image. Su Ming could clearly sense that the poisonous liquid with the God Ascension Nectar was being digested at an indescribable speed.

The one drop of poisonous liquid with the God Ascension Nectar might not be much, but if Su Ming were to absorb it, he would need a long time to make it fuse perfectly with his body. If he wanted to do it fast, he could only absorb a very small amount.

Yet at that moment, the gray threads absorbed the drop of liquid so quickly that surprise appeared on Su Ming's face.

In just the span of a dozen breaths, the small gray ball's squirms returned to normal. Buzzing sounds reverberated in the air, and the small ball shattered. Countless gray threads flew out simultaneously. The drop of poisonous liquid with the God Ascension Nectar had completely disappeared.

At that moment, Su Ming gained a new understanding of the gray threads. He noticed that they had not just devoured the God Ascension Nectar... but had also devoured the poisonous liquid!

It was incredibly terrifying, but to the gray threads, it was still something to be used.

When the threads surrounded Su Ming once more, they let out piercing screams and formed a whirlwind. As it howled, cracking sounds rose into space nonstop.

Su Ming's pupils immediately shrank. He could clearly see that one of the countless threads had cracked. As the cracks spread, gray and red lights rushed out while intersecting with each other rushed out. They acted like they had broken out of a shell, and the thread became much faster than when it had been part of the whirlwind.

A glint shone in Su Ming's eyes, but his expression was grim. He lifted his right hand, and when he spread his divine sense outwards, the gray-red light changed direction and rushed towards him. It instantly appeared on his right palm before turning into... a locust... with a gray body that had red spots!

Its wings were thin, like those belonging to cicadas, but when Su Ming looked at them, he sensed waves of chilling air. If one of those wings slid past a person, it would definitely cut them as easily as a blade slicing through air.

The locust's compound eyes were black. Even if it was looking at Su Ming, it was difficult for him to see it. He could only sense it with his divine sense.

At that moment, cracking sounds rang out one after another. Su Ming lifted his head and saw all of the countless threads in the area cracking up. Immediately after, locusts which were identical to the creature on his palm broke out from their shells. Soon, the whirlwind surrounding Su Ming was no longer formed by threads, but of locusts!

Su Ming's pupils shrank, but he gradually calmed down. He lifted his right arm and swung it forward. Immediately, a crystal flew out. The moment it appeared, the swarm of locusts instantly rushed over, and the crystal disappeared without a trace.

Thankfully, the bald crane was sleeping in Su Ming's storage bag. Otherwise, if it saw something like this happening, it would definitely fight tooth and nail against the locusts.

"Wherever locusts go, not a blade of grass grows, huh?" Su Ming mumbled.

As he said those words, the swarm of locusts spat out some residue as their bodies rotated in the whirlwind. Every single one of the near one hundred thousand locusts only spat out a bit of it. Su Ming's expression changed, and he brought his right hand up to seize space. Immediately, the residue was gathered up, forming something the size of the crystal.

But there was not a hint of spiritual aura in it.

'It's not that they devour everything.'

Su Ming hesitated for a moment. When he raised his right hand, he cut the skin on his palm and squeezed out a drop of blood. The moment it flew out, Su Ming's expression changed.

When the locusts saw the drop of blood, their bodies shuddered like one. The small creatures were struggling incessantly to gobble up the blood, but with Su Ming's will controlling them, they could not act on their instincts. They could only continuously send forth their desire to Su Ming.

This was feedback at the appearance of the drop of blood in the form of a will from nearly one hundred thousand locusts. It was so strong that Su Ming had a feeling that if he did not issue an order soon, it was likely that they would turn on him.

During the short span of time in which Su Ming's expression changed, eight of the one hundred thousand locusts flew out to charge towards Su Ming's blood. They had freed themselves from his control and did not care that he had not issued an order. They were going to devour the blood on their own.

Su Ming let out a cold harrumph, lifted his right hand, and made a few flicks. Banging sounds echoed in space, and the locusts instantly let out shrill screams of pain. Their bodies shattered and they disappeared without a trace.

However, one of them who was not destroyed by Su Ming's attack. It endured it with brute force, and with most of its body destroyed, it closed in on Su Ming's blood with a single charge. It opened its mouth and swallowed the blood.

The next moment the locust threw its head back and roared. Its body instantly swelled up twice its original size, becoming much larger than the other locusts. When Su Ming saw this, he was shocked.

'Demon cultivators of Dark Dawn, what power! Right now I'm seeing just the baby of that demon cultivator. It's an existence akin to a clone, but it has such powerful potential. Given enough time, it could grow to a terrifying level.'

'This sort of demon cultivator would be incredibly hard to control...'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He raised his arms and formed a seal. Brands flew out, and he even let out a puff of his breath of life to envelop the clearly larger locust. He Branded it with all his power and began refining it again.

As for the other locusts, they gathered together under the control of Su Ming's divine sense and turned into a small ball that floated in front of him. That ball might not be big, but in it were nearly one hundred thousand locusts. It might seem impossible, but that was the truth.

'This is a demon cultivator born with the ability to control dimensions. That is why its baby could do this right after it was born.'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. After a moment, when he finished refining the locust which was much larger than the rest, he sent it into the small ball and brought out another to refine.

He did not think that it was troublesome. He had to completely refine all of the locusts.

At the same time, the hundreds of cultivators and ferocious beasts who had holes at the center of their brows in True Morning Dao World and the other three Great True Worlds shuddered simultaneously.

At the holes at the center of their brows slowly closed up, a divine thought with ghastly air and a cold bark of laughter was shared among them.

"He managed to open the first seal? The eggs have turned into nymphs, but to do this, that person must have paid a large price. Continue nurturing them. The better my baby is nurtured, the better it will serve me in the future.

"Foolish cultivator from Saint Defier, one of these days, I will let you know just how idiotic your actions are. That day is not far away. When all of my bodies return to normal, all of us will make the Cultivation Blood Offering. When we reach enough power, our bodies will fuse together, and I, An Fang, will descend in Arid Triad!"

As this divine thought echoed in their minds, the hundreds of cultivators and ferocious beasts closed their eyes together.

Time trickled by without their knowledge. When Su Ming refined most of the one hundred thousand locusts, his clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole had already cleared a portion of the world in the easternmost region of True Morning Dao World. Over there, he was leading nearly one hundred thousand cultivators to sweep through the galaxy.

With the white ripple, even the whirlwind could not stop them in their tracks. Wherever they went, those who submitted gave up their souls, and those who did not... had their leaders killed while the remaining ones were forced to submit.

The world of cultivation had always been built on the basis of strong preying on the weak, and this was especially prominent in the galaxy where the whirlwind raged. With the disaster around, the principle of the strong preying on the weak became even bloodier, and actually the only principle in this True World!

However, compared to Su Ming's Ecang clone, it could be said that his clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole was incredibly gentle in his actions. In the westernmost region, the Ecang clone, which possessed Su Ming's destructive will, had stirred up a heinous wave of blood.

There was no mercy nor reasoning. He only accepted obedience. Wherever he went, there would be endless slaughter. In the disaster laden True Morning Dao World, only this sort of unflinching method would allow someone to unite everyone in a short period of time.

The two clones had left around the same time, but while the clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole had not covered the entire east, the Ecang clone could already see the barrier connecting the east of True Morning Dao World and the fourth True World!

It was like a snowball that had been sent rolling. The start was always the hardest, but once a momentum was formed, it would be easier. The charge of an army made of tens of thousands of people could crush all willpower. Even if the singular entity was incredibly powerful, in the face of such a disaster, they would still have to submit.

All those who dared fight back would not just have themselves killed, but their entire bloodline!

One day, while still refining the one hundred thousand locusts, Su Ming's right hand shuddered. Even though he swiftly recovered, he raised his head, and a hint of excitement and sentimentality appeared in his eyes when he looked into the distance.

Chapter 1167: Eldest Senior Brother!

Su Ming stared at the galaxy. With his power, he could see very far away, and his gaze could penetrate the whirlwind beyond the ripple. There, he saw a group of people approaching swiftly from the distance.

Chen Wen was in the lead along with Si Ma Yu. They were followed by... a headless man who was leading thousands of cultivators. He was striding forward at a calm pace, and when he swung the axe in his hand, the whirlwind would be blown to the sides with a roar, revealing a path for everyone to travel.

Su Ming stared at the headless man, and the excitement as well as the sentiment in him mixed together. He had been separated from his senior brothers for more than one thousand years. At that time, he was still slightly naive, but now, he had completely grown up and become mature. Yet even if a longer time had passed, the friendship between him and his fellow brothers would be like aged wine. It would only continue getting better and would not disappear.

"Eldest senior brother..." Su Ming mumbled.

There was no surprised delight on his face, and neither was there excitement. This was because both of them had grown up, and because there was no need to have any sort of external expression for real friendship. It existed in the heart and soul, and it was a sort of... brotherly love which would allow them to understand what the other felt the moment their gazes met!

Su Ming brought his right hand up and put away the locust he had been refining. He then stood up, and with a smile on his face, he slowly walked forward. His eldest senior brother's arrival was a great joy in his life. This was the first reunion since he was separated from his senior brothers more than a thousand years ago. There was no way he could just sit around and wait for his senior brother to come to him. He had to welcome him!

While Su Ming could see his eldest senior brother, his eldest senior brother could not see him. When around a dozen breaths passed, the headless man moving through the whirlwind suddenly came to a pause, and while he had no head and his expression could not be seen, his hand which held the battleaxe shuddered slightly.

His murderous aura gradually disappeared. He stopped, and with the eyes of his soul, he stared into the distance. Gradually, he smiled in his heart, and joy filled him.

The whirlwind in front of him howled at that instant. A white ripple spread out swiftly and violently. As it expanded, the whirlwind fell back to reveal a vast, empty galaxy, and in that galaxy was Su Ming walking over with a smile.

When Chen Wen and Si Ma Yu saw him, they immediately wrapped their fists in their palms and bowed deeply.

"Greetings, master!"

With the black hood covering his face, Su Ming slowly approached the area. He walked past Chen Wen and Si Ma Yu to arrive right in front of the headless man.

Su Ming was silent. The headless man, too, remained silent.

All the people in the area were quiet.

The silence lasted till Su Ming pulled back the black hood and revealed to the headless man an incredibly unfamiliar face. However, the eyes of that unfamiliar face made the battleaxe in the headless man's hand disappear, and he spread his arms wide open.

With a smile on his face, Su Ming opened his arms wide as well, and under the gazes of thousands of cultivators, the two people hugged each other for the first time after one thousand something years had passed!

Neither of them spoke. As the fellow brothers hugged each other, they patted each other's backs hard, as if they wanted to show the friendship which had lasted for more than a thousand years in that one hug.

"You've grown."

Eldest senior brother took a step back and stared at Su Ming. His voice was filled with an ancient and sentimental air. In held nostalgia along with the will to protect the ninth summit even if he had to destroy the universe for it. This was something that he shared with his junior brother.

He had said a single sentence. It were two simple words, but they contained everything that had happened in the past one thousand something years. Su Ming's eldest senior brother was not used to expressing his thoughts, and his ancient voice quivered at that moment. Perhaps the others would not be able to sense it, but Su Ming could detect it.

"I've grown..." Su Ming said with a smile while staring at his eldest senior brother. His expression held the nostalgia for the ninth summit, his fond remembrance of his senior brothers... and his longing for home.

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Chen Wen and Si Ma Yu sat cross-legged in the empty space, occasionally raising their heads to stare at Su Ming and the headless man, who were beside the Relocation Rune in the distance.

The thousands of cultivators took the initiative to sit down to meditate away from Chen Wen. They were quiet and did not move.

No one dared bother Su Ming and his eldest senior brother.

When Su Ming sat down beside the Relocation Rune, a pot of wine appeared in his hand. Another pot of wine appeared beside his eldest senior brother. He did not drink it, but occasionally, he would tap it with his right hand, and the wine in the pot would reduce.

When Su Ming saw him drinking in this manner, a hint of pain appeared on his face.

He would never forget how his eldest senior brother had beheaded himself in the land of Berserkers to turn into Xing Gan. Even if a long time had passed since then, the memory of that moment still remained in Su Ming's heart.

"When you were forced into Divine Essence Star Ocean, I made the decision to leave the land of Berserkers with the second and Hu Zi once I woke up. We wanted to step into the galaxy belonging to the Immortals and search for you in the Barren Lands of

Divine Essence!” eldest senior brother said hoarsely, then tapped the pot of wine with his right hand. At that moment, he finished all the wine in it.

“You are my junior brother, our youngest junior brother. We might have different blood flowing in our veins, but we are cultivators of the ninth summit. Destiny has gathered us together, so we... will be family which is much closer than those that share the same blood!

“Since you were willing to give up on the status of the God of Berserkers and go to the Barren Lands of Divine Essence for us... then as your senior brothers, we could give up our lives for you!

“You don’t know how many times I saw Hu Zi crying on his own while drinking and staring at your cave abode after you left and I woke up...

“Your second senior brother has also changed a lot. Most of the time, his expression is dark. I know that he hated himself for not being strong enough, for not being able to change what transpired.

“I know it because that hate exists in my heart as well!

“After you left and we woke up in succession, the three of us decided that we will become stronger no matter what price we had to pay, and we would grow stronger for the rest of our lives. We had to become strong enough to decide our own destinies!” eldest senior brother explained hoarsely. When he raised his right hand, another pot of wine appeared. He patted it, and all the wine within it disappeared.

Su Ming stared at his eldest senior brother quietly. He watched the headless man who was incredibly tall and strong, and a smile appeared on his face. It held the ancient feeling of time that had passed as well as a will that Su Ming could cling onto.

Because the person before him was real. He was one of the few real existences in his life. This did not mean that he was real in terms of his physical body, but his soul, his will, and his friendship towards Su Ming.

All of it was real.

After experiencing all the things he did and going through Su Xuan Yi’s plans, Su Ming no longer had the courage to believe in real or fake, because once he believed in something and became serious about it, then if all the things he believed ended up being mere falsehoods once more, the damage would be incredibly great.

But Su Ming firmly believed that from the day he stepped into the ninth summit, that place had been real. His eldest senior brother, his second senior brother, and Hu Zi were all real!

The three of them were the most precious things in Su Ming's heart. They were the treasures in his life for which he would give up the world.

Su Ming had thirsted for blood before, had been cold-hearted, enveloped by madness, but there was always a fragility in his heart which only a few people could understand. That fragility came from all his family members and the ninth summit.

"How... did all of you leave the land of Berserkers?"

Su Ming stared at his eldest senior brother. He could sense the murderous aura emanating from the other's body. It was definitely not from ordinary slaughter, since it was a monstrous killing intent which could only be formed after surviving in a sea of blood for years.

"The land of Berserkers..." Eldest senior brother fell silent for a moment. "If you could head to the Barren Lands of Divine Essence for us, then we could go out to search for you.

"We were willing to obey that damn ancient will from Yin Death Region and become its generals to conquer the other continents in Yin Death Region. We fulfilled his requests, one after another. I don't know how the second and Hu Zi got through it, since they did not mention it, but Hu Zi had automatically forgotten about those memories once we left.

"But I do know that I killed countless lives during those conquests... I obtained my power through murder. My level of cultivation isn't high, but my murderous aura is beyond compare!

"If I had to say that I cultivated something, then I cultivated a path of murder, a river of souls!"

When eldest senior brother said those words, he raised his right hand and swung it. In an instant, the galaxy roared, and a long river manifested. It went on without end. Within it, countless living spirits howled shrilly and roared while struggling. Their voices did not dim with time.

"As for how we walked out of Yin Death Region, it's because... of it!"

Eldest senior brother pulled his hand back and seized his chest. Immediately, it turned into a bloody mess. As flesh and blood flowed out from his wounds, a complicated Brand formed on his chest.

That Brand looked like the face of a ghost, and it was laughing hideously.

"This Brand is known as Dark Dawn's Ghost. Only when we took upon this Brand and became Dark Dawn Expanse Cosmos' Sacrificial Children did those ancient wills let us leave Yin Death Region.

“It’s the same for your second senior brother and... Hu Zi.

“Once we left Yin Death Region, we split up. I made your second senior brother enter any sect he liked to practice his cultivation. With his status as the Phantom King, he could change his form in any way he wanted and blend in with the children of all families to perfect his Phantom Dao!

“I had your third senior brother join the Immortals’ Union and raise from the bottom, because he was too honest and straight. It is both good and bad, but if we spared the rod, the child would grow up spoiled. I had to make him suffer a bit so he would practice the laws of his original form as a Rune in the battlefield, creating... his own Dao!

“As for me, I joined one of the many races and became their sword to train myself. Then, I turned against them to practice my Murderous Dao!

“I made the three of us split up so we could use our own methods to search for the path to the Barren Lands of Divine Essence and you. If it was not because of the war with Morning Dao Sect, we would have long since headed out to the Barren Lands of Divine Essence...”

Eldest senior brother’s words were calm. In fact, it did not sound like he was describing dangerous experiences, but since Su Ming knew his eldest senior brother’s personality, he knew that what they had lived through was much more difficult compared to what his words entailed.

Chapter 1168: Reunion!

Su Ming was silent. He stared at the Brand of the ghost face on his eldest senior brother’s chest and picked up the pot of wine, finishing it swiftly. Wine spilled out from the corners of his lips and splattered on his body, but he did not care.

Su Ming did not have good alcohol tolerance. In fact, while he did occasionally drink wine on his own, he needed to digest the alcohol with his cultivation base when he drank, but on this day, he did not do so.

“Let’s talk about you. What happened to you... You...” His eldest senior brother sighed. There were certain things he knew even if he did not speak of them. The youngest junior brother of his sitting in front of him had an unfamiliar face. Clearly, it was due to Possession.

When eldest senior brother observed it, he also felt that Su Ming's level of cultivation had reached a fathomless state, and it was precisely because of it that he knew that he had to have gone through incredibly perilous situations for it.

In the past, he had been a mere cultivator in Earth Cultivation Realm. Yet in such a short time, he had become an Almighty. The gap in his level of cultivation and his Possession of another body made everything clear; there was no need for him to say anything.

As Su Ming drank, in a soft voice, he spoke of the things he went through from the moment he found himself akin to a corpse lying in Crimson Flame Planet upon stepping into the Barren Lands of Divine Essence.

Su Ming did not seem to believe in his own words when he shared his story. The mild way in which he spoke about everything made his eldest senior brother drink ten whole pots of wine without realizing it.

"Divine Essence Star Ocean, the tribes, and the foreign lands belonging to Ecang..." Su Ming mumbled as if recounting his tale, but also as if just talking to himself.

When his eldest senior brother heard of Su Ming managing to find Tian Xie Zi's tracks, he shuddered. When he heard Su Ming speak of their Master taking in a fifth disciple, he fell silent.

When Su Ming spoke of his experiences and assumptions in the fifth ocean, his eldest senior brother's right hand trembled, but he remained silent.

"I don't know whether Master is among those people, but I feel that he should be..." Su Ming dipped his head down and picked up his pot. When he finished it, he was drunk.

"I Possessed Dao Kong, and with his identity, I left the Barren Lands of Divine Essence and went to Morning Dao Sect to become its Dynast... At that moment, I saw the person I thought was my father."

Su Ming smiled. There was no anguish in that smile, only a feeling that he was free from his burdens, as if he was talking about someone else's story which had nothing to do with him.

"The Seed of Life Extermination is just a joke. It was simply a parasite, and there was not a single happy moment left for me to treasure in the dream about Dark Mountain. Even if I don't want to understand it, I still understand that all of it was fake.

"All of it was just part of Su Xuan Yi's plan, and I... was just a single piece of his plan which he can cast away once he was done with it."

When Su Ming spoke of his past, he downed one pot of wine after another, and his words echoed in his eldest senior brother's ears. They lingered for a long time, refusing to disappear.

"So you're saying that you want to turn True Morning Dao Sect into the laws under your will, which is why you built a sect called the Ninth Summit in this broken True Morning Dao World? In fact, you want to replace the will of this True World with yours?"

"But if you name the sect after the ninth summit and grow to power, there is no way Su Xuan Yi won't understand it. He will definitely be able to guess... that you made a comeback!" eldest senior brother said softly while casting Su Ming a glance. "If you dared to do such a thing, I refuse to believe that you have not made preparations for it."

"That's right. I named the sect after the ninth summit to find all of you, and I don't care whether Su Xuan Yi or anyone else learns of it. It's useless even if they know. What I need to do is to control True Morning Dao World. When the whirlwind around us disappears and Saint Defier descends, with my status and my forces, even Saint Defiers will have to think twice before they act.

"If they dare to do anything... Since Su Xuan Yi could tear a gap in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos, I can imitate his actions and make a True World crumble. If there was no gap beforehand, I would not be able to open another one out of the blue, but now that there is a gap, Arid Triad is no longer complete, and it will be much easier. The self-destruction of a True World can also tear a hole in Arid Triad!"

"This is something Dark Dawn's camp needs, but definitely not something Saint Defier needs. In fact, I can already guess that when the people from Dark Dawn arrive, they will have the same thoughts and make these specific preparations.

"I have a feeling that this is part of Su Xuan Yi's plan, and he has already predicted this sort of conclusion!" Su Ming took a big gulp of wine and laughed loudly as he spoke. "Arid Triad will be destroyed. This is something not even the power of heavens can reverse.

"The four Great True Worlds will be destroyed; this is something that is impossible to change. I know that this is how things will end, so I will naturally expand my own influence before this becomes reality. I will increase my own level of cultivation to fight for a slim chance of survival and to get a serendipity during the disaster!"

"If it is not destroyed, I won't be able to form my own power. If Arid Triad is destroyed, then if I can obtain a serendipity and a slim chance of survival, why would it be impossible for me... to replace Arid Triad? Possessing a person is nothing. Perhaps my thoughts are pure madness to all other people, but I will still try... to Possess Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos!"

Su Ming laughed loudly. His voice echoed in space, but it did not travel outwards. No one else could hear it.

Only eldest senior brother, who was like family, could make Su Ming reveal his ambitions, shocking the other!

His eldest senior brother's heart trembled furiously. He stared at Su Ming and watched him finish drinking his wine with an air of someone free of burdens but also someone with an air of madness alongside it. He seemed to look down on the entire universe. Eldest Senior Brother could even vaguely see the signs of someone who could destroy Saint Defier and overturn Dark Dawn.

This was what he sensed, and other people might feel that it was ludicrous. In their eyes, the act of a mere cultivator declaring to want to Possess Arid Triad was plain ridiculousness. In fact, any other cultivator might find the feeling in the heart of Su Ming's eldest senior brother to be hilarious, and the whole thing impossible.

Yet at that instant, Su Ming's eldest senior brother had indeed sensed these things.

It was an indescribable presence which was not a ripple formed by any cultivation base or temperament, and neither was it a ripple formed due to the area around them changing because of something coming out of Su Ming body. It was... an arrogance which could shake people's hearts, and it was born from absolute madness, a desire for destruction, slaughter, and twistedness intersecting with each other!

"If you want to do this, then I will join you." Without any hesitation, eldest senior brother spoke hoarsely and laughed. In his laughter was a heinous, murderous aura.

Su Ming picked up his pot and placed it by his lips before drinking swiftly from it. When he downed half of its contents, he suddenly put down the pot. His eyes, which were originally unfocused due to him being drunk, shone with a brilliant light at that moment, and he stared into the distant galaxy.

His eldest senior brother's expression changed, and he looked over as well. After a moment, he threw his head back and laughed loudly. He even stood up, and when he looked at Su Ming, he found that a smile had made its way to his face a long time ago. There was excitement in that smile, along with joy, which was made more obvious by his drunkenness.

"Today, we have to become thoroughly drunk. Today... is the day all of us fellow brothers of the ninth summit reunite after being separated for more than a thousand years!" eldest senior brother said in a hearty tone.

As his voice echoed in the air, it spread through the entire galaxy, even reaching the lone ship charging through the whirlwind beyond the ripple.

The gentle man stopped drinking and dazedly stared into the distance. Excitement slowly appeared in his eyes. Tears streamed down the face of the honest-looking man behind him while he mumbled to himself, "It's eldest senior brother's presence, and beside him is... is..."

Chapter 1169: Heavenly Incense Extinguished

In the easternmost corner of True Morning Dao was Su Ming's clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole. At that moment, it was bringing nearly one hundred thousand people who had obeyed his will and joined the Ninth Summit. They formed an army of cultivators who had delivered to him the Brands of their souls. At that moment, they stopped at the region near the barrier set between the True Worlds.

In front of them were nine huge incense sticks. Each of them was several thousands of feet thick, and were more than one hundred thousand feet tall. From the distance, they looked like nine huge pillars that stood tall in the galaxy, but no one could tell what they were supporting.

Wisps of smoke rose to the heavens from the nine gigantic incense sticks, which turned the area indistinct.

Six of the nine incense sticks had been extinguished. Only three were still burning, and they looked like they would do so without end, but strangely, no matter how long they burned, their height did not diminish. They still reached up to the heavens and gave off a presence of majesty.

This was... Heavenly Incense!

It was one of the three great mysterious lands in True Morning Dao World—Heavenly Incense Rune!

No one knew who had set it up or when. It was as if they had existed since True Morning Dao World had appeared.

Over the years, countless powerful warriors had come in an attempt to unravel the mysteries of the Heavenly Incense Rune, but no one was able to do so.

In the beginning of time, nine of the incense sticks had burned together, but with the passage of time, only three continued to burn. They had borne witness to the changes, witnessing True Morning Dao World's birth and its march to glory, then oversaw its fall.

During its most glorious moment, Morning Dao Sect had sent a lot of manpower and resources to research the secrets of the Heavenly Incense Rune, but those people had returned empty-handed.

Even Su Xuan Yi had investigated the place before, but he had not obtained any answers either. The mysterious veil cast over the Heavenly Incense Rune seemed impossible for any cultivator to lift.

It was as if it was waiting for a special someone to unravel its secrets, but up till then, that living being had yet to appear, even as the incense sticks extinguished one after another.

Su Xuan Yi had investigated them before, but he had retreated when he could not solve the mystery. The cultivators who descended from Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos had investigated it as well, but also found no answer. It was as if... it was so ancient that it had existed long before the age of Old Man Extermination...

Su Ming's clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole stared at the nine Heavenly Incenses in the distant galaxy. He watched the wisps of smoke rising into the heavens as the three incense sticks burned, and uncertainty appeared in his eyes.

"This is Heavenly Incense Rune. It is known as one of the three great mysteries of True Morning Dao World along with Yin Death Region in the territory of the Immortals' Union and the Sun Sinking Talisman southwest to us. The mystery of the Heavenly Incense Rune stems from the fact that it had definitely not formed naturally. We do not know who set it up, and we do not know what will happen when all nine of the incense sticks extinguish.

"And it is also because... Master, you must have sensed it by now. The closer one gets to the Heavenly Incense Rune, the more their cultivation base will boil, and they will get a vague sense of being near a breakthrough. If you get a little closer, the feeling will become even clearer. When you reach them and have a breakthrough, your level of cultivation will increase exponentially.

"But all of this is fake. You might feel like your level of cultivation had increased, but in truth, it is just an illusion. When you leave the place, everything will return to normal. The cultivators of True Morning Dao World are strangely attracted to this Heavenly Incense Rune. Once they get close to it and experience the feeling of their cultivation bases increasing, they are unable to forget that feeling and constantly want to return to this place...

"However, once a cultivator gets close to this place more than three times, they will never be able to walk out. As if they had lost their intelligence, they will move into the space between the nine incense sticks. The cultivator will fuse into them and have his body as well as spirit destroyed.

"This is the only way to enter the Heavenly Incense Rune, but all those who enter it die, so all cultivators avoid this place unless they have to.

"Only when a cultivator has run into a wall for years and their level of cultivation is stuck in the same place would they come to this place to experience the false breakthrough and gain an epiphany. In conclusion, this Heavenly Incense Rune can be thrice treated as a mirror. It will reflect your own cultivation base so that you can reach a pinnacle in the future," Miao Feng explained in a low voice while staring at the Heavenly Incense Rune in the distance.

He was forcefully suppressing his urge to walk into the Rune. Thankfully, the Heavenly Incense Rune did not possess a domineering force and was not something that would prevent people from suppressing their own urges. As long as a cultivator's willpower was firm, they could easily suppress their urges until they left the area. They could recover then, albeit with great difficulty.

"Then what about the Sun Sinking Talisman you spoke about previously?" Su Ming's clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole said faintly.

"Sun Sinking Talisman is slightly more mysterious. It is a talisman that has been placed in the southwestern part of True Morning Dao World for countless years. Once every hundred years, it will shine once. This does not affect the cultivation planets which are experiencing night time, but those who have daylight will instantly will become dark. Their suns would forcefully be sent to set.

"This is why the mysterious talisman is known as the Sun Sinking Talisman. Besides this, it can absorb all the light around it. All objects which can have light will lose it and turn dark.

"But compared to the Heavenly Incense Rune, the talisman is easier to approach. As long as they can walk through the darkness, they can get close to the talisman and investigate as well as copy it as they like. In fact, they can even use all sorts of methods to try and bring it under their control, but over the course of countless years, it has never been heard that anyone had managed to do so.

"No matter how much time passes and how the universe changes, no matter whether disaster falls on us or whether we are in an age of glory, it still exists in the southwest, as if it is an eternal existence.

"The third mystery would be Yin Death Region, which is in the Immortals' Union. It is a vast vortex, and it is rumored that it leads to another world. That is a world where the dead live," Miao Feng said, sharing all he knew.

Su Ming's clone stared at the nine incense sticks. The ripples in his body made him feel as if his physical body was becoming stronger, but it was a faint feeling. He felt like there were countless ants crawling inside his body, causing him to feel itchy inside out,

but he could not scratch it. He could only endure this increasingly stronger urge formed by the numb itchiness.

The urge even agitated the portion of the soul in the clone, causing ripples of power to manifest around it as well, but it was not impossible for Su Ming to suppress them. Soon, he did so, and with a sullen look, he cast a glance at the incense sticks in the distance, then turned around, intending to leave.

However, at the instant Su Ming's clone was about to leave, one of the three incense sticks which were still burning among the nine Heavenly Incenses... suddenly extinguished!

The nine Heavenly Incenses which had been burning since an eternity ago extinguished one after another as time passed. Only three of them remained burning, but at that moment, another one of them stopped, leaving only two sticks still burning.

At the instant one of the three incense sticks extinguished, a powerful ripple that was even stronger than before spread out through the area in an unseen manner. In an instant, it touched Su Ming's clone and the one hundred thousand cultivators behind him.

Su Ming's clone trembled furiously. The feeling that he was getting stronger erupted within him... and it overpowered the portion of Su Ming's soul, causing him to throw his head back and roar. In an instant, he charged towards the Heavenly Incense Stick.

The clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole originally belonged to the portion of Su Ming's soul, but now, it left its control. This sort of thing was something that had never happened in the history of Abyss Builders, since their inborn ability made it so all their clones were not too different from their originally bodies. Possessing one soul and several bodies had always been a form of perfection for the Abyss Builders.

Yet at that moment, Su Ming lost control over the clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole. If Su Ming knew this, his heart would definitely tremble in shock.

At the same time, the one hundred thousand cultivators behind him, including Miao Feng, looked like they had lost their intelligence and descended into madness. They only knew that they had to get closer to the Heavenly Incenses, because the closer they got to them, the faster their cultivation bases would increase. Delight curled their lips upwards, but hidden under those ecstatic expressions were confusion.

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Ten hours before Su Ming's portion of the soul in the clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole was overpowered beyond the Heavenly Incense

Rune and he lost control over it, Su Ming smiled while being drunk. Excitement was on his face. His eldest senior brother was by his side, and they at the whirlwind in the galaxy beyond the ripples. There, they could see a lone ship that was charging forward at an incredible speed.

The ship was originally not headed towards them and was supposed to pass by, but when Su Ming saw them with his divine sense, they too noticed their eldest senior brother's presence.

It acted like a guidance that caused the ship to change direction and charge in their direction.

As the ship drew closer and shot out from the whirlwind, it touched the white ripple, then rushed inside. At that instant, Su Ming saw the people on the ship with his eyes.

His gaze automatically ignored all the other people besides the two men on the deck. One of them was as gentle as a flower, and the other was as built as a tiger. He stared at them with a smile full of happiness that had rarely seen on his face over the last one thousand years.

Eldest senior brother stood beside him. He had no head, but the murderous aura spreading out from his body had long disappeared and was replaced by joy. Perhaps it would be difficult for other people to notice it, but Su Ming could see this clearly.

The ship drew closer, and the man who was like a flower stared at the two figures in front of him in a daze—the large figure without a head and the man by his side, who appeared rather thin and frail, and who had an unfamiliar appearance. But the excitement in his eyes and the faint bond existing between brothers caused the man who was like a flower to shudder.

Behind him, Hu Zi fixed his stare on Su Ming, and soon, he laughed loudly. As he did so, tears streamed down his face. With a single move, he rushed out of the ship and charged straight towards Su Ming.

Hu Zi had always been the one who was the least capable of hiding his emotions in the ninth summit. When he wanted to cry, he would cry, and when he wanted to laugh, he would laugh. No matter how much he had changed due to his experiences, his honest personality was part of his nature that would never change.

Perhaps he had learned how to hide his emotions before other people. Perhaps he had learned how to laugh heartily before others while hiding killing intent in his heart. However, all of that seemed to have melted away before his senior brothers and junior brother. All of it was gone without a trace.

He took huge strides forward, and with the fastest speed he could muster, he appeared in front of Su Ming. Once he cast a careful glance at him, he swiftly hugged his

youngest junior brother with tears in his eyes. The man before him was a little unfamiliar to his eyes and divine sense, but his instincts told him that he was certainly his junior brother who had been separated from him for years and who he had missed dearly in his dreams.

He might have changed his face, but that smile belonged to youngest junior brother. He might have changed his eyes, but the excitement in them was real, and it was definitely not something an outsider could fake.

If they did not share the ninth summit between them, then that smile and gaze would definitely not be present. With this similarity, even if his appearance had changed, Hu Zi believed that he would definitely not mistake his youngest junior brother.

“Youngest junior brother!”

Hu Zi could not stop his tears. He remembered the ninth summit he had protected alone while he was in the land of Berserkers. While he waited in endless pain brought by the torture of the outsiders, he believed that he had to protect his home. He protected that place because there would surely be a day when his senior brothers and his junior brother would return home. He had to protect it so they would have a home to return to. He could not let his senior brothers and junior brother not have a place to gather once they returned.

In his heart, he was afraid that once they no longer had the ninth summit, he would not be able to see his fellow brothers scattered in the universe.

He also remembered the excitement he felt when he saw Su Ming return to the ninth summit all those years ago and how he had bawled. Compared to his two senior brothers, even if his mindset was still like that of a child, he still remembered that he was Su Ming’s senior brother and that Su Ming was his junior brother. He also remembered the principles of the ninth summit!

He hugged Su Ming and bawled.

“Youngest junior brother, it’s your senior brother Hu Zi’s fault! If I was strong enough in the past, I would have pummeled those damn ancient wills who forced you into the Barren Lands of Divine Essence!

“After you left, I trained madly, but... but no matter how much I trained, I still missed you. When I think that you were all alone in the Barren Lands of Divine Essence, I felt so horrid. I was about to go mad, and I wanted to kill...”

Hu Zi was slightly rambling. His voice was thunderous, but his words did not travel too far. The people who should not hear him could not hear him

Su Ming stared at Hu Zi hugging him. This was his third senior brother, Hu Zi, who had walked up to him after he entered the ninth summit and patted his own chest before he let out a loud roar, declaring that he would protect Su Ming. This honest and straightforward man could give up his life for the ninth summit as well as his senior brothers and his junior brother. Hu Zi was the senior brother who had always remained in Su Ming's thoughts.

Compared to his respect for his eldest senior brother and his feelings of resignation towards his second senior brother, the brother Su Ming had been the most worried about when he left was Hu Zi, who was hugging him right then. The man didn't seem capable of growing up.

There were times when Su Ming felt that he was Hu Zi's senior brother and not his junior brother...

With a smile on his face, Su Ming hugged Hu Zi back and said softly, "Hu Zi, don't cry..."

He had said the same sentence many years ago. When they had reunited back then, the same words had left Su Ming's mouth, and now it caused more tears to flow from Hu Zi's eyes. It made him so excited that he hit Su Ming's body.

Chapter 1170: Bosom Friend...

Compared to Hu Zi being so excited that he could not hide his emotions and bawling as he hugged Su Ming, even drenching Su Ming's robes with his tears, his flower-like second senior brother walked down from the ship with calm. There was a smile on his face, and in was filled with joy and relief.

He stared at Su Ming. He disregarded the unfamiliar face and looked to be looked straight at Su Ming's own face.

"It's good that you're safe. I did say that even if our youngest junior brother was sent to an even more dangerous place, he would still grow miraculously, like a weed.

"What Barren Lands of Divine Essence, even if it was an even more dangerous region, as long as it is one of us from the ninth summit, we will definitely survive and will live even better.

"I have to say that sometimes, I am very envious of our Master. His level of cultivation might be nothing extraordinary, but when it comes to his talent in taking in disciples, there is no one who can compare to him in the universe."

Second senior brother smiled faintly. He flipped open the fan in his right hand, let out a few fake coughs, then raised his head to stare at the galaxy as if he was composing something.

This expression took his eldest senior brother aback.

"I just reunited with second senior brother as well. This person no longer changes his personality at night and plays around with flowers and plants while thinking that someone is stealing his herbs. He now has another quirk. He... He likes to recite poetry..." Hu Zi quickly explained, updating Su Ming and his eldest senior brother.

"This is a beautiful moment, when all of us brothers from the ninth summit have reunited. Ah, I suddenly feel an urge to create poems. I would like to recite a poem to all of you from the ninth summit."

Second senior brother let out a fake cough and swept his gaze past Su Ming and the others. He suddenly swung the fan in his hand a few times, and his eyes brightened.

Hu Zi immediately put on a long face. He looked resigned. Their eldest senior brother sensed that something bad was about to happen, so he took a few steps back.

Su Ming stared at his second senior brother's current demeanor in a daze. He had never heard his second senior brother recite poetry before, and in fact, he was a little unclear as to what exactly was poetry recitation. He was ignorant to all of it.

"Ah!"

When Su Ming prepared to listen somewhat seriously, his second senior brother suddenly shouted. This shout caused Hu Zi to take a few steps back and eldest senior brother to regain his murderous aura, a telling sign that he had been shocked.

Su Ming felt his heart thump against his chest. The shout had been too sudden, and there was even a hint of a forlorn tone to it, causing Su Ming to almost instinctively send his divine sense outwards...

"Ah! Ah! Ah! O ninth summit!"

Second senior brother shook his head, looking intoxicated. He had his eyes half shut and looked like he had been so edified by his poem that he was savoring the endless aftertaste that came with it.

Su Ming was taken back. His eldest senior brother was clearly also stunned. Hu Zi blinked, and a bewildered expression came onto his face.

This time, even the beautiful women who disembarked with second senior brother and were now behind him as well as the person who was once his second senior brother's

Master but had now turned into his woman hesitated for a moment. No one spoke for a moment.

“Ahem... Second senior brother, what’s next?” Su Ming coughed dryly. He did not want to disturb his second senior brother while he was intoxicated in his own satisfaction, but he could not help but ask.

“Hmm? What do you mean what’s next? There’s nothing else. I’ve already finished reciting my poem! Can’t you feel the appeal of it? Don’t you sense the emotions contained in the poem? Did you truly not sense my fond remembrance towards all of you and the ninth summit..?”

Second senior brother looked like a person at the top of the world and lonely because of it. He looked a little sentimental, a little resigned, and a little lonely because he could not find a bosom friend who could understand his poem.

Eldest senior brother was silent. He instinctively seized space with his hand, and a battleaxe appeared in his grip.

Hu Zi cast a glance at Su Ming, then at their eldest senior brother, and a ferocious smile suddenly appeared on his face. He clenched his fists.

Su Ming fell silent. With a wry smile, he stared at his second senior brother who was like a flower. He was currently intoxicated and looked like he was asking for a beating. He suddenly had a feeling that his second senior brother who had loved turning his face sideways while he was under the sun so that the light could shine on his side profile because he thought that it gave him a very sunny disposition, made him look very manly, and could attract a lot of gazes from opposite sex was much easier to handle than the narcissistic person before him.

“Good poem! Sir, it is such a good poem!”

“That’s right, this poem is filled with great emotions. It’s definitely nothing ordinary...”

“That’s right, this poem should only exist in the heavens, the mortal world...”

“This poem...”

The women behind second senior brother quickly spoke, but as they continued, they noticed Su Ming’s strange gaze and could not help but turn red. They swiftly lost their ability to continue.

It was quiet all around them... At that moment, a ray of black light suddenly flew out from Su Ming’s storage bag. Once it turned into the bald crane, it stared at second senior brother with an expression of idolization. With a voice like a drake, it screeched loudly.

“Good poem! This is definitely a good poem. It’s been so many years since I heard a poem filled with such emotion. That first exclamation should be a sigh of seeing your eldest senior brother. The second one should be due to the surprised delight that you managed to think of such a poem, and the third exclamation is clearly slightly lower in tone. You must have done so because you thought Hu Zi wouldn’t understand it. The fourth one is filled with joy because you saw Little Boy Su.

“The final three words, o ninth summit is the highest form of art! It’s the highest form of art!” The bald crane shuddered while screaming in excitement.

When it spoke, the wry smile on Su Ming’s face became even wider. Eldest senior brother slowly raised his battleaxe and rubbed it a few times against his leg. Only Hu Zi stared at the bald crane dumbly, like he was deep in thought, as if... as if he was truly mulling over the meaning of the poem.

Second senior brother experienced a full body shudder and turned his body sideways to scrutinize the bald crane. A long while later, excitement appeared on his face.

“A bosom friend! This is a bosom friend! My fellow Daoist, you have great literary talent, you... you actually managed to help me think of the appeal and meaning in the poem, which I haven’t even thought of...

“It is difficult to find someone who understands you in your life. This won’t do, I must break the rule of reciting at most one poem every single day. I must recite another one to celebrate meeting a bosom friend here!” second senior brother said with great excitement.

Ever since he learned how to recite poems, he thought that it was much better than having the sun shine on the side of his face, and his interest in it grew stronger. He had never met someone who could match up to him, but he was also happy just amusing himself, though he did feel a little regretful about it in his heart.

On that day, however, when he heard the bald crane’s words, he felt his spirits lift. He also had a sense that his literary talents had become much greater at some unknown point in time without his knowledge. With great delight, he quickly began composing another poem.

“Hu Zi, youngest junior brother, let’s help wake him up. It’s been years since we met second, and what does he do, he chatters nonstop. Reciting poetry? Reciting poetry, my foot!”

Eldest senior brother let out a cold harrumph and took a step forward. Second senior brother had his eyes closed with an intoxicated look on his face as if he was about to finish composing another poem after much difficulty. When he opened his eyes and was just about to open his mouth to speak, eldest senior brother took another step forward and kicked him.

A ferocious smile lit up on Hu Zi's face. He quickly ran over, raised his leg, and stepped on him while explaining his actions.

"Second senior brother, you can't blame me for this. I don't want to hit you either, but eldest senior brother has already made the order. I-I-I... I have to obey him! Who asked you to recite poetry?! Who asked you to recite poetry all the way here?!" Hu Zi rolled up his sleeves with excitement on his face.

Su Ming blinked, then cast a glance at his eldest senior brother, Hu Zi and his screaming second senior brother. He was also itching for action in his heart. With a dry cough, he imitated Hu Zi's speech.

"Second senior brother, you really can't blame me for this..." As he spoke, he quickly walked over and kicked him.

"You can't blame me, second senior brother, eldest senior brother asked us to do this. Our Master isn't around, so I have to listen to eldest senior brother, you know?"

"Ah... even if you hit me, I will still recite my poem. Ah... bald crane, ah... it's been a long time since we met..." Second senior brother still struggled to speak, acting like he would absolutely not admit defeat.

The bald crane shuddered, then quickly took a few steps back, feeling its skin crawl as it stared at the four brothers. It suddenly felt that it was an incredibly dangerous act to get out of Su Ming's storage bag, especially when it heard that second senior brother was still planning to recite his poem.

It immediately took a few steps back, but this didn't feel like enough for it to draw a clear line between itself and the second senior brother. Thus, it raised its right claw and swung it, transforming into fan. It then quickly ran over to Su Ming and the others to circle them while fanning them.

"Sirs, please go on ahead and hit him. I will help you dry your sweat. Huh? Sir Hu Zi, that one kick of yours is too incisive. The long arc drawn from the kick shakes the sky and earth. Ah, eldest senior brother, that was a good punch. It was full of greatness. It's definitely nothing ordinary.

"Oh, how astonishing. Sir Su, that one finger strike of yours can shake the universe. The elegance and charm of that one finger strike is enough to make the others cultivators want to learn it, but they would only comprehend the surface of this attack after learning it for ten thousand years..."

After the time it takes for half an incense stick to burn...

A table was added to the field. Su Ming and his senior brothers sat around it. The bald crane poured wine for them in a show of great hospitality with an obsequious expression on its face.

Second senior brother had a bruised and swollen face, looking like he was on the verge of being disfigured, and it made the bald crane nervous. Once it finished pouring wine, it quickly returned behind Su Ming and turned into a small black kitten, revealing an incredibly adorable look to avoid suffering the same end as second senior brother.

“Once all of you hit me, my mind has become much clearer. I won’t recite any poems now. Youngest junior brother, I’m happy that you could come back from the Barren Lands of Divine Essence. Let’s drink!”

A gentle smile was on second senior brother’s face. He did not bother with his badly battered body and picked up his wine cup before taking a big swig from it.

Once he drank from it, second senior brother’s face started squirming. He raised his right hand and patted his head. Black smoke immediately rose from him. When it disappeared, his face had already returned to normal. He smiled at Su Ming, Hu Zi, eldest senior brother, then suddenly lifted his left hand to swing it behind him. The beautiful women swiftly walked up.

They formed seals with their hands and pushed their hands forward,. The seals turned into rays of white light that gathered on top of second senior brother’s head. It turned into a pillar of light that was akin to sunlight, and it shone on the side of his face.

Second senior brother raised his chin and looked at the group with a smile on his face.

“What do you think of me now?”

Eldest senior brother let out a long sigh and patted his pot of wine. The wine in it was immediately drained completely. Hu Zi rubbed his eyes. He was stunned for a moment, then respect appeared on his face. He respected his second senior brother that was seriously too unique.

Su Ming laughed. On that day, he laughed more than he had done in the last one thousand something years. But just as he was about to say something, his expression changed. A brilliant light shone in his eyes, and he cast his gaze to the east.

Chapter 1171: Heavenly Incense Rune

The change in Su Ming's expression and his action of looking to the east, especially the brilliant light that shone in his eyes, attracted his eldest senior brothers attention, and his right hand stopped on the pot. The pupils of Hu Zi, who sat by his side, constricted when he looked at Su Ming.

The playful look on second senior brother's face instantly changed as well. In fact, a grimness settled on him.

"What happened?" eldest senior brother asked in a low voice.

The moment Su Ming's expression changed, everyone's expression had become stern. An oppressed presence swiftly enveloped the entire land, causing the woman who followed second senior brother to have surprised expressions.

What shocked them was the solemnness of the fellow brothers being able to cause an oppressed presence in the galaxy. The whirlwind beyond the ripple seemed to have frozen, and everything in the place had instantly adopted an air of dead stillness.

Eldest senior brother's murderous aura, second senior brother's strange aura of the phantom, and Hu Zi's fierce air of madness surrounded each of them at that moment, but it did not erupt from them. However, it felt like with just one word from Su Ming, the three of them would give up everything for their youngest junior brother.

They did this not because Su Ming's level of cultivation was the highest and not because the three of them listened to his orders. If Su Ming was not their youngest junior brother, no matter how high his level of cultivation was, they would not even spare him a glance.

They only did this because Su Ming was part of the ninth summit and he was... their youngest junior brother!

"It's nothing, I lost the connection with one of my clones in the east. Some power is suppressing my soul in it." Su Ming's expression was calm, and he spoke casually.

"The east... Hu Zi," eldest senior brother said faintly.

The moment he finished speaking, Hu Zi grinned ferociously. He took a step forward and pressed his right hand on Su Ming's shoulder before he closed his eyes.

Right away, Su Ming sensed Hu Zi's presence vanishing without a trace, and he could not even detect him with his divine sense. If it was not because he could see him with his naked eye, it would have been difficult for him to know that he was still around.

"Hu Zi has progressed a bit with his Dream Dao since he left the land of Berserkers. Many years have passed since then, and he has experienced many things. His control

over this Art must have improved because of it. With the method to enter Dreams, he can use your senses and find the portion of your soul.”

As eldest senior brother spoke languidly, Hu Zi’s eyes rolled up to reveal the whites of his eyes. A bizarre white light shone from within them.

“The east... nine huge incense sticks, two are still burning... one hundred thousand cultivators...” Hu Zi’s body stilled, and his eyes fell shut.

When he opened them, he lifted his right hand from Su Ming’s shoulder. After a moment of pensive silence, he formed a seal and pointed at space. Immediately, a picture appeared.

It was somewhat vague, but they could make out the Heavenly Incense Rune standing tall in the galaxy. Two of the incenses burned, and one hundred thousand cultivators sat around them while meditating. Their expressions were filled with excitement and madness.

In front of these people was a single figure. He was seated near the second incense stick, and his expression was distorted. His eyes were shut in struggle and his flesh squirmed as if he was going through indescribable pain.

And yet the expression on his face was one of extreme comfort.

Naturally, this figure was Su Ming’s clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole.

“Heavenly Incense Rune.”

Second senior brother’s pupils shrank. He stared at the nine huge incense sticks in the illusory picture.

“No wonder. Youngest junior brother, your clone is beside the Heavenly Incense Rune. It’s only natural that you would have the feeling that your connection with your clone has been severed. Heavenly Incense Rune can not only bring about the false impression of you reaching a breakthrough with your level of cultivation, but it also has a secret about which most people do not know.

“That place can cut off a person’s clone from their real body... and give them their own will. That is why the Almighty in True Morning Dao World will never allow their clones to come close to the Heavenly Incenses.

“But that clone of yours is clearly still struggling, youngest junior brother. This is slightly odd. Based on my understanding, the soul thread between the two of you should have been severed.” Second senior brother frowned and looked at Su Ming.

“Heavenly Incense Rune...” Su Ming stared at the illusory picture with a brilliant light shining in his eyes.

Hu Zi looked up and spoke in a low voice. “I have also heard of this Heavenly Incense Rune. It is said that it has existed since True Morning Dao World appeared. Based on its appearance, it is not formed naturally, but was set up by someone. In the beginning, all nine of the incense sticks burned, but as time passed, they extinguished one by one. Right now, only two of them remain burning.

“However, before this, it was three. At the very least, before the whirlwind in the galaxy appeared, three of them burned! I went to this Heavenly Incense Rune before. It is indeed a Rune, but it is ancient and archaic and not something I can break. In fact, from what I can sense, the Heavenly Incense Rune... is similar to me in some sense.”

When the others heard his words, they were shocked.

Hu Zi’s real form came from a vast Rune that surrounded Yin Death Region. He was a spirit born from it, and after Tian Xie Zi used some unknown ingenious method to extract him, he gained human form and was taken in as a disciple.

But the fact was that Hu Zi was another form of life created from a Rune.

If he said that the Heavenly Incense Rune was similar to him, then it was enough for them to tell what the problem was.

“When I was there in the past, I noticed that it is an empty Rune. After some investigation, I could not break it, but I discovered its deepest secret. I could tell that this Heavenly Incense Rune is in truth an ancient Summoning Rune!

“The summoning range for this Rune should be inconceivable, but clearly, since it has been around for a long time, it has already lost its usefulness. Unless we light all nine of the incense sticks again, it would have no effect.”

Su Ming stood up with a cold glare in his eyes.

“We have just been reunited, and such a thing happened. Senior brothers, please rest here for a while. I will go to this Heavenly Incense Rune and see just what makes this Rune so mysterious. How dare it break my connection with the portion of my soul?” Su Ming said faintly. As he got up, the presence of a powerful warrior naturally surrounded him.

“Oh well, let’s have Hu Zi go with you. He is skilled with Runes, and he can help you. ”

Eldest senior brother sank into a period of pensive silence before saying, “As for me and your second senior brother... since you want to make the Ninth Summit the only sect in True Morning Dao World, this will no longer be something that concerns you

alone. It will be something that concerns all of us from the ninth summit. Your second senior brother and I will stay here and create the Ninth Summit!"

"Creating a sect is definitely not as simple as gathering disciples. There are quite a lot of things to do. At the very least, you will need to a place to set up your sect and its ideology. Eldest senior brother and I will handle it," second senior brother said gracefully while opening his fan.

Hu Zi grinned and looked over.

Su Ming nodded. He wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed to his eldest senior brother and second senior brother. When he turned around, he raised his right hand and pointed at the white ripple in the area. The ripple instantly grew twice its size. It buzzed, and the ring charged towards Su Ming and fixed itself on his index finger.

Su Ming might have already taken away the supreme treasure, but the ripple in the area was as large as ever and could still push away the whirlwind. This was a projection the supreme treasure had left behind under Su Ming's control. It could maintain the ripple for around a hundred years.

This was a preparation for any unforeseen circumstances. With the ripple around, he could give the Ninth Summit a place to serve as its foundation.

"The ripple in this place can prevent the whirlwind from coming inside. Eldest senior brother, second senior brother, have your divine senses fuse with it to control it. This is a projection I left behind with my treasure. With it, I can send my divine thoughts to you as well."

Su Ming cast a glance at his eldest senior brother and his second senior brother again. When he turned around, he changed into a long arc that rushed into the distance.

Hu Zi laughed loudly and stood up as well. The bald crane looked around for a while, then quickly followed them. As their long arcs shone, Su Ming and Hu Zi disappeared.

When they were gone, eldest senior brother and second senior brother did not relax. They talked about everything they needed to do to set up the Ninth Summit, then started doing their part.

Su Ming was so fast that in an instant he covered a boundless distance. Hu Zi was not much slower. As he took big strides forward, he drank from his pot.

This was, of course, not Su Ming's full speed, but he did not wish to use it anyway. Even if his connection with his clone had been severed, there was no use for him to be anxious, since it was already done.

The two people charged forward through the galaxy. Wherever they went, the whirlwind would fall back, and huge, long gaps would be torn open. Only when the two people had long since left the area would the gap slowly recover.

In just a few days, as Su Ming and Hu Zi charged forward with a speed akin to shifting, they arrived in the area of Heavenly Incense Rune. When they were hundreds of thousands of feet away from it, they found that the whirlwind there was thin. The galaxy distorted, and Su Ming as well as Hu Zi moved into the area with a single step.

Right away, Su Ming saw the nine vast Heavenly Incenses. They were one hundred thousand feet tall and gave off an incredibly grand feeling.

It was especially so for the two Heavenly Incenses which were still burning. Smoke curled into the heavens from them. It drifted in the galaxy, and the flickering heads of the incense sticks attracted the attention of anyone who looked at them.

Hu Zi had a grave expression on his honest face as he said in a low voice, "This is the Heavenly Incense Rune!"

Su Ming's gaze remained normal, but his pupils constricted slightly. He could see the vast Heavenly Incense Rune and the one hundred thousand cultivators sitting near it. Their expressions were different, but all of them had madness in their eyes... He also saw a figure practically stuck to the second burning Heavenly Incense. It was surrounded by smoke and had a rather indistinct feeling.

It was Su Ming's clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole!

Perhaps it was due to the haziness from the wisps of smoke, but the familiar clone actually gave Su Ming an unfamiliar feeling when he looked at it.

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Chapter 1172: Retrieving the Clone that Practices the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole

"Youngest junior brother, is that your clone?"

Hu Zi cast his gaze on Su Ming's clone under the second incense stick, and his pupils constricted. The divine ability he previously cast could only allow him to see a picture. He could not see the details, like levels of cultivation, but when he personally saw Su Ming's clone, he immediately sensed a powerful, mighty pressure coming from him.

That mighty pressure was not the product of a cultivation base, but was a great power that seemed as if it was about to erupt from a physical body. The strength of the clone's physical body made Hu Zi apprehensive. After all, he also practiced the path of cultivating his physical body.

As for his cultivation base, while his primary focus was the Dream Dao, in truth, he did not like that Dao and was more inclined to training his physical body. Because of it, he knew more than the others about just how terrifying was the power which could erupt from that physical body.

Hu Zi turned his head to look towards Su Ming. When he saw him nodding, Hu Zi sucked in a sharp breath in his heart. He had gauged Su Ming's level of cultivation previously, and he appeared to have stepped into Fate Realm not too long ago, but only at that moment did he realize that even his eldest senior brother and second senior brother might have miscalculated their youngest junior brother's true combat powers.

'Just a clone alone is enough to make me feel such mighty pressure. Heh heh, the Ninth Summit is destined to rise to power. Just how strong is youngest junior brother..?' Hu Zi grinned, looking very happy.

With his gaze fixed on all nine of the incense sticks, Su Ming took large strides towards the clone with a calm expression. Hu Zi quickly followed behind him. As for the bald crane, it sashayed over as well.

In its eyes, there was practically nothing in True Morning Dao World which could threaten Su Ming. Once the supreme treasure appeared, even if he ran into an Almighty in Death Realm, Su Ming would still be able to fight back.

If he ran into a Sublime Paragon, Su Ming might not be their opponent, but he would still be able to retreat with his body intact.

With that being the case, what should he be afraid of?

Su Ming did not move quickly. As he approached, a feeling of his cultivation base boiling immediately spread through his body. The closer he got to the Heavenly Incense Rune, the livelier his cultivation base grew, and he had a vague feeling as if he was about to reach a breakthrough. As he closed in, hints of an epiphany suddenly appeared in his mind.

However, this epiphany was slightly vague, so Su Ming could not make it out. It had come out of nowhere. When it echoed in Su Ming's mind, it fused with his cultivation

base, making him feel as if it was about to reach a breakthrough regarding the fate in the world around him, thereby allowing him to control the fate in his own heart.

The change brought a thought to Su Ming's mind. He stopped moving. When he turned his head to look at Hu Zi, the other's expression was incredibly grave. There were numerous runic symbols flashing in his eyes. There were distortions around him as well. They seemed to have formed a Rune that enveloped Hu Zi within it.

"Hu Zi, wait for me here. Observe the Heavenly Incense Rune. If any changes occur in the Rune, you can detect it in time while you're here and tell me."

Su Ming could see the difficulties Hu Zi suffered. Unless he completely gave up on fighting back like the one hundred thousand cultivators in this place, he could sit down and practice his cultivation, but if he felt conflicted in his heart, then as he drew closer, it would be increasingly more difficult to fight against his urges.

Su Ming, however, had the supreme treasure with him. If any dangers appeared, it would not be difficult for him to retreat safely, but if Hu Zi entered the depths of this region, some accidents might occur, especially since he was a spirit of a Rune.

This was why Su Ming asked Hu Zi to wait for him there.

Hu Zi hesitated for a moment before nodding. He knew that since he was a spirit of a Rune, the effect of the Heavenly Incense Rune on him was stronger than on the other cultivators. In fact, the vague sense of the Rune calling to him far surpassed what other people sensed.

In the past, he had not entered deep into the region. If it was not because of Su Ming, he would not have come at all.

A thought appeared in the bald crane's head. It immediately stopped moving and put on an expression of incredible bravery, one which made it seem that it could sacrifice everything for Su Ming.

In truth though, when it drew close to the Rune, the feeling of its spirit boiling rose within it. This was not a good sign. Once the boiling of its soul reached its peak, its soul would scatter. This terrified the bald crane so much that it quickly stopped moving, but it felt this ruined its reputation as the great Grandpa Crane, which was why it suddenly spoke up.

"About that, Hu Zi is an impulsive person. I will volunteer my services and watch him here. Don't worry, Little Boy Su, I will absolutely not let him be impulsive."

Su Ming cast a glance at the bald crane with a ghost of a smile on his lips. When he turned around, he walked towards the Heavenly Incense Rune. His footsteps were not

quick, and he did not move fast, but every single time he took a step, the galaxy would shudder slightly.

The mighty pressure spreading out from Su Ming's body grew increasingly stronger, putting up a fight against the Heavenly Incense Rune. When Su Ming walked past the one hundred thousand cultivators, the mighty pressure spreading out from his body reached an incredible state.

But the others could not see that while Su Ming's gaze remained determined, a hint of hesitation had arisen within him. This was because he sensed that his cultivation base... had actually reached a breakthrough!

Even though he could clearly sense that this breakthrough was false, the feeling that he had broken through the state of controlling only the fate around him to reach a state where he could control his own fate was incredibly great, giving him a sense that he had reached perfection in Fate Realm!

"This Rune is strange..."

Su Ming did not stop moving. As he took a step forward, he walked past the region where the one hundred thousand people were and stepped into an area less than ten thousand feet away from the Heavenly Incense Rune. About eight thousand something feet away from Su Ming, which was not too far away from where he was located, was the clone which practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole.

Su Ming's expression was composed. The hesitation in his eyes had already turned into a cold glare. He continued walking forward none too quickly, maintaining a speed that was not too fast. However, while he seemed to be moving slowly, it was definitely not the case. He was still moving so quickly that he instantly closed thousands of feet.

This scene caused Hu Zi to suck in a breath in his heart. Surprise appeared in his eyes. He could tell that Su Ming retained the clarity of his mind. The level of cultivation and determination required to be able to do this was incredibly terrifying.

"Heh heh, this is nothing. It's just barely the tip of the iceberg." The bald crane saw the surprise on Hu Zi's face and instantly put on a look of smug pride on its face.

Hu Zi hesitated for a moment before he looked at the bald crane. "What is youngest junior brother's level of cultivation?"

"Haha! I can't really tell, but currently, there are very few people who can kill him. Of course, I'm talking about the people in the four Great True Worlds." The bald crane became even more smug, as if it had been waiting for Hu Zi to ask that question. "I've never lied. Have you heard of the Ancient Gods? Those tall giants."

Hu Zi was momentarily stunned, but he answered after a moment of thought. “Ancient Gods? You mean the Grand Immortals that belong to the Ancient people? I’ve naturally seen them before...”

“Su Ming killed one of them earlier, but it was with my help.”

The bald crane might be speaking casually, but the smug look on its face made it seem as if it was not talking about Su Ming but itself, and it was even in a boastful tone.

Hu Zi shook his head with force. Buzzing sounds appeared in his ears. He was aware of the Ancient God’s strength, and he had even witnessed it with his own eyes before. A huge storm began to rage in his heart.

“Ahem, to be exact, he killed two of them. The second one was right at the spot where you were drinking together. The Ancient God over there ended up being devoured by Su Ming. Of course, this was also with this Grandpa Crane’s help,” the bald crane continued with a look of pride.

As Hu Zi and the bald crane spoke to each other, Su Ming closed the distance of several thousands of feet with a relaxed expression. He came to the spot where his clone meditated and cast a glance at the Heavenly Incense Rune. At that moment, the ripples of power in his body grew stronger, but it could not be seen on his face.

The intensity of the ripples made Su Ming feel like if he took a few more steps, his level of cultivation would break through Fate Realm and he would take a step into Life Realm. In fact, Su Ming had a strong feeling that if he continued walking forward, not only would he reach a breakthrough in Fate Realm, he could even break through Death Realm and the Sublime Paragon Realm.

This feeling was so strong that it turned into a great temptation. Even if he knew it was fake, it was still difficult for him to suppress the urge to walk forward. This urge was so strong that it became easy for cultivators to ignore the scattering of their own soul while they felt like reaching a breakthrough in their levels of cultivation.

However, the souls of all those who stepped into this region would begin to disperse. It was as if everything in this place was false, as if besides the strange characteristics of the Heavenly Incense Rune, even all of them were fake, and that fact would be made true when their souls and bodies completely disintegrated.

That was why Su Ming had lost his connection with the portion of his soul in the clone—it had completely disintegrated.

Su Ming stood beside his clone with a contemplative expression on his face. After a moment, he raised his right hand and placed it on the top of his clone’s skull. The moment he did so, his clone swiftly opened his eyes. A gray light shone within them, revealing a consciousness and chilling glare that did not belong to Su Ming.

The clone moved, wanting to avoid Su Ming's right hand from landing on him. A great physical power erupted from its body, a ripple of power that charged straight at Su Ming to devour him.

Su Ming remained calm. A hint of derision appeared at the corners of his mouth. He did not stop moving his right hand. With the same speed as before, he pushed his right hand at the top of the clone's skull.

A ripple swiftly spread out from the ring on his right index finger. The next moment, the clone shuddered and found... that it could not get up. Crazed madness appeared in the gray light of its eyes, but the struggle did not last for long. Su Ming struck the top of the clone's skull.

The gray light in its eyes vanished without a trace. Gradually, a brilliant light belonging to Su Ming appeared in the clone's eyes like a burning flame.

Hu Zi saw the whole scene with his own eyes. He was watching when the physical body, which had given off the feeling of incredible power, not being able to put up any resistance before Su Ming. This might be because the clone belonged to Su Ming in the first place, but its betrayal had been suppressed so easily that it spoke volumes of Su Ming's level of cultivation. It had to have reached an inconceivable state!

"Is youngest junior brother... in Death Realm?" Hu Zi asked instinctively in a foolish manner, his mind having gone numb.

"Death Realm? What even is Death Realm? Forget about him. Look, Little Boy Su grew up quickly under my help. Do you want to consider respecting me with hundreds... no, tens of millions of crystals every year? I can guarantee you that your level of cultivation will raise by leaps and bounds as well.

"So? Think about it, this is a rare chance. Young Hu Zi, you have to seize this chance." The bald crane's eyes glowed. It had been confusing the honest-looking man with its words earlier for this very moment.

Chapter 1173: Copy

Su Ming did not pay any attention to the bald crane playing around with Hu Zi. At that moment, all of his attention was trained on the Heavenly Incense Rune before him. He fell into pensive silence.

The Heavenly Incense Rune could sever his connection with the portion of his soul. It could even make his clone give birth to its own consciousness. This made Su Ming

apprehensive. In fact, he had a vague feeling that this Rune... seemed to specially target Abyss Builders.

While all Almighties in the universe would have clones, the Abyss Builders' creation of clones was the most mysterious. In fact, they occupied most of their path of cultivation.

With their clones, they could increase their power. This was a principle unique to Abyss Builders and was something other paths of cultivation could not compare. In fact, it was the subject of incredible envy and jealousy from the other races.

In silence, Su Ming turned his head to cast a glance at his clone. Su Ming was certain that he had wiped off the consciousness which had been born in the clone and had fused another portion of his soul in it.

After Su Ming carefully pondered over the Heavenly Incense Rune, a barely noticeable glint shone in his eyes. He raised his right hand and pointed at his clone. Immediately, his divine sense charged out with a bang and fused with the clone's body. After searching it thoroughly, he did not find any problems.

No matter how Su Ming stared at him, his clone looked the exact same as he did before he entered the Heavenly Incense Rune—like it belonged completely to him. The feeling of it being part of his body was incredibly clear.

This scene caused Su Ming to frown slightly.

'Could it be that I'm overthinking things?'

Su Ming pondered over this for a moment before he sent a divine thought to his clone. The clone's eyes immediately sparkled, and he slowly stood up, obeying Su Ming's will. The moment he was about to leave Heavenly Incense Rune's territory, Su Ming sent his divine thought into the clone once again.

He controlled the portion of his soul with his divine thought to make the clone return to him, but the clone did not stop. Instead, he charged out of the Heavenly Incense Rune's territory and turned into a long arc that dashed into the distance.

Su Ming's eyes shone with a freezing glare. With a cold harrumph, he raised his foot, intending to chase after him, but at that moment, the nine Heavenly Incenses suddenly jolted.

Numerous ripples spread out. The wisps of smoke drifting from the two burning Heavenly Incenses swiftly descended and surrounded the area, blocking Su Ming's path to his clone.

At the same time, a vast mighty pressure spread out from the Heavenly Incense Rune. Right away, Su Ming felt like he was sinking into mud. His soul could no longer be optimized with ease, and he felt sleepy.

Su Ming might have been able to recover in a few breaths, but this short delay was enough for the clone beyond the blockade formed by the wisps of smoke to leave into the distance.

A chilling glare appeared in Su Ming's eyes, but he did not continue chasing. Instead, he watched the clone leave into the distance. Hu Zi was stunned by this scene; he was slightly puzzled as to what had happened.

'I knew that there was a problem. Once the Heavenly Incense Rune severed my connection with the clone, it wouldn't be that easy to form a connection again. The clone not only has his own independent consciousness, he has also learned deception. The method he used just now to handle matters is similar to what I would have done.

Before I arrived, he might have already made preparations for this and created plenty of backup plans... But if he was prepared for this a long time ago, why did he stay here? He could just leave...'

Su Ming cast a glance in the direction of where the clone had disappeared. A hint of a cold smile appeared on his lips, but there was uncertainty in his eyes.

'I wonder if I can find any traces of myself in the consciousness born in the clone... I'd like to see just where the clone will go now that he has his own independent will.'

A freezing glare shone in Su Ming's eyes. He then turned around and no longer bothered with the clone who had now disappeared. Instead, he cast his gaze on the Heavenly Incense Rune.

'This Rune has been in this place for years. I wonder if Su Xuan Yi ever came here before... Logically thinking, he should have come here before, but the chances of him using his real self to arrive in this place are slim to none. After all, his real self was sealed in the isolation grounds of Morning Dao Sect. Based on this, if he truly came to this place before, then the one who came would have definitely been his clone.

'If that is the case... I don't know how many clones Su Xuan Yi has, but the clone who investigated this place in the past must have gained its own will.

'This Rune... even if it is not targeted against Abyss Builders, the effect it has on Abyss Builders is incredibly great. After all, even if the clones from other cultivators come to this place and face the risk of forming their own consciousness, those people refine their clones every once in a while anyway.

'But it's not the same for Abyss Builders. We have very few refinement methods since we do not need to refine our clones. Once we Possess our target, we can form a clone, and because of that, this clone will never betray us or form its own will. After all... for us, there is not much difference between our real selves and our clones!

'If we must talk about differences, then there is only one. The Abyss Builder's soul is like a person's body, and the clones are like clothes, that is all!'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He moved slowly towards the Heavenly Incense Rune, no longer in a hurry to leave. The strangeness of the Heavenly Incense Rune had piqued his interest.

'There were three Heavenly Incenses burning previously...'

When Su Ming took a step forward, he raised his right hand and seized the space in the direction of the one hundred thousand meditating cultivators. One of them immediately shuddered and turned into a long arc that charged towards him. Su Ming pressed his hand at the top of his skull. His divine sense surged into him, and he found that the cultivator was not at all injured. He then sent him back, because Su Ming had already found his answer.

'When my clone arrived in this place, he was about to leave, but the third incense extinguished. That's what happened. Yet when my clone approached this place, my connection to him was already lost.

'There were nine Heavenly Incenses burning before. Now, seven are extinguished. Then, is there a possibility that the extinguishing of the Heavenly Incense Rune is not related to time alone, but also another reason? That is... due to making a clone form its consciousness. Seven incenses would mean that seven clones have become independent.

'But this is also wrong. Heavenly Incense Rune has been here for countless years. There must be plenty of clones that have formed their own consciousness because of it. If each of them caused one Heavenly Incense to be extinguished, there would have been no more burning Heavenly Incenses since a long time ago.

'This... either I have made a wrong assumption, or a certain condition must be met, such as only an Abyss Builder's clone can make it extinguish, or that besides satisfying this condition, there is also a requirement for the level of cultivation. Perhaps there are other requirements as well.'

Su Ming took a step forward and moved to an area nearly one thousand feet from the nine Heavenly Incenses.

At the instant, a wave of ripples erupted from the cultivation base in his body, instantly causing Su Ming's mind to stop working. In the mid of the ripple of power no one else

could see, Su Ming sensed that he had reached a breakthrough in Fate Realm. He had entered Life Realm, though it was false.

The epiphany of reaching Life Realm filled Su Ming's mind, but when he tried searching for it in detail, he found that his mind was blank.

In silence, Su Ming frowned. The closer he came to the Heavenly Incense Rune, the more prominent was the feeling of his mind warning him that there was something dangerous around. It was as if there was a secret lying between the Heavenly Incense Rune and his clone. That secret was the key to why the clone had not left after he had formed his own consciousness but had instead waited for Su Ming.

Yet Su Ming could not figure out why even after some time passed.

His expression was dark. He cast a glance at the Heavenly Incense Rune, then decided to continue walking forward. When he was around five hundred feet away from the Rune, his cultivation base let out a bang and reached a breakthrough, arriving at Death Realm. This power felt incredible to Su Ming, as if... he had truly reached this Realm.

When the ripple from the ring on his right index finger spread out, Su Ming recovered from the false perception. A glint appeared in his eyes. When he raised his head to look at the nine Heavenly Incenses, he lifted his right hand. A powerful ray of white light spread out from the ring, and it expanded rapidly through the area. In a forceful manner, it spread to the nine Heavenly Incenses. At the instant it swept past them, Su Ming cast his gaze on the third incense stick.

At that moment, Su Ming saw a presence that was almost the exact same as his in the third Heavenly Incense. While Su Ming's cultivation base increased exponentially in the illusion, it seemed to continuously analyze Su Ming and perform a certain form... of copying!

'No wonder the clone waited for me here even though he had already gained consciousness. He predicted that I would definitely come to this place, and he needed me to come here.

'He wanted to lure me here so that the Heavenly Incense which had extinguished because of him copy my path of cultivation and the future path I will take for my cultivation. Once it copies it, it will definitely use some sort of special method to make my clone sense it.

'This is equivalent to the incense stick providing the clone with the exact same path of cultivation as mine. It will also give the clone the chance to surpass me.'

Su Ming's experiences over the years had already honed his intelligence until it was like that of a monster. The moment he connected all the suspicious parts together, he found the truth behind all the strangeness.

'Copying... clone of mine, you were created by me, and you are the body I formed after I Possessed the Crimson Python Phoenix. You became stronger as I practiced the secret art of Surging Indulgers. You went through the various changes to mend the flaw in your Life, and you gained perfection when I devoured the Ancient God. From the beginning to the end, you were created by me.

'You are just a mere clone. How dare you harbor such ambitions against me? You want to copy my future path? I'd like to see whether this Heavenly Incense Rune is worthy of copying me! If you can completely copy me, then I will give away this clone. There is in fact no harm in me giving you a serendipity!'

Arrogance appeared on Su Ming's face. After going through everything in his life, he had confidence in his words.

It was the confidence that all cultivators and powerful warriors had to have.

Chapter 1174: Secret of the Universe!

While the third Heavenly Incense in the Heavenly Incense Rune five hundred feet away from Su Ming copied his level of cultivation, far away from the galaxy where the Rune was whirlwinds were roaring as they spun. As they tumbled about, the clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole breathed in the whirlwind with the power of his own physical body. There were numerous wounds on his body at that moment, but they were all healing quickly.

Gray light shone in the clone's eyes, with a strange form of intelligence. As he charged forward, countless pictures flashed swiftly in his pupils. They contained Su Ming's future path of cultivation that the third Heavenly Incense had copied.

It was the exactly as Su Ming had deduced. The clone was indeed using some unique method to Brand Su Ming's future path of cultivation into his heart.

This Brand would turn into the path that he would take, allowing his level of cultivation to not stop simply because his connection with Su Ming had been severed. He could see Su Ming's future, so he was confident that he could surpass him.

As the clone charged forward, Su Ming continued walking deeper into the Heavenly Incense Rune without any hesitation and with an arrogant look on his face. He swung his arm, relaxed his mind, and simply allowed the third Heavenly Incense to copy him as it pleased.

When he was about two hundred feet away from the Heavenly Incense Rune, a rumble only Su Ming himself could hear rang out in his body. Right away, he felt as if his status as a life form had increased once more. His level of cultivation broke through Death Realm and reached a strange Realm that made him feel as if he could turn into a galaxy. It was... the Realm of the Sublime Paragon!

A True World could only have one Sublime Paragon. It could not have a second Sublime Paragon under any circumstances. This was a law, an Arid Triad's law!

At that moment, Su Ming sensed the power of the Sublime Paragon. It was a sensation that made him feel like he would have the universe under his control when he raised his head. That sensation came from the fake power of a Sublime Paragon he had at that moment.

"Sublime Paragon..."

A willful look appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he charged towards the Heavenly Incense Rune. When he was less than fifty feet away from it, his cultivation base stirred up again, causing his level of cultivation to reach the peak of Sublime Paragon realm, but Su Ming still did not stop.

When he stood right under the third Heavenly Incense, his cultivation base let out a bang, and he surpassed the Realm of Sublime Paragon and reached a state he could not understand, but he knew that it was definitely not Avacaniya Realm.

This Realm was so strong that it possessed a power that could disintegrate the whirlwinds in the galaxy with one thought, and with another, extinguish the flames of life in all living beings.

"Is this the strongest level of my cultivation that you can copy?" Su Ming asked languidly while he stood under the third Heavenly Incense with a willful look in his eyes.

"If that is the case, your copy... isn't worthy to make that clone of mine independent." Su Ming lifted his right hand and struck the third Heavenly Incense.

It shuddered with a bang. Then, a vague will spread out from the third Heavenly Incense with a hint of derision. It charged towards Su Ming and pushed down on him.

It was the will of the life form in Heavenly Incense Rune that Hu Zi had mentioned. He had said that it was similar to him.

Clearly, the willfulness of Su Ming's words had angered the will. When it pushed down on Su Ming, a buzzing sound echoed in his mind.

"This Realm is Bhaashate [1]. It is thine strongest state of which I predicted based on the life form that thou possess. Thou art willful, but ye shalt know that I dost speaketh

not empty words. If thou hast the courage to open thine heart and allow me to understand thine true thoughts, then ye shalt know that there is no path of cultivation in the world that I cannot copy!”

“Laying my heart bare before you is impossible, but it is not difficult for me to let you know my thoughts on my cultivation, but if you cannot copy it, what will you do?” Su Ming said faintly while swinging his arm.

“If’t be true that I am unable, then I shalt naturally make thine clone lose his consciousness and make him belong to thee once more.” The voice of the will in the Rune buzzed with an air of confidence.

“Is that all? If you can copy it, then I will give up on my clone and let him have his independence under your will, but if you can’t copy it, then I will... have one of the nine Heavenly Incense Sticks destroyed!

“This will serve as your punishment. I will make you know that all those who touch my belongings must pay a price.”

Su Ming’s voice was calm, but the grim, murderous air about him made the will in the Rune fall silent for a while before it let out a cold harrumph.

Su Ming leaped up and charged towards the top of the third Heavenly Incense. In an instant, he sat down on the extinguished head of the incense stick. A glint shone in his eyes. Once he closed them, a ripple came from the ring on his right index finger.

It did not spread outwards, but fused into his body and surrounded his soul. Then, as he let his mind scatter, the will of the Rune immediately surged into Su Ming’s body from the third Heavenly Incense, charging at his soul.

But Su Ming’s soul was protected by the ring. He was completely unbothered by the actions of the Heavenly Incense’s will. His soul did not dissipate as he revealed a corner of it, showing the determination he had towards the path of his cultivation.

At the instant rumbles echoed in Su Ming’s body, the will from the Rune sensed Su Ming’s thoughts from the portion of the soul he had showed to it. Immediately, Su Ming’s level of cultivation rose once more in the mid of the illusion.

He had still yet to reach Avacaniya, but as his power rose, his cultivation base became stronger. As the rumbles continued echoing in his body, the will of the Rune roared in disbelief.

“This... This is... Thou desireth to Possess Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos?! Tis impossible!”

“Why would it be impossible? I have the power of Possession that belongs to the Abyss Builders with me! You can continue predicting whether this is possible!”

Su Ming opened his eyes, and a ghastly look appeared in them. When he spoke, the will of the Rune used its unique method to predict his path once more.

In just a few breaths, Su Ming’s level of cultivation increased by leaps and bounds. At the same time, he sensed the four Great True Worlds of Arid Triad in his consciousness. They seemed to become part of his body. During that instant, Su Ming also sensed the three Ancient Kingdoms in the galaxy, the ones beside the four Great True Worlds!

The Ancient Kingdoms of Arid Triad!

The instant the four Great True Worlds and the three Ancient Kingdoms appeared in Su Ming’s mind, his level of cultivation reached a breakthrough and attained an inconceivable Realm. Before he could experience it, two pictures appeared in his head.

Su Ming had not created them. The will of the Rune had been shocked by the power Su Ming had envisioned for the future, and it accidentally lost control of its unique method to verify and predict a person’s level of cultivation. Because of it, a few pictures only it as the will of the Rune could see were leaked.

The first picture was of a blood-red galaxy. It had that color because of countless broken bodies strewn all about it.

There was no end to the corpses. They formed a picture which would shock all those who saw it. Only in a while would they be able to sense that this galaxy... belonged to Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos.

Amid the countless corpses was a man with a head full of white hair. He was dressed in a black robe and stood with his head thrown back. His extremely sorrowful cry echoed through the galaxy. That man... was Su Ming!

It was Su Ming after an unknown number of years had passed. He had an ancient air about him, and his hair was snow white. There were countless wounds on his body. He had lost his left arm, and only bones remained of his legs. There was a crimson arrow stuck in his chest.

Next to him... was Hu Zi. His eyes were wide open, but he was no longer breathing. Second senior brother’s body had already been destroyed. Only his head remained, which had a hole at the center of his brows. It was a telling sign that both his body and soul had been destroyed.

Eldest senior brother floated among a pile of corpses not too far in the distance. He had died in battle!

The white ring had shattered, and its fragments were all around Su Ming. Most of the corpses belonged to strangers, but there were also some whom Su Ming recognized. Among them was Yu Xuan. Her eyes were closed as if she was sleeping, but the spot where her heart was located was full of dried blood. No one could say how long it had been since she had died.

On the side was Su Xuan Yi, kneeling with his head lowered. He held a woman's corpse in his arms, still and unmoving. He had already breathed his last.

Lying among the corpses further away was Su Ming's elder. His legs had been shattered into powder, and even in death, his unfocused gaze remained on the galaxy. There was a hint of madness in his eyes.

Su Ming even saw the figure of a baby further away. It was Lei Chen, who he had never been able to find. He... had been torn limb from limb, and his head was pierced through by a long spear which pinned him to a piece of torn flesh. He was staring at Su Ming with regret as well as anguish in his eyes, but there was also the joy of finally gained freedom in them.

Chang He, Flame Fiends' Progenitor, everything, all the people Su Ming was familiar with had died in battle. Su Hui was even right next to him. She lay with a smile on her lifeless face.

"Su Ming, you have to persevere. You have to live, you must... continue living..." A weak voice with endless grief reached Su Ming's ears from a huge gap in the galaxy...

A black feather floated down, landing in front of Su Ming.

The voice belonged to the bald crane.

The picture ended, and Su Ming shuddered. Then, the second picture appeared. In that picture, he was dressed in a blood-red robe. With a callous and merciless gaze, he walked with a boundless sea of blood trailing behind him. The 180 Expanse Cosmoses were within it. He was in... Dark Dawn!

The entire Dark Dawn had turned bloody red...

"Devil! He is Arid Triad's Devil Paragon!"

Terrified and forlorn screams of pain rang in the area in front of Su Ming. Before him was Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos, which was also created of 180 Expanse Cosmoses.

The picture ended almost instantly, and Su Ming's eyes flew open. They were bloodshot as he glared at the Heavenly Incense Rune. His tone was an ancient gust of freezing wind, but there was a slight quiver in his voice.

“What did I see?!”

Silence. During that instant, the Heavenly Incense Rune fell into total silence.

“What did I see?!” Su Ming growled.

When he lifted his right hand, the white ring flew out with a rumble from his finger. It grew to thousands of feet big and surrounded the area, ready to shatter it. A boundless mighty pressure descended on the galaxy, and a destructive intent came down on the area from Su Ming’s body. He wasn’t holding anything back.

“I’ll ask you one last time. What did I see?!”

“Mine Rune is not used for Relocation, neither is it for summoning, but for premonitions... I predicteth the future and open the path of time... what thou hast seen... is a secret of the universe... which cannot be changeth!”

Translator’s Note:

1. Bhaashate: If Avacaniya means ‘to not speak of it’, then Bhaashate is Sanskrit for ‘to speak’, but Bhaashate is below Avacaniya.

Chapter 1175: Three Will Break

“Secret of the universe...” Su Ming fell silent before he suddenly threw his head back and laughed. In that laughter was derision. He... did not believe in this so-called secret of the universe!

It didn’t matter how realistic were those pictures. Despite having been immersed in them for an instant because of how true the him with an ancient air on his person felt while watching everything around him destroyed with a thick wave of grief... Su Ming still... did not believe that all of this would be the future regarded as the secret of the universe!

Killing intent appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. With a cold chuckle, he spoke languidly.

“You are just a mere spirit of a Rune. How dare a mere Heavenly Incense Rune speak of knowing the secret of the universe? This is clearly just something you created with your Art to confuse me, and it’ll only become real if I believe in it. Like that, you will have planted a seed in my soul.

“This is just simply ludicrous. Since you declare yourself able to predict the future, I wonder if you can predict how many of your incense sticks I will break today?”

"Today is a day of disaster. This disaster cometh not from thee, but from mine act of revealing the secrets of the universe. The disaster has fallen upon me through thy hands. On this day, three... of the nine Heavenly Incenses shalt be broken," the spirit of the Rune said in anguish after being silent for a moment.

"Three will be broken?"

As Su Ming spoke, he did not give a chance for the Heavenly Incense Rune to continue speaking. He raised his right hand and brought it down on the third Heavenly Incense. At the same time, the ring floating above him descended rapidly. It was so quick that it touched the Heavenly Incense practically at the same time as Su Ming's right hand.

Booming sounds reverberated in space. While Su Ming's own power might not be enough to destroy the third Heavenly Incense, his ring, a supreme treasure with the power of Avacaniya Realm, fixed itself on it and sank down. Wherever it went, the Heavenly Incense would roar, and cracks would appear. Cracking sounds echoes in space. When the ring reached the bottom most part of the incense stick, it let out a loud bang, and the third incense stick which had stood tall in True Morning Dao World for countless years crumbled into ashes that scattered into the wind.

There was no resistance. The Heavenly Incense Rune's spirit did not put up any fight. It quietly accepted the fate of its third incense stick being destroyed.

"Not fighting back?"

Killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. But when he cast a glance at the Heavenly Incense Rune, his eyes returned to normal, killing intent turning into aloofness. He did not continue attacking.

He could tell that since the Heavenly Incense Rune said that three of the incense sticks would be broken, it would definitely fight back at full strength to prevent the fourth from being broken if Su Ming continued attacking after the second and third were broken.

At that moment, he would be forced into an incredibly passive position. That was a freezing glare shone in his eyes. He swung his arm, and the supreme treasure immediately returned to him. When it fixed itself on his right index finger, Su Ming turned away and walked out of the Heavenly Incense Rune's territory to appear beside the bald crane and Hu Zi.

He swung his right arm, and a sandglass appeared beside him. He cast a cold glance at the Heavenly Incense Rune.

"You said that three incense sticks will be broken today. Right now, only one has been broken. There's still plenty of time left. I'd like to see how you will use me to break three of your incense sticks." With a cold sneer on his lips, Su Ming sat down cross-legged.

"Tis the secret of the universe. It is predestined. I doth not knoweth how ye wilt break three of mine, but tis the secret of the universe, and so it will be."

The spirit of the Rune's voice had a hint of an ancient air to its speech. Its words sounded like a sigh.

Time passed as Su Ming sat in space and stared at the Heavenly Incense Rune coldly. He had already made up his mind that he would not attack. He wanted to see how the Heavenly Incense Rune would end up having three of its sticks broken, as it had declared.

If this was part of the Heavenly Incense Rune's plan, then when a day passed, when all the sand in the sandglass fell to the bottom and a new day arrived, Su Ming would not mind breaking the other incense sticks of the Heavenly Incense Rune, but he would absolutely not attack on that day.

He might have said that he did not believe in the things shown to him by the secrets of the universe, but if anyone else was in his place, it would be impossible for them to not believe in them. If there was even a slight possibility that it would happen, Su Ming could not help but worry about it.

In the pictures, his eldest senior brother, second senior brother, Hu Zi, and all the people he knew had died miserably. At that time, his ancient self had thrown his head back and screamed forlornly. This scenes kept repeating in Su Ming's mind, and it made his heart tremble. It made him... afraid.

He was afraid that it would become true, that all the lives around him would die. He was afraid of this so-called secret of the universe.

Time passed, trickling by slowly. Gradually, there were only a few grains of sand left in the sandglass Su Ming had placed beside himself. Most of the day had passed, and in less than four hours, the day would come to an end.

However, Su Ming did not notice any changes in the Heavenly Incense Rune. The spirit of the Rune seemed to be incredibly certain that whatever was revealed to it through the secret of the universe would definitely come true.

At that moment, what Su Ming did not know was that a refinement process had been launched several months ago in the Emperor of Abyss' True World. This refinement process was held in a huge palace.

Within it, there were two platforms. On one of them was Yu Xuan. She sat silently on the platform filled with countless Runes. Before her, on the other platform, was a middle-aged man.

He was wrapped up in chains formed by countless runic symbols that were shot through his body. They secured him tightly to the platform, and he could not move an inch. He had his head thrown back as he screamed in pain, and his forlorn voice was filled with endless hate as well as madness.

As he screamed, rays of milky white light were extracted forcefully from his body. The chains formed by the runic symbols were like tunnels that continuously extracted his life force and cultivation base... to fuse into Yu Xuan's body, who was on the other platform.

Yu Xuan had an apathetic expression on her face. With her head lowered, she sensed the cultivation base and life force from the unfamiliar middle-aged man fuse into her, and her body go through a strange form of modification.

Above the two platforms was Su Xuan Yi. With hands behind his back, he was floating in midair while staring below himself aloofly. Behind him was the Emperor of Abyss as well as Sang. All of them were silent.

"Not bad. Everything is proceeding quite smoothly. It's hilarious that Di Tian attempted Possession and tried to become an Abyss Builder. What he didn't know is that I had the same plan, and clearly, I am about to succeed.

Once Su Xuan Yi swept his gaze past the middle-aged man on the second platform, he said faintly, "Emperor of Abyss, you've done well over the years."

"Everything that I did was based on your orders, Master. If what I did is satisfactory to you, then it is good. This former clone of an Abyss Builder who now possesses his own independent will has always been hidden in the Emperor of Abyss' True World.

"I had gathered all the powerful warriors in the Emperor of Abyss' True World, used the Rune you gave me, and even paid quite the huge price to capture him alive. Thankfully, everything went well. I hope that the process of the young master's blood being stimulated back to life can also go smoothly. But I do wonder to which senior of the Abyss Builders this clone belonged to in the past," the Emperor of Abyss said with a smile.

"My younger brother, Su Dao Yi, who also has the royal blood of the Abyss Builders. His clone went to True Morning Dao World's Heavenly Incense Rune before the fifth True World was destroyed a long time ago.

"He inherited the sixth Heavenly Incense. When he fused with it, he came to possess his own independent will. Before my younger brother had time to leave the Fifth True World and search for his clone to fuse with him, disaster fell." Su Xuan Yi cast a glance at the middle-aged man screaming forlornly on the second platform. A hint of callousness could be seen on his face.

"I can sacrifice everything for the Abyss Builders to rise to power!"

“Heavenly Incense Rune... what exactly is the relationship between the Rune and the Abyss Builders..?” The one who asked the question was Sang, not the Emperor of Abyss.

“Heavenly Incense Rune appeared before the Abyss Builders. It is said that it belongs to the age of Old Old Man Extermination, but I don’t believe it. Abyss Builders might not care about the other uses of this Rune, but we can exploit the fact that it can make our clones independent from us. It can allow the Abyss Builders who have reached a bottleneck to be able to attain a breakthrough.

“Every single time an incense stick is extinguished, it means that an Abyss Builder’s clone went there and fulfilled certain requirements to become independent. Even I do not know what those requirements are. Once the incense stick is extinguished, the clone will be separated from its host and will have independent thoughts.

“He can practice cultivation and make his own decisions, but it also means that he can be Possessed a second time!” A strange glare appeared in Su Xuan Yi’s eyes.

“If the same body is Possessed a second time, he will have even greater power erupt from him. If the Possession is successful, the cultivator can reach a breakthrough. This is the greatest benefit of the Heavenly Incense Rune for us!” Su Xuan Yi turned around and looked at Sang as he spoke.

“Six of the Heavenly Incenses have been extinguished. Besides this clone, there are five more Abyss Builders’ clones... It’s a pity that they have hidden themselves very well. Besides one of them, even I can’t locate them,” Su Xuan Yi said faintly.

“Besides one of them... That one clone must be yours, right?” Sang said calmly.

A brilliant light shone in Su Xuan Yi’s eyes. He smiled faintly and did not deny it.

At that moment, the chains formed by the runic symbols shot through the middle-aged man’s body once again. The clone who once belonged to Su Xuan Yi’s younger brother threw his head back and let out a shocking roar. His entire body instantly withered. In the blink of an eye, he was reduced to a mere skeleton before he turned into ashes.

A large amount of white light charged towards Yu Xuan through the chains. As they changed her constitution, they also amalgamated with her soul. The amalgamation might seem perfect, but some time would still be needed before the energy could truly be absorbed by the Seed of Life Extermination, which had now matured.

Half of the Seed of Life Extermination had belonged to Su Ming, while the other half was still a fragment. They were connected together, and at that moment, they were swiftly absorbing the cultivation base and life force from the clone.

One of the biggest reasons that could in fact be said to have indirectly wiped off the clone's mind before reducing him to ashes was not Su Xuan Yi nor Yu Xuan, but the half of the Seed of Life Extermination which had once belonged to Su Ming but now lay in Yu Xuan's body!

It was the one that finished everything and perfectly... killed the Abyss Builder's clone! There was still... a hint of Su Ming's presence left in the Seed of Life Extermination!

After all, its growth was due to it absorbing Su Ming's blood and soul over a one thousand something years, which was why even if this item had been separated from Su Ming, it still contained his presence!

Chapter 1176: A Mystery!

The instant the clone in Su Xuan Yi's field of vision turned into ashes in the Emperor of Abyss' True World and the sandglass showed that there were only about two hours until the day ended...

The sixth Heavenly Incense shuddered violently. Su Ming's pupils shrank when he saw the sixth Heavenly Incense shatter with a bang. As it crumbled layer by layer, it was reduced to ashes and disappeared.

At the same time, a faint presence spread out, and they caused his expression to change before it eventually settled on a dreary look. He could tell that the presence belonged to him.

"The second..." the spirit of the Rune, who had now lost two of its Heavenly Incenses, said in an ancient voice. As it reverberated in space, it caused Su Ming's expression to turn even more dreary.

"So it's not only me attacking you personally, but all the things done by those who are connected to me, be it people or objects possessing my presence, that will be counted within this day."

Su Ming's eyes swiftly fell shut. In an instant, he found his Ecang clone. He had noticed that the presence that destroyed the Heavenly Incense just then belonged to him, but he also realized that it came from the Seed of Life Extermination, which had already been separated from his body.

Though Su Ming might not know what happened to the Seed of Life Extermination and what had caused the Heavenly Incense crumble, but it was obvious that this was due to another independent clone. Yet Su Ming had no time to care about why and how it had

happened. At the instant his divine sense connected with Ecang clone, his pupils constricted.

Su Ming sensed that his Ecang clone had brought tens of thousands of cultivators to surround a broken planet. With killing intent emanating from him, he brought his right hand up, intending to destroy the planet.

It did not matter whether there was someone in the planet who could affect the Heavenly Incense Rune, but once Su Ming fused his divine sense with his Ecang clone, he immediately made his decision. Ecang clone slowly brought his hand down. The murderous glare and the blood-red light in his eyes gradually disappeared as well. Instead of attacking, he sat down and waited for the final two hours of the day to come to an end.

As for Su Ming, he carefully thought back on all the people and objects who had his presence. In the end, he was certain that no other accidents would happen. Then, with a sullen expression, he stared at the Heavenly Incense Rune. Only the time it takes for an incense stick to burn remained until the day was over.

“I’d like to see how the third Heavenly Incense will break!”

There was an aloof look in Su Ming’s eyes. By his side, both Hu Zi and the bald crane were silent. They had discovered that something was off. They knew that Su Ming had descended into a monomaniacal state, and they did not dare bother him.

Time trickled by breath by breath. When the time it takes for an incense stick to burn was about to pass and there were less than ten grains of sand remaining in the upper level of the sandglass, the Heavenly Incense Rune’s spirit did not react. It still believed wholeheartedly that what it had predicted would come true.

At the instant the final grain fell, signaling that the day was over, the image of the last of the seven Heavenly Incenses inverted in Su Ming’s eyes... which was also clearly the very first Heavenly Incense extinguished a long time ago. With a bang, it shuddered, and countless cracks went down its side. The instant the day ended, it collapsed and shattered.

The spirit of the Heavenly Incense Rune did not react. In fact, it was very calm, since it was not the spirit itself destroying the incense stick. Su Ming could sense this clearly. His face gradually turned pale, and his body shuddered ... because he noticed the presence that came from the incense stick the instant it was destroyed. That presence... belonged to Su Ming!!

What caused him to tremble and go pale was the fact while that presence belonged to him, he was completely unfamiliar with it. This was a very contradictory statement, but at that moment, it was what Su Ming felt in his heart.

“Tis the secret of the universe. Through thy hand, it hast descended upon me. Three incense sticks hath broken. Tis mine punishment for revealing the secret of the universe... what the secret of the universe hast revealed wilt come true. It wilt... happen,” the spirit of Heavenly Incense Rune muttered. Its ancient voice echoed in space.

“Secret of the universe...”

Su Ming slowly stood up with a ferocious look in his eyes. With a single move, he charged at the Heavenly Incense Rune. When he raised his right hand, the ring flew off his finger with a bang. At the same time, an astonishing power erupted from his body. This was not the power that belonged to ordinary Almighties in Fate Realm. It was great enough for him to fight against those in Life Realm within Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos.

In fact, even if he was faced with those in Death Realm, Su Ming would still be worthy enough to fight against them.

“The secret of the universe might have said that you will have three of your incense sticks broken, but I will break all of them!”

While speaking, Su Ming approached the Rune. As his cultivation base erupted from him, a piercing light spread out from the ring. An astonishing presence erupted from the supreme treasure. It was a power that could destroy space. With a bang, it charged at the Heavenly Incense Rune.

“Wherefore doth thou do this... Yesterday is over...”

The spirit of the Heavenly Incense Rune sighed softly. It did not fight back and allowed that vast power of the ring to descend upon it. Amid the loud bangs, the remaining six Heavenly Incenses shuddered simultaneously. One of them shattered swiftly, disappearing into space.

Killing intent shone in Su Ming’s eyes. He lifted his right hand and formed a seal. The ring immediately howled, and with a vast power, it charged at the Heavenly Incense Rune once more. The Rune crumbled. The fifth Heavenly Incense Rune shattered, meaning there were only four incenses left. Two of them continued burning, and the power of reversing time surrounded the three incense sticks which had extinguished, as if they were about to recover.

Su Ming struck the center of his brows with his left hand. Immediately, the past and future appeared next to him, and the power of reversing time spread out from his body. As he let out a low growl, he controlled the supreme treasure with his right hand. The ring swept out, drawing an arc that rushed once again at the Heavenly Incense Rune.

This time, Su Ming’s inborn power to interrupt the flow of time was contained in the ring. As booming sounds reverberated in space, it charged at the Heavenly Incense Rune.

Rumbles surged into space without end. Besides the two Heavenly Incenses which continued to burn, the other three were reduced to powder, but as Su Ming watched it, a complicated expression appeared on his faces.

He saw that the four Heavenly Incenses he destroyed disregarded his power to interrupt the flow of time. They still slowly but surely recovered and manifested, as if... their reformation was not as Su Ming saw. It was not due to the reversal of time, but was a power that surpassed what he could currently understand. With it, they recovered after they had shattered.

"Tis useless. I revealed the secret of the universe and has thus paid the price. I doth not know when ye shalt pay thine... but what the secret of the universe has shown wilt be fulfilled. This... wilt never change. There is nothing thou can changeth even if you destroy the remaining Heavenly Incenses. Today is today, yesterday has passed."

The Heavenly Incense Rune sighed softly. Slowly, its will dissipated. The four Heavenly Incenses Su Ming had destroyed manifested once more, but since the will of the spirit of the Rune had disappeared, they became no different from lifeless objects.

"I have revealeth the secret of the universe. Having three of mine Heavenly Incenses broken is just an external punishment. Mine internal punishment is that of mine will falling into slumber... for 3,720 years. When I awaken, I shalt see... the scene thou hast seen from the secret of the universe. At that time, we shalt meet again..."

As the voice of the Heavenly Incense Rune's spirit became increasingly weaker, the two burning incense slowly went out. They had not extinguished because of an Abyss Builder's clone, but because the Rune's will had fallen asleep. They would not burn for 3,720 years.

After that time passed, the two Heavenly Incenses would light up once more.

Su Ming stared at the extinguished Heavenly Incenses. As he watched the six incense sticks and sensed the strange power from the Heavenly Incense Rune around him fade away until it was completely gone, he fell silent. Anguish appeared on his face. In truth, before he attacked, Su Ming had already known that he had lost against the Heavenly Incense Rune.

Even if he destroyed the other Heavenly Incenses, the previous day had already passed, and the secret of the universe had said that three sticks would be broken on that particular day.

'If I had broken three or more beforehand...'

Su Ming stood quietly in the galaxy and watched the extinguished Heavenly Incense Rune. He could not help but think of that question.

After a long while, he sighed softly. In the end, the mysteriousness of the secrets of the universe lay in only two words... what if!

The secret of the universe was contained in those two simple words.

He would understand this matter if he could, and if he could not, then there was no forcing himself. The pictures he saw from the secret of the universe flashed in his eyes again, but he buried them all deep in his heart.

'I do not believe in the will of heaven, neither do I believe in destiny. I only believe in myself! So what if this is the secret of the universe? If I change the secret of the universe and replace the heavens themselves, I will also be able to change my destiny! What the secret of the universe showed is just one point in the future. With this point as a reference, I can change the future!'

Determination and resolution appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He knew that he could not think too much about this. The more he thought about it, the more he would instinctively believe in it, and if he did so, the more likely it would become that it would come true.

A brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes as he stared at space.

'Clone of mine that practices the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole, I will start with you. The Heavenly Incense has been destroyed, so I'd like to see just where you can hide!'

With a step forward, Su Ming appeared beside Hu Zi and the bald crane.

Hu Zi looked like he wanted to speak, but he hesitated. He cast a glance at Su Ming, and in the end chose to say nothing.

"Hu Zi, for the time being, I won't return to build the Ninth Summit. I want to search for the clone of mine who betrayed me and fled. Do you want to come with me or go back?" Su Ming looked towards Hu Zi.

"Naturally, where you go, I will follow. I am your senior brother. Eldest senior brother has already ordered me to help you, so you can't leave me and go alone," Hu Zi said loudly while patting his chest.

Su Ming stared at Hu Zi. He could not help but remember the picture from the secret of the universe, the one where Hu Zi was covered head to toe in blood while glaring at the universe with eyes open as he lay dead.

Pain struck Su Ming's heart, and his resolution to avert what was to come grew even stronger.

Chapter 1176.1: All Spirits Hall (1)

A long arc charged through the whirlwind. Su Ming was at the front of it with Hu Zi by his side. As for the bald crane, it was lying on Hu Zi's shoulder and continuously trying to confuse him by whispering into his ear. This gradually annoyed Hu Zi. He grabbed the bald crane by the neck and threw it into the distance. Yet in the span of a few breaths, the bald crane returned and lay down on Hu Zi's shoulder once more to continue with its work.

Su Ming's expression was calm. The third eye at the center of his eyes had already opened, and it was shining with a strangely enchanting light while staring at the whirlwind in the galaxy. With it, Su Ming could see a silver line stretching into the depths of the whirlwind.

This silver thread was a sign left behind by his divine sense when he struck the top of his clone's skull. Through it, he could find his clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole.

Days passed, and in the blink of an eye, half a month was gone. Su Ming had been charging forward all that time. He rushed forward in the direction of the silver thread, and the distance between him and the clone grew smaller.

His clone, a person who now had his own independent will, had clearly noticed Su Ming's actions, and he was fleeing into the distance, continuously changing his direction in an attempt to shake off the pursuit.

But no matter how he tried to flee, he could not run away from Su Ming's senses. On the nineteenth day of the pursuit, a glint shone in Su Ming's eyes. He took a step forward, disappearing. When he appeared, he was far into the distance, standing above a broken planet.

The moment he stopped there, his third eye saw the silver thread going into the broken planet. As the third eye magnified the view, Su Ming saw his clone meditating on a mountain.

The instant Su Ming looked at it, the black-robed clone raised his head and stared at the sky coldly, meeting its old master's gaze.

Su Ming's lips curled up into a cold sneer. At that moment, Hu Zi and the bald crane arrived behind him, and their gazes fell on the broken planet.

"Hu Zi, guard this place. My clone is slightly cunning. He must have made preparations against me since he chose this place. If he runs, try to block him, but just a little.

“Baldy, guard this place as well.”

Su Ming lifted his finger and pointed in the direction before him. Hu Zi grinned, and with a single move, he appeared at the spot Su Ming had requested of him.

The bald crane quickly patted its chest, putting on an expression that told Su Ming not to be worried.

A glint shone in Su Ming’s eyes, and when he looked at the broken planet, the cold sneer on his lips became even colder. The clone’s personality was incredibly similar to his own. Since he chose this place, he had to have prepared an ambush, but Su Ming did not intend to step into the broken planet.

Instead, he raised his right hand, and the ring on his right hand sparkled. A ripple spread out from it and surrounded Su Ming’s palm. He formed a seal with his hand. Immediately after, countless ripples that formed multiple circles charged towards the broken planet.

The moment the ripples touched the planet, it shuddered, and cracks spread through the ground with loud noises. In just two breaths, booming sounds reverberated in space, and the planet crumbled.

Su Ming took a step forward as swiftly as a bolt of lightning. He stepped on the broken pieces, then lifted his right hand, formed a seal, and pointed forward. With it, space was sliced apart.

Su Ming changed the rules in the place by using his power of Fate Realm. This power was gathered on his finger as he charged straight towards the center of the clone’s brows while the planet crumbled around him.

He was so fast that he closed in on the clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole right away, but the clone looked like he had expected Su Ming to do such a thing. Not a hint of panic could be detected on him.

The instant Su Ming closed in, he raised his right hand, clenched his fist, and let out a low growl. His body instantly started squirming, and he threw a punch at Su Ming.

When it collided with Su Ming’s finger, a deafening bang echoed in the air, shaking the sky as well as the earth. A huge wave of power swept towards Su Ming from the clone, causing him to freeze for a moment, but it was only for a moment. No matter how strong the clone was, he was still just a clone, and the time in which he had an independent will was too short.

Su Ming let out a snort, and his cultivation base surged to his finger. Once he formed a seal with his right hand, he flung that power forward, and immediately, the clone

coughed up a large mouthful of blood. He staggered backwards, retreating several thousands of feet backwards in one go.

Su Ming's pupils contracted. The clone being forced back was within his expectations, but if it was forced back several thousands of feet back, then there was a problem with it.

Almost at the instant Su Ming noticed this, the clone's lips curled into a ferocious sneer. There was even a hint of derision in it. He raised his hands, pushed his palms together in front of him, and a string of words with which Su Ming was familiar tumbled out of his mouth.

"Form the Earthen Script: Grave!"

The clone raised his hands, formed a seal, then pointed forward. Immediately, the shattered planet froze for a moment. In the blink of an eye, they moved in reverse no longer scattering away. Instead, they fell back. It looked like time was flowing in reverse, but in truth, this was due to the clone's divine ability.

In an instant, the shattered planet gathered together once more, forming something that was no longer the planet from before, but a lone grave formed by countless shattered rocks!

That grave was like a seal. There were countless bolts of lightning swimming on its surface, and they let out crackling sounds as they sealed Su Ming inside. All of this had happened in a flash.

The clone's personality was practically the same as Su Ming's, and he was incredibly cunning. He had predicted that Su Ming would definitely chase after him, and when he saw that he was on the planet, he would definitely guess that there was something off about the place. The probability of him landing on the ground was not high. It was more probable that he would destroy the planet.

Yet as long as Su Ming closed in on the place, the clone could execute the Earthen Script. He made a bet that Su Ming still did not understand him and believed that he was only skilled in physical Arts.

Almost the instant the seal was formed, the clone threw his head back and roared. His body was immediately covered in blood, and wisps of silver light were forced out of the center of his brows. All of this lasted for about three breaths.

Hu Zi's expression changed in the distance. He roared in anger and rushed over, but the clone just laughed at the heavens. In the end, he forced out all of the silver threads from the center of his brows. He moved, and in the face of the incoming Hu Zi, the clone laughed ferociously, raised his right hand, and threw a punch at him.

Booming sounds reverberated in space. Hu Zi jolted and was forced several thousands of feet backwards. He coughed up a mouthful of blood, and when he raised his head, he found that the clone had not chased after him, but had turned into a long arc that left swiftly into the distance. In the blink of an eye, he disappeared into the whirlwind. Only his laughter echoed in space, and there was a wild, untamed quality to it.

“When my real self no longer has the silver threads to chase after me, I’d like to see how you will follow me! Don’t worry, I can tell you where I will go. Even if you destroyed the third Heavenly Incense and broke my path to copying your power, it doesn’t matter. I can go to the other True Worlds and search for Su Xuan Yi. I believe he will be very interested in me. When I am powerful enough, I will devour you and replace you...”

The clone’s laughter gradually faded away, and his body could no longer be seen.

With a bang, the gigantic grave formed of shattered stones sealing Su Ming crumbled. He walked out from within it with a sullen expression. He cast a glance at the galaxy in the distance, and a contempt shone in his eyes.

He had indeed not expected the clone to have mastered his divine abilities instead of relying on his great physical power. However, the clone did not know that Su Ming had never put all his hopes on a single plan. Besides the silver threads, he still had another method to track the clone.

The golden shade of his personality had fused with the clone. Even though the clone had severed the connection with his soul after he gained his own will, the golden personality still remained within it, faded away so it was almost unnoticeable.

However, due to the existence of the golden personality which was part of him, the clone was like a torch in a dark world in Su Ming’s eyes. He stood out starkly.

“Hu Zi, go back to eldest senior brother and second senior brother and build our Ninth Summit with them. This clone of mine is incredibly cunning. Capturing him will require some time. Once I subjugate him, I’ll go back and search for all of you.”

Su Ming turned his head around and cast a glance at Hu Zi. He lifted his right hand and swung his arm before a gentle power immediately surged out from him to seep into Hu Zi’s body. Once most of the injuries had recovered, Hu Zi stared at Su Ming, and after a moment of hesitation, he chose to agree.

After all, the clone was so strong that no matter how extraordinary Hu Zi’s level of cultivation was, there was still a great disparity between them. Not only would he not be of any use to Su Ming, he would even hold him back.

“Hu Zi, you’re the most skilled among us in regards to Runes. Please help me crack the Rune for Relocation to Morning Dao Sect. I want to go there and see whether there are

any survivors in there, and its land can be used as the bedrock for the Ninth Summit. And the predecessor of Dao Ocean... is also there..."

Su Ming wrapped his fist in his palm towards Hu Zi, then sent a ripple that could reject the whirlwind under his feet. When he turned around, he changed into a long arc. The bald crane quickly followed after Su Ming and disappeared with him.

Hu Zi watched Su Ming leave into the distance while standing alone in the galaxy, and a hint of determination appeared on his honest face.

'Level of cultivation... I must increase my level of cultivation. I absolutely cannot be so much weaker than them. I have to become stronger!'

Resolution shone in Hu Zi's eyes. When he turned around, he changed into a long arc and left into the distance.

Su Ming moved quickly and also shifted. With the supreme treasure sweeping around him, the whirlwind could not affect him in the slightest, allowing Su Ming to move incredibly fast. In an instant, he covered a boundless distance. In just around a dozen breaths, he sensed the clone in his heart.

'He's moving through the whirlwind. No matter how strong his physical body is, he cannot do it for a long time. With the distance he covered just now, he should be reaching his limit.'

A freezing glare shone in Su Ming's eyes, and he rushed forward.

Translator's Note:

1. All Spirits Hall: Mentioned in 'The Fifth Kiln' as one of the three mysteries in Divine Essence Star Ocean, a place where all Ancestral Spirits are born, or so the rumors say.

Chapter 1177: All Spirits Hall (2)

"Damn it, how can he still chase after me?!"

A powerful killing intent shone in the clone's eyes. With a sullen expression on his face, he charged through the whirlwind. It blew against his body, and he was already beginning to feel sharp stabs of pain from it.

He knew that he could not persevere for much longer. With the power of his physical body, he could last for quite some time, but if it continued for a long period of time, he would end up with the exact same problem as the Ancient God.

Earlier, he had thought that he had shaken off his pursuer. Once he forced out the silver threads, Su Ming should have lost his tracks. This would then have forced him to give up because he would not be able to find him. However, even after losing the guidance of the silver threads, Su Ming still kept on drawing closer to him.

The clone's expression was sullen. He let out a low roar, and after the time it takes for half an incense stick to burn, his expression changed drastically. The space in the whirlwind behind him had distorted. A figure walked out from the air before the clone.

When it raised its right hand and brought it down, the whirlwind disintegrated with loud bangs. The figure moved forward while stepping on the crumbling whirlwind. Soon, his appearance was revealed. Needless to say, it was Su Ming who had come chasing after the clone.

"I have indeed underestimated you, clone of mine." Su Ming looked like he knew what the clone was thinking. His tone was flat, and he swiftly raised his right hand, pointing forward.

"Mountain Shifter!"

The galaxy roared at his words, and the whirlwind shuddered. Countless mountains manifested in the form of illusions in all directions. When Su Ming attacked, he started with one of his strongest divine abilities.

The clone's expression changed. He moved back with a fierce look in his eyes. He too raised his right hand and pointed at space.

"Mountain Shifter!"

It was the same divine ability, the same Art. Su Ming had used his cultivation base to execute the Art while the clone had used his physical power to activate it.

The difference was that Su Ming had thousands of mountains in all directions, while an illusory mountain had appeared over the clone. He had used his own body to form the mountain to resist the upcoming attack.

Su Ming's eyes focused. He was no longer surprised that the clone understood the Mountain Shifter Art, but he was surprised that this Art had changed in such a manner in the clone's hands. This was something he had not expected.

"Looks like you do not just have your own independent will, but have also obtained some serendipities."

When Su Ming said those words coolly, he lowered his right hand. In an instant, countless mountains which contained his full power charged towards the clone.

The image of the mountain had completely formed around the clone. Once it turned into a huge mountain, the mountains that came charging towards him from all directions collided with it. Booming sounds instantly surged into the heavens, and all of the mountains shattered inch by inch. The mountain around the clone fell apart, and the clone coughed up blood. The next moment, he raised his right hand and struck his chest.

After that, he threw his head back and roared. His body instantly withered. Su Ming's pupils shrank as he watched it. The clone's body slowly changed form. Then, right before Su Ming's eyes, the clone turned into a gigantic... Crimson Python Phoenix!

It had a gigantic body that shone with multiple colors. The Crimson Python Phoenix shot through space with a screech, charging into the distance at a speed that surpassed what the clone had possessed previously.

When it looked like he was going to escape, Su Ming let out a cold harrumph. He lifted his right hand, pressed his fingers together to form a blade, and took a step forward while making a slashing motion with his hand.

"God Slayer Art!"

This was an Art formed from the principles of the laws of fate. When Su Ming used it before reaching Fate Realm, it had been incredibly powerful. Right then however, after he had mastered the fate around him, the effects of this Art were even more shocking.

The first thing he cut was the laws in the area, and this action was followed by the power of absolute accuracy. As booming sounds reverberated in space, the clone that had turned into the Crimson Python Phoenix and had fled into the distance let out a shrill scream of pain. His body cracked, but he did not break down.

Instead, he continued to charge forward in desperation. Right after though, the third part of the God Slayer Art, the power of rebound, arrived. The loud bang that shot into space then was even stronger, shattering the Crimson Python Phoenix's body. As he was reduced to a bloody mess, he turned back into the clone. His face was pale, but he still stepped into space and disappeared without a trace.

If it was any other cultivator, they would have definitely died under Su Ming's series of attacks, but the clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole possessed a powerful physical body that not even Su Ming had at that moment. The strength of that physical body even allowed him to move through the whirlwind. Naturally, this meant that he would not die that easily.

'You're this injured, so you should be thinking of going to that place!'

Su Ming smiled coldly. He had not expected to be able to capture the clone with that attack. After all, he could be said to be the person who understood the clone the most. He knew just how difficult his physical body was to deal with, which was why he had told Hu Zi that he would need some time.

In reality, it was not hard for Su Ming to kill the clone. However, what he wanted to do was not to kill him. He wanted to Possess him a second time.

He thus rushed away, chasing the the clone with the tracks he had left behind.

'The heavier his injuries, the harder it will become for him to move through the whirlwind. When I catch up to him again, I will be able to capture him alive!'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He was so fast that with a single charge, he sliced apart the whirlwind and left into the distance.

"Damn it, damn it... I must still have some sort of mark that he can follow."

The clone's face was incredibly pale, and he was growing increasingly more sullen. Su Ming's two divine abilities had severely injured him. If it was not because he was being chased down, he would have immediately searched for a place to heal his injuries.

Su Ming's God Slayer Art had been especially vicious. It had nearly cut the clone's body in half, making his injuries much worse than before. He had already felt stabs of pain when he moved in the whirlwind before and knew that he could not last too long like that. Now, his body had even began trembling. His injuries weakened his ability to resist the whirlwind, and it shrunk the already limited time he could spend in the whirlwind.

Su Ming clearly wanted to use this to force him into a corner... The clone's eyes flashed while he kept charging forward. When he noticed that Su Ming was even closer to him after a shift, a hint of madness arose in the clone's eyes.

'If that's the case, then don't blame me for disregarding the relationship we shared in the past!'

The clone suddenly changed direction. He no longer charged forward. Instead, he moved left and disappeared into the distance.

'Heavenly Incense enlightened me. Not only has this allowed me to gain sentience, it also presented me with the memories left behind in the Heavenly Incense Rune by countless cultivators from True Morning Dao World. One of them contained the Sun Sinking Talisman, one of the three mysterious places in True Morning Dao World!

'That part of the galaxy is constantly dark, and your divine sense won't be able to leave your body when you are there. When a cultivator goes there, it is the same as having all of their five senses sealed. In fact, even their power is suppressed.

‘Su Ming, since you want to die so much, I will devour you in the galaxy where the Sun Sinking Talisman is. And even if I can’t devour you, your divine sense and your cultivation base will be suppressed there. I’d like to see how you will continue chasing after me then!’

There clone looked positively evil at that moment. He flew swiftly towards the Sun Sinking Talisman, which was not too far away from him. He could reach it in about five days.

‘There will be no end to us unless one of us dies! This isn’t a grudge, but a fight for freedom! Only when I kill you will I be able to be completely free! From then on, I will be Su Ming!’

The clone’s expression twisted. As he charged forward, he was worried that Su Ming would catch up to him halfway through, so he struggled for a moment before gritting his teeth. A bang shot up from his body, and his skin turned crimson. Gradually, layers upon layers of his skin fell off, revealing the flesh and blood stream.

At the same time, his blood and flesh went inwards, as if they wanted to seep into his bones. Waves of indescribable pain caused the clone to grit his teeth, and he descended into madness.

‘Pain! Only this extreme pain can stimulate all the potential in my body!’

He gritted his teeth. In an instant, his speed reached an unlimited pace as he charged straight at Sun Sinking Talisman. As he rushed forward, his flesh and blood... slowly seeped into his bones. This might seem inconceivable, but in truth, it was a Forbidden Art that could allow his bones to be outside while his flesh and blood were inside.

‘Muscles on White Bones Art. This is a Forbidden Art I sensed in the Heavenly Incense Rune that can stimulate my subconsciousness and make my speed increase by leaps and bounds in a short span of time.’

The clone’s face was no longer a face, but a white bone with flesh and blood inside it. He no longer looked like a human, but by going through with it, his speed had increased several times. In the blink of an eye, he increased the distance between him and Su Ming, who was chasing after him.

Su Ming’s expression changed, and a brilliant light shone in his eyes. He noticed that the clone’s speed had suddenly surpassed it should be able to be able to achieve. He had almost escaped the distance in which Su Ming could detect him.

Without any hesitation, Su Ming jumped forward, raised his right hand, and patted the storage bag. When he sent his divine thought into it, a roar echoed in space. The Resentful Wei appeared before him the next moment. After the long slumber, the

Resentful Wei's aura had become slightly stronger, but cultivation base was not its specialty. Its strongest asset was its speed.

Once the Resentful Wei appeared, Su Ming jumped on it. In an instant, the horse shot into space, chasing after the clone.

While the clone used the Forbidden Art to flee, Su Ming used the Resentful Wei to give chase. After three days went by, the clone rushed into a black galaxy.

There was no whirlwind there. Even if it fused into the place, it would turn dark. The galaxy looked incredibly huge, as if it was a black ocean. It didn't allow any light inside, hiding all that was within it.

Almost six hours after the clone rushed into the black galaxy, the Resentful Wei's burning body appeared before the place. With Su Ming on its back, it rushed straight into the black galaxy.

When the Resentful Wei stepped into the black galaxy, Su Ming stood on the Resentful Wei's body and stared before himself. A glint shone in his eyes.

'It's just as I expected. It won't be hard to catch the clone in the Sun Sinking Talisman's area. It'll be difficult Possessing him the second time, but this is a good place for it.'

A hint of a smile appeared on Su Ming's lips.

Chapter 1178: All Spirits Hall (3)

Sun Sinking Talisman was one of the three great mysteries in True Morning Dao World. It was on the same level of mysteriousness as the Heavenly Incense Rune and Yin Death Region. No one knew its origins, and just like the Heavenly Incense Rune, it had existed since before True Morning Dao World had been born.

Over the countless years, an unknown number of cultivators had come to this place. They had all tried to investigate Sun Sinking Talisman. Many even came with the intention to take the runic symbol for themselves and become its master.

But no one had ever succeeded. Drove of cultivators had come. Each one of them had left, while the runic symbol remained in the galaxy. It seemed like it would stay there for all eternity and would never disappear. It had watched True Morning Dao World walk to its glory, and then how it fell into emptiness.

Throughout it all, it floated quietly without getting in anyone's way. It seemed like it would be this way even if another million years passed.

Compared to the vortex in Yin Death Region, which did not allow anyone in, the Sun Sinking Talisman was like a wide opened gate which allowed all cultivators in.

It also did not have the strange power of the Heavenly Incense Rune which could make clones independent and charm all cultivators, making them unable to free themselves from the addicting feeling of their levels of cultivation reaching false breakthroughs. Many souls had been injured like this. In fact, with just the least bit of carelessness, it was possible to get stuck in the Rune for all time.

In comparison, the Sun Sinking Talisman was much gentler in nature. If cultivators could reach it, then they could leave it as they liked. They would not come to any harm by visiting it.

The only thing they would have to suffer was... their cultivation bases being suppressed in the pitch-black world. Their divine senses would also be restrained, making it impossible for them to see beyond themselves. This turned all cultivators into mortals. Even if they opened their eyes, they would be blind. Yet this seemed to be the only use of the Sun Sinking Talisman.

That was why compared to the Heavenly Incense Rune and Yin Death Region, much more people had visited the Sun Sinking Talisman; after all, it was the safest place. However, for this to be true... there had to be no murderers among those who entered.

Over the countless years, plenty of people had died in the black world surrounding the Sun Sinking Talisman. Yet it was known to all that the people who had died did not do so because they were attacked by some sort of strange power from the Sun Sinking Talisman. They were actually killed by the people who had entered the place with them. Due to the strangeness of the place and other motives, they had attacked their companions.

At that moment, Su Ming's clone was clearly thinking about this.

Su Ming stood on the Resentful Wei that had rushed into the black world. At the instant he stepped inside, Su Ming sensed a powerful pressure press down on his divine sense, forcing it to instantly bounce back into his body. He could only spread it on his skin and no farther.

To cultivators, losing their divine sense was equivalent to losing an eye, and if that was not enough, there was also no light in the place. It was pitch black. The darkness was so deep that even if a person focused his vision, they could not make out anything. This was equivalent to losing the other eyes as well. In other words, once any cultivator entered the black world, they were completely blind.

At the same time, Su Ming's cultivation base was also greatly suppressed at the instant he entered the black world. This suppression was not at all weak, but incredibly powerful. Su Ming instantly fell from Fate Realm to Mastery Realm, and judging by the fact that it didn't stop, it was likely that the closer Su Ming drew to the center, the greater the suppression on his cultivation base would become.

A cold sneer appeared at the corners of Su Ming's lips. He did not hesitate. He moved forward along with the Resentful Wei, not even searching for the clone. He believed that the clone would come to him on his own.

In fact, even if he did not come, Su Ming would still have his ways to track him down.

After all, Su Ming had pushed the clone into having no better option than to come to the Sun Sinking Talisman. Clearly, during the chase, the clone had turned into an existence akin to a prey in his eyes. With ingenious pushes and his pursuit, the clone's only choice had become this place.

Su Ming's expression remained the same as he went forward. He might not be able to see his surroundings, but the Resentful Wei was incredibly familiar with such complete darkness. As it charged forward, it did not show any discomfort.

Su Ming had foreseen this. After all, the Resentful Wei came from the void existing in the Relocation spots within Divine Essence Star Ocean. That world might have seemed colorful, but there were plenty of places in it that were bathed in yearlong darkness.

The Resentful Wei lived there, so it was only natural that its familiarity with darkness was much greater than that of normal people. This was one of the reasons why Su Ming had chosen this place. When he closed his eyes, his mind fused with the Resentful Wei's. He used the Resentful Wei's eyes and saw the dark world, which was something very few cultivators got to see.

It was a gray world with no other color present in it. The area around him was empty except for a huge, gray screen of light in front of him. It moved about continuously as if it was a ball of flames.

With the Resentful Wei's eyes, Su Ming swept his gaze around the area. He did not see the clone's figure. However, the black world was really vast, so it was not surprising for him to be unable to find the clone within the small area his eyes could see.

Su Ming's shut eyes moved slightly. He did not open them, but raised his right hand and clenched his fist in the air.

'It does not matter whether you are willing to stay here. Since you came to this place, don't think about leaving.' A hint of arrogance appeared on Su Ming's face, a confidence that he had everything in his grasp.

When he clenched his right fist, the clone shot out of the pitch-black world on the other side. His eyes instantly brightened up. When he turned his head around, the corners of his lips lifted up in a ferocious sneer that was full of smugness.

‘You are the original body, so my personality and manner of thinking are affected by you. That is why if there is a possibility for you to understand my thoughts, there is also a possibility for me to trick you.

‘While you were chasing after me, my instinctive thought was to find a place which could limit you and allow me to devour you. That is why I chose this place.

‘But that is just an act of deception. Hmph, I wanted to lure you to this place and then leave you in this dark world. Su Ming, go on, continue believing in yourself. I know you’re sure that I will attack on my own in this place. When you find out that there is something off, I will have long since left True Morning Dao World!’

The clone let out a cold bark of laughter and charged into the distance. Yet when he was about to leave the place, a buzzing sound reverberated in space. The instant the clone heard it, his expression changed, and he came to an abrupt halt.

His face was incredibly dark. He no longer moved forward but retreated backwards, because he saw a white layer of ripples that looked like a board in front of him, and it was charging towards him. By the looks of it, the ripples near him were just a small part of the whole. They had spread through the entire region that belonged to the Sun Sinking Talisman!

The ripples were Su Ming’s supreme treasure. The instant he stepped into the place, he had sent the supreme treasure away from his body and made it float above him. It had enlarged until it covered the entire region belonging to the Sun Sinking Talisman, then it turned into ripples and formed a seal akin to a cage.

This meant that the place had truly turned into a prison. If the clone tried to force his way out, he might immediately get sealed by the mighty pressure of the supreme treasure. This forced him to retreat and return to the pitch-black world in the Sun Sinking Talisman.

“Damn it!”

For the first time, panic appeared on the clone’s face. He had thought that he had predicted all of Su Ming’s moves, but every single time, Su Ming showed up to be one step ahead of him. There was no way for the clone to leave the area.

‘If you want to die, then I will fulfill your wish!’

The clone no longer had any other choice. He gritted his teeth, and madness appeared on his face. Even if his cultivation base was restricted and he could not spread out his

divine sense, it did not matter to the clone. To him, they were just external objects. His real strength lay in his physical body.

With a loud whistle, the clone rushed through the pitch-black world. With killing intent and madness in its eyes, he started sweeping through the place.

Su Ming stood with a calm expression on the charging beast. Within the pitch-black world, he saw a gray galaxy with the Resentful Wei's eyes.

As time trickled by, Su Ming's cultivation was suppressed more and more. The closer he drew to the core, the worse it became. Soon, he was going to be suppressed to the state of only being in Solar Kalpa Realm.

At that moment, a figure suddenly appeared within the gray world. It was formed of countless threads and exuded a presence that did not mix with the world. The instant the presence appeared, it immediately devoured the gray shade around it.

Even if Su Ming could only see the outline, he could tell at first glance that it was his clone. He could not see the clone's expression, but he could sense a thick foreboding air from the threads forming the figure.

The clone had been moving in another direction, but its figure suddenly stopped in its tracks and looked at Su Ming. This scene birthed a thought in Su Ming's heart.

'Awareness. Once he gained his independent will, he should have awakened the awareness within his physical body that comes from the Crimson Python Phoenix. That's why it can vaguely sense my existence in the darkness.'

Su Ming had come to a quick understanding of what had happened. At that moment, the clone turned and charged towards him without a sound. He had already lifted his right hand, and a killing seemed to be swiftly gathering on his fist.

'Even if most of his strength comes from his physical body, he is still suppressed in this place. Based on how much time he used to gather his power, his level of cultivation should have been suppressed till he is only in Mastery Realm.'

Su Ming's lips curled into a cold sneer. He watched the clone charge towards him. Soon, his eyes shone, and he lifted his right foot, stepping off the Resentful Wei. In a instant, he appeared in front of the clone. The clone's expression changed swiftly, as if he had noticed him. He wanted to move back, but it was too late. Su Ming raised his right hand and went to swiftly capture him. The clone let out a low growl, then raised his right hand, gathered all his power in it, and threw a punch towards Su Ming's incoming right hand.

Booming sounds erupted in the black world, and Su Ming let out a harrumph. He did not move back, but instead went forward. As for the clone, his expression had changed drastically. Coughing up blood, he fell back swiftly.

Chapter 1179: All Spirits Hall (4)

“Y-you... You can see me!”

The clone’s mind was in a mess at that moment. He did not think that Su Ming would be able to see his surroundings in the pitch-black world within the Sun Sinking Talisman.

This was something that the clone had been sure about. Himself, he could see his surroundings clearly. After all, it was not due to his eyes that he was able to notice Su Ming, but due to his perception. Since the other was the original body, its existence was like a ball of flames in his eyes.

The reason Su Ming was unable to perceive the clone in the same manner was also because of their relationship. It was like a small and big object. Due to the small object being small, it was hard to notice it, while the big object would be incredibly clear in the eyes of the small object.

The clone was almost scared out of his wits at that moment. As he retreated swiftly, a cold sneer appeared on Su Ming’s lips, and he took a step forward to give chase.

“This time, I’d like to see how you’ll run!”

Su Ming’s voice was ghastly, and it had an imposing tone that caused the clone’s heart to tremble. As he retreated, he gritted his teeth, then with a roar, he executed the Forbidden Art to stimulate his potential by having his bones act as his skin while his flesh went inside him. His speed instantly increased exponentially. The instant Su Ming raised his right hand and seized space, the clone escaped by a hair’s breadth, fleeing madly.

Su Ming let out a cold harrumph. He clenched his fist, and booming sounds immediately rose all around him. They came from the white ring which Su Ming had released earlier. It shrunk swiftly. As it did so, its ripple became an unmovable barrier. The clone couldn’t get past it and could only wait to be captured.

All of this happened in an instant. The moment it was done, Su Ming charged towards the clone once more. The clone might be incredibly fast, but there was a reason why the Art he used was known as a Forbidden Art. It had its drawbacks, like it could not be used for long periods of time, especially when it was cast twice in a row. The clone had

less time than it takes for an incense stick to burn. After that, he would not only immediately slow down, he would also be heavily injured.

But what else could he do besides this? He gritted his teeth and charged forward as blood trickled down the corners of his mouth. He rushed desperately towards the place where the Sun Sinking Talisman was at the center of this black world. Only when he was there would he have the slightest chance of survival.

Roars reverberated in the world outside at that moment. The sound of the ripple from the ring shrinking inwards signified a dead end. The clone would only have a chance to survive if he reached the Sun Sinking Talisman, where both of their cultivation bases would be suppressed to their limit.

That was why had activated his full speed regardless of the cost. He was confident that he could reach that place in the span of the time it takes for half an incense stick to burn, but he did not see that a hint of derision had appeared in Su Ming's expression as he chased after him.

'The sentience born due to the Heavenly Incense Rune might make the clone very similar to me, but he is more easily alarmed and less cautious. Once he runs into life-threatening situations, his confidence falters, and he will run... for a dozen-something breaths. Then, I'd like to see how you will continue running away.'

Su Ming chased after the clone at a moderate pace. He could sense that his level of cultivation had been suppressed, and he was no longer in a stable state in Solar Kalpa Realm. He fell to Lunar Kalpa Realm, then his level of cultivation was reduced to that of a person who had attained great completion in World Plane Realm.

And this had only taken sixteen breaths.

At that moment, the clone coughed up a huge mouthful of blood, and his body shuddered. He had thought that the Forbidden Art could last for the time it takes for half an incense stick to burn, but the duration had been cut short. A feeling of weakness rose in his heart, and it resulted in a broken smile on his face.

He disregarded the suppression of his cultivation base. The suppression on his physical body was slightly less, but he was charging straight at the Sun Sinking Talisman. Besides, he had activated the Forbidden Art, so it had become way worse, and it all fell on his already weakened body.

This was why the duration of the Forbidden Art had been reduced to only eighteen breaths instead of the original span of time which was the time it takes for half an incense stick to burn.

The instant the clone slowed down, Su Ming took a step forward. When he raised his right hand, a mighty power landed at the top of the clone's head. At the same time, Su Ming's will surged into his body. He was about to execute the second Possession.

The fear of death stimulated the clone, and he let out a shrill scream filled with his desire to live. Tnstant Su Ming activated Possession, his body shuddered, and a crack immediately appeared at the center of his brows. The moment Su Ming's Nascent Divinity filled the clone's body, a small human crawled out from the crack at center of the clone's brows and fled madly into the distance.

The small human was the independent will born in the clone due to the Heavenly Incense Rune. It could be said that it was a soul, but it could also be said that it was a Nascent Divinity. At that moment, its speed instantly became incredibly great, and it rushed towards the Sun Sinking Talisman.

The body of the clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole no longer had any form of consciousness or soul. To Su Ming, there was no longer any need to Possess it. The thing before him was only an empty shell.

His Nascent Divinity instantly fused back into him, and he quickly retrieved the body to put it into his storage bag. Then, Su Ming lifted his head and stared at the gigantic runic symbol in the shape of a long strip within the huge gray screen of light. It stood distinctly before his eyes despite being far in the distance.

The clone's soul was charging at the runic symbol.

'Without your soul, I cannot Possess you, and I will not be able to go through the second Possession. I wonder what will happen during the second Possession. Honestly, I'm very curious about it.'

Su Ming narrowed his eyes. The reason why he was so incredibly persistent in chasing down the clone was not just to make him his clone again, but more importantly, because he wanted to know whether he could Possess the same clone the second time and whether there would be some changes if that happened.

With that sort of thought in mind, there was no way he would let the clone who had formed an independent will go so easily. This was such a rare occurrence.

He let out a cold harrumph and moved forward to chase down the clone's soul.

The two of them were already incredibly close to the Sun Sinking Talisman, so the clone soon arrived at its side. The moment he reached it, his soul started trembling, and he started becoming vague, as if he was withstanding some sort of mighty pressure and was about to dissipate.

Su Ming had also felt his level of cultivation being restrained in a manner that he had never experienced before. His level of cultivation was being continuously weakened while he was getting close to the talisman. He fell from great completion in World Plane Realm to only possessing the power belonging to those in the later stage of World Plane Realm, then fell to the middle stage before sinking straight to the initial stage. When he closed in on the talisman, his cultivation base sank swiftly, and from Heaven Cultivation Realm, he dropped to Earth Cultivation Realm.

This was a power level he had not experienced in a long time. It was the level of cultivation he had possessed when he was sent from the land of Berserkers to Divine Essence Star Ocean. Even so, Su Ming's intelligence and experience collected over the years did not allow a single change on his face. He might have become much slower, but he showed no hesitation. In an instant, he reached the Sun Sinking Talisman.

Booming sounds surged through the area. The moment Su Ming arrived at the Sun Sinking Talisman, the white ring swept towards him from all around him. It had already shrunk to a point where it could envelop the Sun Sinking Talisman within it.

The clone's soul looked like it was about to crumble. When it saw that the white ring had completely sealed the area and Su Ming was walking towards him, panic and fear which had never appeared on it before showed up on its face.

"Why are you in such a hurry to kill me? I've already given you my physical body—" the clone screamed in a shrill voice.

"Your physical body?" Su Ming chuckled coldly.

He did not waste his breath on the clone. He took a step forward and charged towards it, then lifted his right hand and seized it.

Despair appeared on the soul's face. It had no power to fight Su Ming. Even if what Su Ming showed at that moment was the power of those in Earth Cultivation Realm, the clone could not face it.

Madness and desperation twisted his features. The instant Su Ming seized him, he closed his eyes before swiftly opening them again. The aura of self-destruction instantly surrounded the soul. But the clone knew that self-destruction was useless. It knew that Su Ming was skilled in reversing time... but it could not accept not even attempting self-destruction and just allowed itself to be wiped off.

That was why even though it knew it was useless, it still chose to self-destruct in a bout of madness. However, just as it had known it would be, self-destruction was completely useless before Su Ming.

The power of time reversing blew past him. Su Ming caught the clone's soul, and once he curled his fingers around it, layers of seals immediately covered it. Only then did Su

Ming put it into his storage bag. Once he left the place and his level of cultivation was no longer suppressed, he would immediately place the soul back into his clone's body and Possess it a second time.

Once he sealed the clone's soul, Su Ming lifted his head and cast a glance at the huge Sun Sinking Talisman. The gray light shone a hundred thousand feet around it, and there were three large words written on it. However, Su Ming did not know those characters whole strokes formed the entirety of the talisman. Yet when he looked over, he could sense a primitive, savage power contained within them.

For some unknown reason, the ancient feeling brought back memories of the Ancestral Spirits who were worshiped in Divine Essence Star Ocean. In fact, Su Ming could sense that the terrifying power in the talisman surpassed that of the white ring. It was clearly a supreme talisman which was in Avanicaya Realm.

Su Ming did not intend to linger for too long in this place. His level of cultivation had been suppressed to the point that his Earth Cultivation was already showing signs of instability. He turned around, intending to leave and return to the world outside to reunite with his senior brothers, but the moment he raised his foot, the Sun Sinking Talisman suddenly shuddered.

"The presence of an offering has appeared... Activate All Spirits Hall... Make the offering... and you can enter All Spirits Hall..."

Buzzing sounds came from the Sun Sinking Talisman. A strange voice traveled through the area, causing Su Ming's heart to tremble. At that instant, a great suction force came from the runic symbol. It enveloped Su Ming's body and pulled him over, as if it wanting to drag him into the runic symbol.

"There is no offering... the ritual master will offer himself as an offering..."

The buzzing sounds became as loud as a roar, and Su Ming's expression changed drastically. The suction force had suddenly increased exponentially. The instant it looked like Su Ming would be dragged into the runic symbol, he lifted his right hand and pointed at the white ring. It shrank with a whistle and fixed itself on his right index finger to drag him out.

When Su Ming was about to leave the suction area, light shone on the Sun Sinking Talisman, and a Relocation power was activated. Su Ming's eyes went wide, and a bitter smile appeared on his lips as a light spread out and covered him. It disappeared the next instant, but by then, Su Ming was already gone from the black world.

Chapter 1180: Four Years

Su Ming's Ecang clone led nearly one hundred thousand cultivators through True Morning Dao World. Wherever he passed, all the remaining cultivators would either deliver their souls and join the Ninth Summit, or their blood would flow in rivers. The instant Su Ming and the ring were Relocated by the Sun Sinking Talisman, he shuddered.

The Ecang clone had long gray hair, and there was a blood-red light shining in his eyes. A murderous, bloodthirsty air fused with his madness to form an aura of death filled with a destructive intent that brought with it a heinous malicious air. This was a clone that was almost identical to the darkness itself once Su Ming's destructive personality fused with the Ecang clone!

This clone was filled with aloofness. His appearance was slightly different from Su Ming's, and it would be difficult for anyone to notice his presence, but he was still Su Ming.

The clone stopped in space at that moment. The near one hundred thousand cultivators behind him were silent. No one dared utter a single word. All of them only looked at the black Ecang clone with respect in their eyes.

"Sun Sinking Talisman..."

The eyes of the black Ecang clone sparkled at that moment, and a pensive expression appeared on his face. He could sense that his original body had been Relocated. At that moment, the connection they shared had been severed, and he could not detect where his original body had gone. He could only vaguely sense that it had not ran into any dangers. But even though their connection had been severed and it looked like they had become two people who were completely unrelated to each other, the black Ecang clone still acted according to Su Ming's will.

He was Su Ming. This was the inborn talent of the Abyss Builders that nothing else besides the Heavenly Incense Rune, as far as Su Ming knew, could interfere with the clones they Possessed.

After a moment of pensive silence, red light shone in the eyes of the black Ecang clone. He knew that he could not help his original body, which was why he decided to not bother himself with it. He could only act based on his original body's will and build the Ninth Summit in True Morning Dao World.

'I will gather enough power of the laws of fate in the world around me, then when the original body returns, he can... replace True Morning Dao World!' Resolve appeared in the eyes of the Su Ming's black Ecang clone. Without any hesitation, he charged forward.

Time passed, and in the blink of an eye, half a year passed. During that time, almost all the remaining cultivators in most of the regions of True Morning Dao World were gathered together under the joint efforts of eldest senior brother, second senior brother, Hu Zi, Su Ming's Ecang clone, and the hundreds of thousands of cultivators who had spread out to search for them. Their efforts seemed to have kickstarted a huge snowball rolling down a cliff, and it was slowly getting larger.

Huge rocks were gathered from all over the world, and they combined together to form the Ninth Summit's territory. They made up a huge continent with tall mountains in it. Towers rose up right after, and the outline of the Ninth Summit's Sect was slowly formed.

Another half a year passed, and the outline of the Ninth Summit could no longer be seen. What was contained within the continent was a huge sect. It had an extraordinary air, and there were nearly five hundred thousand cultivators practicing cultivation over there. Some of them had become disciples of the Ninth Summit willingly, some were forced, or some joined due to other reasons.

They were made up of various races. Some of them were originally from Morning Dao Sect, and some were once from the Immortals' Union. Yet at that moment, Morning Dao Sect was no longer around, and neither was the Immortals' Union. All of those people were members of the Ninth Summit.

There were nine huge mountains within the Ninth Summit, and they were the most distinct creations of the sect. Mighty pressure spread out from them and enveloped the entire continent. In the distance, it turned into white ripples that blocked the whirlwind from entering the region. Even though Su Ming's original body had gone missing, his Ecang clone was still around.

Once the Ecang clone wore the black robe, besides his senior brothers, all the other people did not know that the black-robed man known as the Great Sect Elder in the Ninth Summit in the open and the malicious fiend in private was just a clone.

The first Sect Master of the Ninth Summit was second senior brother. Eldest senior brother was not willing to take up that position, and Hu Zi was far too lazy to do it. Su Ming's Ecang clone did not care about statuses, so it was only natural that the title fell on second senior brother's head.

As for eldest senior brother, he was also a Great Sect Master, just like Su Ming's Ecang clone. He was in charge of punishments. With his murderous aura, he intimidated all the disciples.

Hu Zi had nothing to do, but he was already accustomed to fighting, so he took up the responsibility of bringing more disciples to the Ninth Summit and continuously expanding its territory in True Morning Dao World by ceaselessly conquering new areas. It did not matter to him whether the territory had once belonged to Morning Dao

Sect or the Immortals' Union. At that moment, there were only cultivators who had lost their foundation in these places.

Within the Ninth Summit were nine huge mountains, and the ninth summit was where the sect's great hall was located. Su Ming's Ecang clone occupied the fourth summit. Once he let Hu Zi take care of the battles, he went into year-long isolation to refine the power of the fate in the world gathered on him. The third summit belonged to Hu Zi. The second summit was their second senior brother's chamber, and the first summit belonged to eldest senior brother.

Time passed, and it soon were two full years since Su Ming had disappeared. During them, the Ninth Summit continued growing stronger. The sect had expanded and become a gigantic object in the galaxy.

In the two years, the number of cultivators in the Ninth Summit had grown from its initial five hundred thousand to nearly eight hundred thousand. This might not sound like much, but it has to be remembered that a disaster had struck True Morning Dao World. Before it, there were tens of millions of cultivators, but they had been reduced so greatly that not even one-tenth of the original number remained.

There was also one time where the Ninth Summit's continuous expansion had come to an end. It was when Hu Zi had brought the cultivators from the Ninth Summit to engage in a fierce battle against another group of cultivators in the northernmost area.

This matter had even shocked Su Ming's Ecang clone, causing him to end his isolation. Once he egressed, he personally went to the northernmost area of True Morning Dao World. Once he went through a battle of Arts that shook the universe, he severely wounded the most powerful warrior there, but he was also heavily injured, so he retreated to the Ninth Summit to enter isolation once more.

After this event, Hu Zi ended his conquest of the galaxy. Once he returned to the Ninth Summit, he placed his full attention on Su Ming's initial request of cracking the Relocation Rune leading to Morning Dao Sect.

Even Hu Zi, who had extreme talent with Runes, needed some time to crack the Rune. After all, it was a Rune that served a function similar to protection for Morning Dao Sect for countless years. It had been shut down from the inside, so if it could be easily cracked open from the outside, it would not live up to its name.

But Hu Zi was confident. With just a few years, he would definitely be able to crack it.

However, based on that battle, it was made sure that even if Su Ming had disappeared, he was still the strongest person in the Ninth Summit. Even if the Ecang clone fought against him at full power, he would not be Su Ming's opponent. This was something publicly acknowledged by his senior brothers.

It was also because of this that the Ninth Summit stopped its expansion. They halted right beyond the spot which belonged to the sect which had appeared around the same time as the Ninth Summit.

It was known as New Dao Sect, and all the cultivators in it had once belonged to Morning Dao Sect. If anyone continued making deductions based on this, they would be able to guess that they were once an army sent from Morning Dao Sect to fight against the Immortals' Union. They might have suffered a blow under the disaster, but they still had nearly one million cultivators in their New Dao Sect.

It was them who had stopped the Ninth Summit from continuing their expansion. Their strongest warrior, someone known as an Almighty in New Dao Sect, had an unfathomable level of cultivation. It was him who had personally fought against Su Ming's Ecang clone. That battle had even forced the Ecang clone to reveal his true form, which resulted in both of them being injured badly, and they isolated themselves due to their injuries.

This had stopped the Ninth Summit's expansion, but it was the same for New Dao Sect. They could not do anything to the Ninth Summit. No large-scale battles occurred between them anymore, but small-scale scuffles were a constant event.

If True Morning Dao World only had the Ninth Summit and New Dao Sect, then the scuffles between them would only continue growing until they reached a point when one of them could no longer hold on. But this did not happen because Su Ming and New Dao Sect's Almighty were not the only ones who had the idea of creating a sect. There was a third force to the south of Morning Dao Sect.

It was known as the South Union, formed by many small races who were remnants of the Immortals' Union. There were also nearly one million cultivators among them, and plenty of them were powerful warriors. In fact, their overall strength surpassed that of the Ninth Summit without Su Ming and New Dao Sect. However, the gap torn through Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos existed between the South Union and the Ninth Summit. That region was where the whirlwind was the strongest. As it raged there, it indirectly stopped most of the movements of the cultivators in the South Union. Even if they had found a way to move through the whirlwind, it was still difficult for them to move through the region with the strongest whirlwind in large numbers.

They did not have the protective ripple which could allow them to move for long periods of time in the whirlwind, so even if they decided to circumnavigate the whirlwind, once they suffered a setback, they would all perish. This was why they had not engaged in major conflicts with the Ninth Summit and New Dao Sect.

Just like that, during the period of two years Su Ming was missing, the three great forces in True Morning Dao Sect slowly expanded. They kept each other in check, and a rarely seen balance existed among them.

However, this balance was incredibly fragile. With the slightest mistake, it could be broken. Once it happened, a battle among the three great forces of power would break out, and each of them would have to reveal their trump card.

The Ninth Summit had no way to know about the trump cards of the South Union and New Dao Sect, just like how the other two forces had no way of knowing theirs. The Ninth Summit's trump card was Su Ming's return, and their other trump card was cracking Morning Dao Sect's Relocation Rune.

Once it was gone, the people of the Ninth Summit could occupy Morning Dao Sect. Even if it had been reduced to ruins, as long as they were there, they could swiftly grow stronger. In fact, they could then disregard the whirlwinds in the world outside. With one hundred-something Relocation spots, they could instantly appear anywhere they wanted.

Time continued to pass, the slowly, the third year went by, and then the fourth was gone. The scuffles between the three forces gradually grew more intense, and they seemed to be reaching a point where they could no longer be controlled.

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 1181: If You Desire Life, Then You Must Possess Life! - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 1181: If You Desire Life, Then You Must Possess Life!

Chapter 1181: If You Desire Life, Then You Must Possess Life!

"Four years..."

Fog covered an area so great it seemed boundless. The humidity there and the occasional sounds of water dripping that came from far in the distance and just nearby had accompanied Su Ming for four years.

The fog was divided into different colors. They would occasionally change and occasionally intersect with each other...

There was a figure in the purple layer of fog. He was stumbling forward, and his footsteps were slow. It was as if with every single step he took, his body would suffer great pain. After a moment, the figure revealed itself out of the purple layer of fog.

It had a head full of white hair and a face full of wrinkles. The person seemed to have just crawled out of his grave. No signs of any ripples of cultivation bases could be detected from his frail body. He was just like a mortal.

If it was not for the resolve in his eyes and because Su Ming could be barely recognized from his features, no one would be able to imagine that this old man who looked like he would fall from a single gust of wind... would be Su Ming, who was sent to this place four years ago.

He panted harshly while walking out of the fog at a slow pace. The moment he stepped out, a long arc charged over from within the purple fog. It rushed towards Su Ming and shot through his body before leaving with a trail of nearly black blood. That blood splattered on the floor and let out sizzling sounds. The thing that had shot through Su Ming was a flying fish.

Right after hitting him, it melted due to the black blood in his body. Su Ming staggered, then fell to the ground, still and unmoving.

Time trickled by. When the time it takes for half an incense stick to burn passed, signs of the purple fog about to undergo a change in color appeared. When red shade slowly appeared, a figure flew out of the fog. It was a wild dog with flames spreading out from its body.

The wild dog had six eyes, and they were all shining at that moment. The creature was so quick that it instantly reached Su Ming, but it did not immediately approach him. Instead, it circled him a few times, occasionally lifting its head to look at the fog changing color. When it saw that the fog was about to turn red, hesitation appeared in all six of its eyes. Then, it lowered its head and went to bite Su Ming's neck.

The moment it opened its mouth wide, Su Ming's still body suddenly moved. He raised his right hand, and he was so fast that he sent his fist straight towards the wild dog's wide open mouth before it could react. He grabbed its tongue, then yanked it out in one swift, clean motion as if he had done this countless times.

At that same time, he stood up and rammed himself against the wild dog. When it let out a broken groan, Su Ming grabbed the wild dog's neck with his left hand, forced it to run with him. When the fog behind them turned from purple to red, Su Ming had already vanished without a trace with the wild dog.

About ten thousand li away from where Su Ming was originally was a black mountain. It was barren, and not a single plant could be found on it. On the mountainside was a hewed out cave abode.

The moment a body appeared inside it, the fog in the distance turned completely red, and an indescribably hot wave of air erupted from that place. Wherever it went, the ground would immediately melt. Every single existence disintegrated, and several wild

dogs could be seen fleeing swiftly, but they were engulfed by the hot wave of air in the blink of an eye and reduced to ashes.

Su Ming stepped into his cave abode without any hesitation. At the moment he did so, the hot wave of air crashed against the mountain with a bang. A huge force rushed into the cave abode. When it was about to touch Su Ming, he charged forward and avoided it by a hair's breadth. Like this, he entered the depths of the cave abode.

A sullen look appeared in his eyes. Su Ming turned his head back and cast a glance behind him. In silence, he lifted the dead dog and bit down on its neck, devouring its blood in large mouthfuls. That blood trickled down the corner of his lips, faint golden in color!

As he swallowed up the blood, the wrinkles on Su Ming's face slowly disappeared. His hair, too, gradually changed. By the time he drank all of the wild dog's blood, his appearance had changed drastically. He looked similar to how he was four years ago, but a faint, undefinable, imposing aura had appeared about him. That imposing air did not come from his expression, but from his blood and his aura.

He flung the wild dog's corpse to the side. It landed in a large pile of skeletons in the cave. There were thousands of them, and they were packed densely together, which gave them an incredibly ghastly air.

'Four years... this damned All Spirits Hall has trapped me here for a full four years!'

Su Ming wiped off the blood at the corners of his mouth and sat down cross-legged by the side while staring at the sky beyond the entrance of the cave. The sky was red, and below it was a hot wave of air that could burn even him to a crisp.

Its heat surpassed the destructive power of the fifth kiln. In truth, it surpassed all forms of destruction Su Ming had ever witnessed.

'All Spirits Hall... This damned All Spirits Hall, one of the three great mysteries in Divine Essence Star Ocean, is actually connected to the Sun Sinking Talisman. They form one whole entity!'

'This is the birthplace of all spirits spoken of in the legends among the tribes in Divine Essence Star Ocean. It is the source of all Ancestral Spirits...'

Su Ming's expression was dark as he stared at the crimson red sky beyond the cave. It reminded him of all that he had went through during the last four years.

Four years ago, he had been Relocated to this place. While ceaselessly searching for an exit, he had ran into the changes in the fog. In the face of the terrifying red light and the hot wave of air that could burn him, he experienced and survived many perilous situations.

He also noticed that while his level of cultivation was back to its normal level, he could not replenish it. Every single time he wasted a bit of it, it was gone forever. If he could not find the exit by the time he used up all of his cultivation base, there was a high possibility that he would die in this place.

Because of this, he didn't dare to casually use his Enchanted Treasures, especially the white ring. In this strange place where he could not recover his cultivation base once he used it, retaining his strength was his best option.

When the scenes from the past four years flashed through Su Ming's mind, his pupils suddenly shrank. His presence immediately disappeared. An aura of death surrounded his body. He fixed his gaze on the small red layer of sky he could see beyond the cave.

Figures bathed in faint golden light charged past there. He could tell that most of them were in human form, but there were also existences like ferocious beasts among them. When they charged through the sky, they let out piercing screams that could make a person's soul ache in pain.

"One form of life was born before heaven and earth. It allowed all the other forms of life to be born, and it nourished them..."

"Heaven and earth could exist for so long because they do not operate for their own survival. This is what allows them to stay eternal [1]. If you desire life, then you must possess life..."

"Ancestral Spirits precede Antecedental Spirits. They come from before the time of the universe, which is why those who live must destroy lives..."

Amid the piercing voices were jumbled up murmurs that echoed without end.

Su Ming fixed his stare on the figures in the crimson red sky. In his ears he heard the murmurs he could not understand. He clenched his right hand into a fist and did not move. He would never forget those figures.

On the third month since he had arrived in this place, he saw them for the first time. In the face of these bizarre entities which disregarded all divine abilities and power from his cultivation base, almost all of Su Ming's life force had been sucked out, forcing him to activate his supreme treasure. Only by sparing no pains and using up his cultivation base could he crush one.

However, he had not expected that once he destroyed one of them, thousands or more ten thousand of them rose in its place. A huge hall had suddenly appeared in the crimson sky and chased Su Ming through the bizarre world.

During the relentless pursuit, Su Ming's body had become increasingly weaker. When his life force was almost extinguished, the crimson red sky disappeared. The fog in the

place turned white, and all the strange creatures chasing Su Ming disappeared without a trace.

Everything had returned to normal.

Red appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He stopped recalling the scenes which had happened in the past four years to stare at the figures in the sky beyond the cave abode. After a long while, he turned his head around and cast his gaze on the ferocious beasts' skeletons.

If he had not accidentally noticed that some of the strange, ferocious beasts with flesh and blood in the area could allow him to restore his life force when he drank their blood while also allowing him to restore his cultivation base a little, it would have been very difficult for him to persevere.

'But the ferocious beasts in this place are all incredibly cunning. It's clear that they possess intelligence. If I want to kill them, I need to do it one strike, or else even if I manage to kill them, I won't be able to make up for what I lose.'

In silence, Su Ming raised his right hand and touched the bloody mess on his chest. The blood there was black, and it was a poison he had formed after killing numerous ferocious beasts and drinking their blood.

This blood had already spread through Su Ming's entire body, but if he stopped drinking the golden beast blood, he would not be able to replenish the cultivation base and life force he used up. This was... a dilemma. He had contemplated over this in the past, and in the end, he chose to drink the creatures' blood.

His blood might have turned black, but this wasn't the only change in his body. His chest was a good example of that. The injury he sustained when he was pierced had already healed completely without Su Ming needing to use any of his power.

As time trickled by, the crimson shade in the world outside slowly disappeared after lasting seven whole days. It was replaced by a white world. Only when the sky beyond the cave abode turned white in Su Ming's eyes did the aura of death around him disappear. When he returned to normal, his expression became gloomy.

'Over the past four years, I've walked through all the regions. This is a world that seems to have no end. Yet I didn't see any signs of cultivators... Perhaps the exit is not on the ground, but in the palace that appeared in the sky in the past.'

Su Ming was silent. This was a theory that had appeared in his mind a long time ago, but he was always a little uncertain about it. He turned his head around and cast his gaze at the cave abode around him. The signs of hewing made it clear that the cave had not formed naturally.

Su Ming had found it coincidentally. The cave abode was already like this when he arrived.

After being silent for a while more, Su Ming directed his gaze towards another direction in the cave abode. Near one wall... there was a black skeleton that belonged to a human. It was a cultivator, most likely the previous owner of the cave abode.

Even after he had died, waves of mighty pressure still spread out from his skeleton.

Translator's Note:

1. Up to this point, everything said there refers to Tao Te Jing, written by Laozi during the Spring and Autumn Period.

Chapter 1182: Path of Life

'All Spirits Hall, the place rumored to be the spot where all Ancestral Spirits appeared...'

Su Ming cast his gaze at the skeleton and frowned. There was an ancient air to it, making it clear that it had been there for a countless years.

All Spirits Hall was completely separated from the world beyond. If it was not for the Sun Sinking Talisman, it would have been impossible for Su Ming to step into this place and be trapped in it for four years.

He stared at the skeleton, and the skeleton's empty eyes seemed to be staring back at him. There seemed to be a hint of derision in that look. He was mocking Su Ming for expecting to leave the place. The skeleton was waiting for him to end up like it in the future, for the day when his blood and flesh will disappear and he will turn into mere bones.

The black color of the bones might be due to time leaving its tracks on the them, but there was also a possibility... that the cultivator had drank even more blood from the ferocious beasts than Su Ming. In time, it not only his turned his blood black, but even his bones.

"Make... the offering..." Su Ming sighed softly.

He still remembered that the Sun Sinking Talisman had been activated for some unknown reason four years ago. Once he was Relocated to this place, a buzzing sound from the Sun Sinking Talisman had reverberated in the area.

'It said that there is no offering... so the ritual master shall offer himself as an offering...The ritual master it referred to should be me. Based on the situation at that time, some unintentional action of mine had fulfilled a condition for the activation of the Sun Sinking Talisman, which has existed for countless years.

'But another action of mine after that made me unable to complete the Sun Sinking Talisman's request, which is why as a punishment, I was sent to this place as an offering.'

In truth, Su Ming had come to understand this a few years ago. There was only one thing that could work as the so-called offering—the soul of the clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole.

Perhaps only this sort of independent will born due to the Heavenly Incense Rune could somewhat fulfil the requirements for the offering and fit the description of the spirit within the All Spirits Hall's name.

However, Su Ming had put away the clone's soul, which meant that he removed the offering right before the Sun Sinking Talisman activated, which was why everything after that had happened.

'Since this skeleton exists here and I could be Relocated to this place, then even if it has been a long time since the last time someone came in, there has to be more skeletons in this place, and in fact, there is a high possibility that there are still living people.'

Locating the survivors could be a method for him to get out. Even if he could not, he could still come to understand this so-called All Spirits Hall.

After a period of silence, Su Ming stared at the white sky beyond the cave abode. He knew it would last for seven days. At that time, the color of the fog would change again, and new types of dangers would appear until the red shade descended on the ground again. This was like a cycle.

Su Ming turned his head and cast a glance at the cave abode again, and a determined expression appeared on his face. He had already stayed in this place for several years, only moving around in the area nearby so that he could rush back when he needed to avoid the bizarre existences in the red fog.

However, this could not be a long-term plan. If he wanted to leave, he had to gain more knowledge of the world outside. At the very least, he had to learn about the origins of the figures in the red fog. Also... he had to be able to step into the gigantic palace which had once appeared in the sky. There was a good chance it was the way to leave.

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. His eyes shone, and his skin immediately aged. His body slowly turned old, and his hair started graying. An aura of death slowly filled his

body. This was the way of existing which required the least amount of his cultivation base. It was something he had found out during the the four years through trial and error. With this method, he could keep his precious cultivation base instead of wasting it.

Once he turned into an old man, Su Ming stood up and walked out of his cave abode. He cast his gaze into the distance, and everything tithing his line of sight was white fog tumbling by the ground. The sky was filled with it as well, so there was only a white shade all around him.

There was no sign of anything breathing either. The place was as silent as a gigantic grave. Su Ming quietly went down the mountain, ignoring the white fog. He quickly headed in the easternmost direction. He did not use his cultivation base, only his legs. This might not be able to compare to his speed when he traveled with his cultivation base, but he was still much faster than mortals.

It was something that Su Ming had been incredibly unused to when he just entered the world of the fog. His speed had become much slower, and the weakness from not using his cultivation base made him feel as if his body could not accept this fact. However, as he drank the beasts' blood and his own blood changed, his physical constitution went through a gradual change.

Su Ming did not know whether this change was good or bad, but he needed it to survive.

He had already become very familiar with the area around him, and he did not stop along the way. When the fourth day arrived, he stood at the summit of a tall mountain in the easternmost direction. When he turned his head back, he could still locate the cave abode he had lived in for years, even though his vision was obscured by the fog.

The place where he stood was the furthest spot he had ever traveled to during the years he had investigated the area.

As he stared at the concealed cave abode in the white fog, resolve appeared on Su Ming's face. Hiding was indeed much safer, but being safe meant dying while trapped there. If he remained there, he would turn into a skeleton in the end, just like the other cultivator in the cave.

If Su Ming wanted to leave the damned All Spirits Hall, he needed to leave the cave, which was his safe haven, first. There might be plenty of dangers in the world outside, but this place also held the chance to ever escape.

It was not easy to make this sort of decision with unswerving resolution. After all, it was human nature to refuse leaving a safe place they found in a dangerous land only to be place themselves in danger once more. This sort of act was instinctively rejected by all forms of life.

Most of them would choose to stay in the safe haven. Even if they knew that nothing would change by doing so and they would just end up dead, dying later was still better than dying sooner.

Su Ming had also only made up his mind after staying there for years. At that moment, he cast a deep glance at the cave, and turned his head away to walk along the mountain marking the spot he had moved the furthest in the past. He then dashed into the fog beneath him, stepping where he had never gone to in the past four years.

The fog obscured his vision, making it impossible for him to see even a few inches before his eyes. Every single time he used his divine sense, it used up a bit of his cultivation base again, which was why Su Ming rarely did so. Besides the fact that it would make him spend his cultivation base, he would also attract unnecessary trouble to himself.

This was a lesson, a lesson Su Ming had learned four years ago. The main reason behind why he was chased down by the living creatures in the red fog in the past was because his divine sense had attracted a figure in the red fog to him.

All of the living creatures in this place seemed to be incredibly perceptive to divine senses. They would instantly notice it even if he used just a tiny bit of it.

That was why unless it was absolutely necessary, Su Ming would not use his divine sense. The white fog, however, had the safest white light among all the colors, so Su Ming attempted to use his divine sense to scan the area.

His divine sense was weakened and limited in the fog, which was why even if he used his full strength, it would not reach too far. But if he wanted to leave a Brand of the terrain in his mind, it was still possible, and it would help him to not get lost even if he could not see the area.

Days passed as Su Ming continued moving ceaselessly. Without any time to rest, he walked for seven days. When the fog gradually turned from white to blue, he had already traveled an incredibly long distance. When he saw the blue shade appear in the white fog, Su Ming visibly relaxed a little. His constantly vigilant heart even allowed him to sit down cross-legged and rest for a while.

During the four years, Su Ming could not find the pattern in the fog. He only knew that white would definitely come after red, but it was completely impossible for him to deduce what would come next. There was a possibility that it could be blue, but it could also be green, and even purple. In fact, there was even a possibility that it would turn back to red.

That was why the span of seven days was a limit and a gamble. It was also the reason why Su Ming would never move for more than four days, making it the furthest distance

he would travel in the past. He never risked not having enough time to return to his cave abode.

Unless... he went out to hunt.

Caution, vigilance—Su Ming was constantly on alert during the four years he had stayed in this place. Even if the white fog turned blue, Su Ming only relaxed for the time it takes for an incense stick to burn before focusing and looking around himself with caution. Then, he slowly walked forward.

He knew that the white fog and the red fog would definitely last for seven days, but the period of time the other-colored fog would last was uncertain. They might last for a day, but they could also stay for seven days. In fact, there was even a possibility that they would remain only for half a day, or even just two hours. Su Ming had personally witnessed this.

While remaining vigilant, he continued running forward without hesitation, using the full speed he could muster at that moment...

'It's a pity that I couldn't Possess my clone, or else I'd be much faster.'

Su Ming sighed in his heart. He had tried multiple times in the past four years to bring out his clone and its soul from his storage bag so that he could Possess and fuse with it, but every single time the clone appeared, the fog in the world outside would instantly turn red. Even if it had been the completely safe white fog previously, it would still change, and a large number of figures would instantly appear.

The amount of time he had was not enough for Su Ming to Possess his clone. If he persevered, he would only find himself drowned out by the existences in the red fog.

The blue fog lasted for three days before it turned orange. Five days after the orange fog, which marked half a month since Su Ming had set out, it turned purple.

The instant Su Ming saw it, an extremely vigilant expression appeared on his face. During the past four years, he had learned that the purple fog was the fog for hunting.

The ferocious beasts which could allow him to recover his cultivation base after he drank their blood would only appear in the purple fog, but Su Ming was not just on guard against these creatures. There was another pattern that he had noticed happen almost every single time during his countless observations.

Red would definitely appear after purple!

Chapter 1183: The Red Fog Descends

Boom!

While in the purple fog, Su Ming had his right hand wrapped around a ferocious beast that looked like a fierce tiger. The creature might resemble this familiar creature, but it had a horn on its forehead.

At that moment, the tiger look-alike was pushed tightly on the ground by Su Ming's hand on its neck. Veins popped up on Su Ming's right hand. The power of his cultivation base reverberated between his fingers.

With a calm expression on his old face, he swept his gaze across the area, then with a powerful squeeze, he crushed the tiger-like beast's neck, resulting in a loud crack. He then lowered his head to bite down on the creature's neck and sucked in a large mouthful of its blood, swallowing it all down.

Even if the tiger-like beast had its neck crushed, it still struggled, but with Su Ming's right hand pushing it down, its struggles were futile, no matter how hard it tried. As Su Ming drank its blood, it gradually stopped moving.

When Su Ming finally raised his head, the corners of his mouth were covered in blood. If anyone saw him at that moment, they would definitely be terrified, and their hearts would tremble. At that moment, Su Ming looked incredibly horrifying and hideous. Even if his Ecang clone was not around, there was still a malicious air spilling out from him.

He wiped off the blood at that corners of his mouth and unfurled his right hand, letting go of the ferocious beast he had pushed down. He stood up, and with a single move charged into the distance. This time, he no longer used his feet to walk, but his cultivation base to do so. If this was a usual hunt, Su Ming would not do so, but right then, he was in the world outside, and he had no idea when the purple fog would turn red. He had to charge forward.

This was part of his plan. Only when the purple fog appeared would the ferocious beasts appear to become his replenishment, making him have fewer misgivings about using his cultivation base.

Su Ming was so fast that he instantly disappeared into the distance. After a moment, a ferocious beast resembling a python had its skull seized by his left hand. No matter how tightly the python wound itself around his body and bound him, Su Ming's speed did not decrease.

As he charged forward, he bit down on the python's body and swallowed large gulps of its blood. After a moment, he let go and simply allowed the python's body to slide off of him. His speed then increase once more.

Time trickled by like that. When the first day of the purple fog was over, Su Ming came to an abrupt halt and let go of a wild dog whose blood he had completely drained. Dark red light shone in his eyes. Besides the color of his blood changing, this was another thing that came from him continuously drinking the beasts' blood over the past four years.

When he stopped, Su Ming's eyes shone, and he turned his head to the side to cast a glance at the fog to his right. He had sent out his divine sense outwards before retrieving just as fast. He sensed that there was a small hill in the fog to his right. The inside of the hill was empty, but there were faint ripples from a Rune in it.

He only hesitated for the span of a few breaths before changing his direction and charging towards the small hill. He moved quickly since he had already activated his cultivation base. Before long, he arrived near the small hill. When he looked at it, his pupils shrank.

Before him was a small white hill. Even though there was a purple tint to the hill due to the purple fog, Su Ming could still tell that it was white. The hill was empty inside and there were indeed ripples of a Rune coming from it, but they were damaged. With a single move, Su Ming appeared on the hill. He saw a gigantic pit at the top of the hill, and within it was a cave abode.

The inside was a wreck. There was even dust in it. In fact, there was even some purple fog seeping into the cave and filling it. Su Ming walked in and immediately saw two corpses pinned to the wall of the cave.

One of them was large, and the other small. He could tell that the larger corpse belonged to a man, and the smaller one was clearly a child of only five or six years. Their bodies were twisted, a telling sign that they had suffered great pain before their deaths. The twisted angles on their bodies made Su Ming remember the pain he had suffered when he had almost all of his life force sucked out by the figures in the red fog.

The corpses were pinned to the wall, and the thing which held them there were two red spears made of bone. They had pierced their skulls an unknown amount of time ago.

There were quite a lot of shattered rocks on the ground around them. Su Ming stood there and quietly stared at the two corpses before shifting his gaze to the two bone spears which still exuded waves of murderous, chilling aura. He lifted his head silently and looked at the huge opening above him.

A scene naturally formed in his mind. He saw the two people who were originally not corpses, one an adult, and the other a child. They lived in this place to hide from the dangers of the outside world, but one day, perhaps when the fog in the world outside turned red, their cave abode was blasted apart by someone...

Shattered stones fell, and two bone spears descended, pinning the two people, who might be father and son, to the wall. They screamed shrilly when a bunch of figures from the red fog pounced on them and sucked out all their life force.

Su Ming stared at the opening quietly, his wariness growing stronger. A fierce light lit up in his eyes. In the cave abode, he learned that the dangers in his new world were not just exclusive to the figures in the red fog. There was another equally dangerous existence who could throw bone spears around.

‘Just what happened in this world..?’

In silence, Su Ming left the cave abode. He might not know when the purple fog outside would turn red, but the cave abode was already damaged. With the hole around, it was impossible for him to use it to hide. That was why before the fog turned red, he had to quickly find a spot to hide from the disaster.

As time passed, the purple fog tumbled more intensely. While Su Ming charged through it, a dark look appeared in his eyes. His experience of the last four years told him that once the purple fog reached its most intense, it would then descend into a relative calm. Usually, once this happened, the red fog would descend.

Although this was not absolute, the probability of it happening was six out of ten.

The second day, the third day... When the fourth day arrived, the purple fog around Su Ming became like a roaring wave. It tumbled around while roaring. This was the moment when it was at its strongest, but during the past few days, Su Ming had not managed to find a place to hide from the disaster. He did not give up, however. In silence, he continued charging forward.

When the fifth day arrived, the fog suddenly calmed down, and Su Ming came to a halt. He sighed softly, then threw a carcass of a ferocious beast drained of blood down.

‘I can only use this method now. It might be slightly dangerous, but since I chose to walk out of the cave, it’s only natural for me to hold onto the resolve to face dangers.’

Su Ming shook his head. He raised his right leg and stomped on the ground while facing the calm purple fog. With a bang, cracks appeared on the ground. Su Ming lifted his right hand, then threw a punch down. With booming sounds reverberating in the air, a deep pit appeared in the ground.

Su Ming swung his arm, and the pit immediately sank deeper. The next moment, Su Ming sensed a powerful repelling force spreading out from the ground. Even if he wanted to continue downwards, it was beyond his capabilities to do so.

He knew that this was his limit, so he sat down cross-legged, formed a seal with his hands, and pushed outwards. The earth above him immediately gathered together, and in just a few breaths, the land became flat, burying Su Ming underneath it.

Around two hours after Su Ming hid himself, the calm purple fog in the world outside suddenly started changing color. In an instant, it turned red, and at the same time, the sky was covered in crimson, casting a world in its shade.

At the same time, shrill, piercing screeches echoed in the red fog. Figures who looked like they were born in the red fog walked out and devoured all the life force of the lives they saw.

Murmurs echoed in the world during that instant as well.

“One form of life was born before heaven and earth. It allowed all the other forms of life to be born, and it nourished them...”

“Heaven and earth could exist for so long because they do not operate for their own survival. This is what allows them to stay eternal. If you desire life, then you must possess life...”

“Ancestral Spirits precede Antecedental Spirits. They come from before the time of the universe, which is why those who live must destroy lives...”

The piercing sounds seemed to possess some sort of strange power. Even if Su Ming had hidden himself in the depths of the ground, he could still hear the voices.

He had made his presence disappear and filled his body with the aura of death while hiding from the red fog in the depths. Su Ming had used this method when he was chased down by the figures in the red fog, but he understood that it was only a temporary measure. It could not be used for a long term. During the span of the seven days that the red fog was around, he had at most lasted for four days before he was found.

‘Four days. It’s alright even if I last for only four days. If I can last for one more day, I will have one day less to be pursued by them...’ Su Ming had to make himself calm down and count down the time quietly in his heart.

Days slowly passed. The second day, the third day, and the fourth day went by... While Su Ming waited quietly and vigilantly, the fifth day passed, but when the sixth day arrived, he suddenly jolted, and a fierce light shone in his eyes. Without any hesitation, he raised his right hand and punched the earth above him. As booming sounds surged into the air, the ground trembled, and Su Ming rushed out of it.

At the same moment, more than a dozen red figures pounced at the spot where he had hidden previously. If it was not because Su Ming had noticed them quickly, he would have instantly had all his life force sucked out.

‘Two more days...’

Su Ming’s eyes flashed. Once he rushed out of the ground, he immediately charged into the red fog. He did not choose to hide in the depths of the ground again. He had tried it before, and he had gained some experience after paying a price for it. He knew that he could only hide in the ground once in the red fog. It was completely useless if he tried it again.

As he charged forward through the fog, the piercing voices behind him grew stronger. Figures appeared and charged towards him, dashing in his direction in a frenzy.

In less time than it takes for an incense stick to burn, numerous red figures surrounded Su Ming.

He gritted his teeth and leaped up. With the power to fly, he charged into the distance. Right away, many red figures manifested above him. Once they saw him, they screeched and chased after him.

Chapter 1184: Heavenly Spirit Tribe

Whoosh!

The sound caused Su Ming’s expression to change. When he formed a seal with his right hand, the power belonging to those in Fate Realm immediately appeared around him, turning into layers of seals that enveloped him. Yet right away, they crumbled layer by layer, and Su Ming shuddered. He opened his mouth, but he could not even cough up a single bit of blood. His aura had obviously become slightly weaker.

The whooshing sound came from the red figures around Su Ming breathing simultaneously. With each breath, quite a large amount of Su Ming’s life force would be sucked out. Even though he did not directly come into contact with the figures and the indirect manner of absorbing his life force meant that only a little bit of his life would be absorbed, there was nearly a hundred of the red figures around. This meant that the amount of life force lost was still terrifying.

If it was not because Su Ming had enough experience and immediately executed the seals formed by the laws of fate at the instant he heard the voices, he might have already had two-tenths of his life force sucked out.

‘Damn it...’

With a dark expression, Su Ming became even faster. At that moment, he no longer bothered about the use of his cultivation base. He gathered up his power and had it erupt in an instant. This was the greatest reflection of his cultivation base’s power.

Su Ming had tested the red figures before. They did not care about any sort of divine abilities attacking them. All Arts seemed to be non-existent to them. In fact, even physical attacks were useless, and it was the same for Enchanted Treasures. Only... Su Ming’s white ring could kill them.

However, Su Ming had already experienced the price for killing them in the past. Unless it was absolutely necessary, he did not want to pay it. Yet as Su Ming charged forward, more and more red figures appeared around him. Their numbers had already increased to the point that they were six-tenths more numerous than before.

In fact, they did not even need to chase him anymore. They only needed to breathe in like before, and they could reduce him into a mummy. He would lose all his life force and die.

Whoosh!

When that sound appeared again, killing intent rose in Su Ming’s eyes. He had always been an unyielding person and a man who killed to a heinous degree, to a point where his murderous aura reached a maddening degree. And at that moment, he was filled with a ruthless aura after being oppressed in this strange world for four years.

The transformation of his blood had also made Su Ming’s mind to often fill up with great killing intent. At that moment, while being chased by the red figures, he decided to just throw his head back and roar before raising his right hand and pointed at the sky. Immediately, the white ring on his index finger absorbed a large amount of his cultivation base, and with a bang, a powerful ripple exploded from it.

It spread outwards, making the red fog disappear layer by layer, as if it was melting. The one hundred something red figures, too, instantly let out piercing screams of pain. All of those who were touched by the expanding ripple immediately had their bodies and forms destroyed while screaming in pain.

In the blink of an eye, all the red figures around Su Ming vanished without a trace.

But Su Ming did not relax. The usage of the white ring had made him spend quite a lot of his cultivation base. With that thought on his mind, he charged into the distance at full speed.

He knew that there was no end to the red figures, and it was impossible to kill all of them. When he had killed one of them in the past, he had brought upon himself a

frenzied chase by the red figures. And now he killed a hundred-something of them, so the consequences for it might be even more severe.

There were countless red figures drifting around in the boundless red fog within the strange world. The instant Su Ming charged into the distance, they stopped moving. Swiftly, they turned their heads and simultaneously turned to look in Su Ming's direction.

With piercing screams, their bodies disappeared. Just like a cultivator shifting, they immediately appeared around Su Ming. They came in the span of a few breaths, and there were more than one thousand of them covering the sky and earth. Their appearance made Su Ming's skin crawl.

But that was not all. At that moment, the sky roared, and a tall, majestic hall manifested in the sky out of nowhere. When this hall appeared, a vast, mighty pressure descended on the ground. It was the second time Su Ming saw it, and this time, he saw it even clearer. While the hall was grand and majestic, there were quite a few areas of it that were damaged and cracked. It did not seem complete.

At the same moment the hall appeared, countless red figures who looked as if they had red robes on their bodies flew out. There were thousands of them, and their piercing screams reverberated through the air, shaking the fog so much that it began to tumble and shaking the ground so much that it trembled. They rushed together towards Su Ming.

He suppressed the urge to use the power of the white ring again, which had surfaced in his mind. As he charged forward, he used his advantage of having widened the distance between him and the red figures to grit his teeth and charge forward.

There were thousands of the red figures chasing after him. Their piercing screams echoed in the air, causing Su Ming's heart to tremble. There were red figures continuously appearing from the hall in the sky as well. In fact, many of them had shifted to appear around Su Ming.

In the blink of an eye, another few thousand red figures appeared. They surrounded the area and encircled Su Ming. Before they even approached, the sound of their breathing reached his ears. The whooshing sound shook the sky and earth, deafening the ears. This was an inhale which could instantly suck Su Ming dry. It was powerful enough to instantly take away all his life force.

A ferocious look appeared on Su Ming's face. He had been waiting for the moment more red figures appeared. When they started breathing, he raised his right hand again. He could no longer care about the loss of his cultivation base at that moment. He sent all of it surging into the white ring, and with a low growl, an even more powerful ripple erupted from the ring.

Humming, it spread outwards with loud rumbles and stirred up an unseen wave of sound. In the mid of the rumbles, all the fog within a circular area of one million feet disintegrated. The near ten thousand red figures surrounding Su Ming were simultaneously destroyed as they screamed in pain.

In fact, the hall in the sky had also shuddered at that moment, but it resisted the power of the ripple. At the instant all the fog within a million feet disappeared, a mountain which had previously been concealed by the fog was revealed in the distance. It was all white.

Su Ming shuddered and coughed up a mouthful of black blood. Without any hesitation, he charged towards the mountain that been hidden in the fog. During the instant it was revealed, Su Ming immediately noticed that there was an empty space in the mountain, reminding him of a cave abode.

Similarly, Su Ming had now become sure that the destruction of hundreds of red figures would attract thousands of red figure, so the destruction of thousands of red figures... would definitely attract tens of thousands of red figures to him.

And his level of cultivation could only allow him to trigger a wide scale explosion with the ripple from the ring one more time. After that, even if the red figures did not chase after him again, Su Ming would lose all his cultivation base and turn into a mortal. Like this, he would also lose the right to hunt.

With a lunge forward, Su Ming rushed through the area of the one million feet that were cleared of the red fog. During that instant, a furious roar came from the hall in the sky. Upon hearing it, countless red figures walked out of thin air. They did not appear in groups of hundreds or thousands, but tens of thousands.

They were packed densely together, and the sight alone was enough to cause a person's heart to tremble viciously.

But that was not all. As booming sounds reverberated in the air from the hall in the sky, a tall figure walked out of the hall. It was about fifty feet tall, and its body was like that of a mummy. Red light shone in the person's eyes, and in his hands he held a red bone spear.

He was not alone. Three such creatures appeared in succession.

A terrifying ripple of power erupted from each of their bodies. Yet their presences resembled a state of emptiness, as if they had no souls. In fact, when Su Ming swept his gaze across them, he saw a scene which caused his pupils to shrink. The mummies were not originally fifty feet tall, but there were multiple dried up heads and rotten limbs attached to their bodies. Clearly... they were terrifying existences formed by multiple corpses by using some unknown method.

Their appearance caused Su Ming's heart to instantly let out a thump.

Tens of thousands of red figures rushed towards him while shrieking, and the three mummies roared in anger. When they stepped forward, ripples appeared under their feet, and they too immediately charged towards Su Ming.

The hall in the sky was still humming, as if more figures would appear soon.

Su Ming was in the face of a perilous situation which might spell his imminent death. Before him was the white mountain, however. It might have been concealed by the fog again, but he was already very close to it.

As the three mummies arrived and the tens of thousands of red figures charged towards him with piercing whistles, Su Ming used his full speed to charge forward. In an instant, he appeared on the mountain, and once he scanned the area with his divine sense, he immediately found the middle section of the mountain housing a cave.

He instantly rushed inside it, and the three mummies in the sky roared in anger at once before lifting their right hands. The bone spears turned into red bolts of lightning. With a momentum to tear apart the sky and earth, they charged towards Su Ming, who was already in the white mountain.

With a bang, Su Ming stepped into the cave. He was immediately pushed forward by the impact formed by the bone spears behind him stabbing at the mountain, but a ray of protective light immediately surrounded him. When it fought back against the impact, Su Ming coughed up blood. He rushed forth a few more steps before turning around. A fierce and murderous expression appeared on his face. He was prepared to fight against the creatures in the cave.

But at that instant, an old voice suddenly shot out from the mountain. It had a domineering tone, and a will that said that the speaker looked upon the universe in scorn and stood above all lives.

“Begone, all of you substandard life forms who have failed in the ascension of your spirits! Get out of the territory of my Heavenly Spirit Tribe! Go back to your Spirit Descension Hall! BEGONE!”

When the voice rang out, the red sky trembled, the tens of thousands of red figures retreated while shrieking, and the three mummies tumbled back like kites.

The voice thundered and stirred up the lightning in the world, causing the red fog in the area to tumble about. Countless bolts of lightning descended from the sky, making the piercing screams from the red figures to grow stronger, and the red light in the eyes of the three mummies faded away. They all quickly retreated.

Chapter 1185: A Theory of the Four Eras!

“Leave this place in three breaths, all of you substandard life forms who have failed in the ascension of your spirits!

“If any of you dares to not obey, I will slaughter my way into Spirit Descension Hall and destroy all of your spirit plates. I will destroy all of your spirit forms!”

An ancient voice with an unparalleled, domineering tone reverberated through the air with loud rumbles. Upon hearing it, not only did the red figures retreat while shrieking, even the red fog in the area tumbled about as if shivering and fell back.

In a span of two breaths, not a single red figure could be seen in a circular area of one million feet. Even the hall in the sky had faded away and disappeared without a trace. Everything returned to a state of calm. Even the red fog in the distance gradually gained a white shade as if it was about to turn white ahead of schedule.

Su Ming stood at the entrance of the cave. All that had happened caused his eyes to flash rapidly. A hint of shock and uncertainty appeared on his face. He stood unmoving, still hearing the old man’s words echo in his ears.

Su Ming did not move as the area sank into a state of dead silence. Not a single sound could be heard. It was as if Su Ming’s presence did not gain any attention from the voice which declared itself to be part of Heavenly Spirit Tribe.

‘Failure in the ascension of their spirits... Spirit Descension Hall... Heavenly Spirit Tribe.’

Su Ming’s eyes sparkled. He turned his head around and cast a glance at the depths of the cave. After a moment of pensive silence, he did not step in. Instead, he walked out of the cave and stood right outside the entrance. He stood at the mountainside of the white mountain and stared into the distance.

He could clearly see the fog in the distance changing. White fog took up half of it, and before long, the red fog would disappear, replaced by white, and the world would welcome seven days of relative safety.

‘So these red figures and the mummies who held the bone spears in their hands are products of people who failed in the ascension of their spirits in this place... Then since there are beings who failed in the ascension of their spirits, there must be those who succeeded...

‘Ascension of spirits... Could it be that the so-called Ancestral Spirits and Antecedental Spirits are a product born after someone succeeds in the ascension of their spirit?’

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He remembered the words that Yu Family's Yu Rou had told him when he was in Black Ink Planet in the Barren Lands of Divine Essence.

"Legend has it that when the sky, the earth, the universe, the heavens, the galaxy, and the cosmos had yet to take form, the first living things that were born were known as... Ancestral Spirits.

"They created life, which is why we have so many races and so many different types of living beings.

"These living beings worshiped the Ancestral Spirits. In the endless passage of time, among the races that did so, life forms that could bear the power of the Ancestral Spirits slowly came into existence. They were known as Antecedental Spirits.

"A disaster no one knows about caused all manner of living to die or fall to sleep. It didn't matter whether it was the Ancestral Spirits or those who became Antecedental Spirits due to their worship, none were able to escape from the disaster.

"As the disaster went on, the races fell to ruin. They were either dissolved or destroyed, and in the end, they were no more. In the endless passage of time after the disaster, there were no longer any Ancestral Spirits or Antecedental Spirits, but the people could see the changes in the universe, could see the world, the planets, could sense the rules and laws in the universe, and from then on, consolidate some of the cultivation methods to slowly create their own cultivation systems.

"It was... a cultivation system that aimed to achieve perfection and become a superior life form. The system for each race was different, but their goal was the same. Over the course of time, the outstanding ones who practiced this sort of cultivation system were known as Succeeding Spirits.

"By now, even Succeeding Spirits are incredibly rare, and due to dissemination and growth of the numerous races in the universe, the people who practice these sort of cultivation systems are known as cultivators. Based on the ancient titles, some of them could be known as Succeeding Spirits."

This was the explanation Yu Rou had provided him in the past. It was also the first time Su Ming had come to know of the meaning of titles like Ancestral Spirit, Antecedental Spirit, Successor Spirit, and Succeeding Spirit.

When Su Ming heard it, his heart had been stirred up slightly, but he did not take it to heart. He believed that the understanding of the tribes in the Barren Lands of Divine Essence towards cultivators was not complete. They only had superficial knowledge about them.

Yet when Su Ming went to True Morning Dao World and met the Predecessor of Dao Ocean, when he saw the red figures and All Spirits Hall, the place spoken in the

legends of the Barren Lands of Divine Essence saying that it was the birthplace of all lives and heard the keywords in the old man's words, his heart was shaken greatly.

'Based on the words from the Barren Lands of Divine Essence, cultivators are in truth Succeeding Spirits... The Barren Lands of Divine Essence are part of Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos, so is there a possibility... that Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos has already gone through four eras? Perhaps, Sui Chen Zi, Ecang, and Old Man Extermination are just people who existed or were outsiders during one of the eras.

'Besides the era of the Succeeding Spirits, the other four eras have already been buried in the long river of history. Only a speck of information has been passed down... Only due to ancient history and still living tribal lives in Divine Essence Star Ocean, the people there have the complete version of the four eras.'

Su Ming remained silent as a contemplative expression appeared on his face. The more he thought about this, the more shocked he became.

He suddenly thought of another problem—even though the Almighties in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos were in the same Realm as the cultivators from Saint Defier's camp and should have been equals in terms of strength, when they fought against each other, a cultivator in Solar Kalpa Realm from Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos could win against those in Fate Realm from Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos. In fact, they even had the courage to fight against those in Life Realm.

Just what was different between them that could create such a disparity? Su Ming had always been puzzled about this. He had once believed that Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos was simply slightly more primitive, which was why they did not have the cultivation system which had been formed over countless years in Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos.

In fact, Su Ming had even been slightly envious of the core of Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos' cultivation system—Essence!

Those from Saint Defier cultivated Essence, and those from Dark Dawn cultivated spirit cores. When he learned about this, Su Ming had sighed in his heart, because he did not know what Arid Triad cultivated. He had no clue about it, and feeling perplexed, he had tried to learn from Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos and cultivate this so-called Essence energy.

He had really taken a few steps down this road, but he could never forget how casual the Predecessor of Dao Ocean had been when it analyzed Essence while Su Ming was undergoing the trial of the Dynasts in True Morning Dao World in its illusion. Its voice might have sounded no different from other people, but Su Ming could still tell how dismissive it was.

It was as if... to the Predecessor of Dao Ocean, Essences were very simple and not at all complicated. It only needed to think about it for a moment before being able to help Su Ming sense the existence of Essences of tremors.

This made it clear that Essences were not mysterious to the Predecessor of Dao Ocean. They were merely some simple principles. As long as one could comprehend and master them completely, they could execute them.

Su Ming's breathing quickened slightly, and a brilliant light shone in his eyes. These were questions and doubts which had always existed in his mind. At that moment, when he heard the old man's words, they became keys in his mind which instantly made him think of many things. They slowly turned into a theory which was incredibly mad, but Su Ming still somewhat believed in it.

'It's not that the cultivators in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos are not strong, but that they are now fourth generation cultivators. They have lost the cultivation system they owned in the past. It can be said that they have tried to develop it again... but while Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos might have also gone through several eras, there is no doubt... that even though they might have also lost their cultivation system in the past, theirs is still more complete. This is why there is such a huge difference between us.

'The fourth era is the Succeeding Spirits' Era. Then based on this, I can tell that the third era is the era of Successor Spirits, and they watched the changes in the universe and the planets in the galaxy. They sensed the laws and rules in the world, then merged it with what little remained of the cultivation system of the past, and slowly, they created a new cultivation system.

'It is... a cultivation system which allows them to perfect themselves and make themselves become a greater life form. During the third era, the people practiced cultivation with this cultivation system. They were known as cultivators who were Successor Spirits.

'In that era lived Sui Chen Zi, Ecang, and Old Man Extermination. During those glorious days, the cultivators of that time should have been able to fight against those in Saint Defier and Dark Dawn... Even if their overall strength was still not enough to win against them, their combat abilities should have been strong enough to stand on equal grounds.

'But when the third era was destroyed, Sui Chen Zi and the others died while Ecang fell asleep. This is why when the fourth era started, the cultivators became weaker; after all, they could only practice cultivation based on some of the incomplete cultivation methods passed down to them from the third era. That is why... they are no longer able to fight against those from Saint Defier's camp in terms of their combat power despite their levels of cultivation being just as high.

'And the third era's destruction... might be because of Old Man Extermination's ballad!'

Su Ming's heart trembled. He had a vague feeling that even if his guess was not completely accurate, he was definitely close to the truth.

His breathing quickened. If he continued making his deductions based on this train of thought, then the second era belonged to the Antecedental Spirits. It was completely dislocated from the third era. It was to the point that even their cultivation systems were completely different.

The cultivators of the second era worshiped the first era's Ancestral Spirits, and from this, they obtained overwhelmingly powerful cultivation bases. They slowly stood out among their tribes and became known as Antecedental Spirits. In time, they brought their tribes to glory... but in the end, they still faced the decline and destruction of their era. That destruction submerged everything they had created.

'Antecedental Spirits... Antecedental Spirits... There's a high possibility that the Predecessor of Dao Ocean is an Antecedental Spirit from the second era, and it's still alive!'

A brilliant light which had never appeared in Su Ming's eyes before shone at that moment. He felt that the more he analysed things in this manner, the closer he came to the truth.

'That's why the Predecessor of Dao Ocean could investigate the cultivators from Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos and the Ancient God as it pleased. In fact, it could imitate all their divine abilities and execute them in the illusion even after they died. It could even... imitate Essences that is the core of the cultivation system in Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos!'

'From this, it can be seen just how powerful the Antecedental Spirits of the second era are!'

'Then... I now have the perfect explanation for the use of the All Spirits Hall and the failure in spirit ascension mentioned by the ancient old man. This All Spirits Hall is a legacy which can allow the people from the second era to become Ancestral Spirits!'

Su Ming shuddered. As the shock traveled through him from his own theory, a great desire suddenly erupted in the depths of his heart!

Chapter 1186: The Figure Behind Him

'That's why the voice mentioned failure in spirit ascension. This means that there is a high possibility of failing in this spirit ascension. If I fail, I will turn into one of those mindless red figures!'

As Su Ming's heart shuddered, he remembered the red figure's murmurs once they appeared.

"One form of life was born before heaven and earth. It allowed all the other forms of life to be born, and it nourished them..."

"Heaven and earth could exist for so long because they do not operate for their own survival. This is what allows them to stay eternal. If you desire life, then you must possess life..."

"Ancestral Spirits precede Antecedental Spirits. They come from before the time of the universe, which is why those who live must destroy lives..."

'That must be it!' A brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes, and his breathing quickened. When he lifted his head, he stared at the now white sky. He watched the spot where the hall had floated and longing born from resolve appeared in his eyes.

'Make the offering... the Heavenly Incense Rune should be something from the second era as well. That is why the soul with the independent will born in the clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole would naturally possess the required characteristics and could be treated as an offering. I can activate the All Spirits Hall and obtain a chance to make my soul ascend!

'This is... This is...' Su Ming forced down the desire in his heart. He suddenly thought of Old Man Extermination. The ballad he spoke of in the past also required all lives to give him offerings...

'If that's the case, then was Old Man Extermination imitating the second era's All Spirits Hall? Or was he misleading people? There is another possibility... He could have known the secret of All Spirits Hall and wanted to become an Ancestral Spirit, but lacked offerings, so he used the ballad as bait to gather the power of the entire Expanse Cosmos to find the offering!

'With this method, he could destroy the third era, and he could also obtain the right to enter the All Spirits Hall...'

Su Ming did not know whether his assumption about Old Man Extermination was correct, but regardless of it, this was not what was important. What mattered was that Su Ming would never give up on this chance.

He stared at the sky, and after a long time had passed, he murmured, "Then... what about the first era? Just... how strong were the people during the first era, the most ancient era in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos?"

"If my assumption is correct, then the Predecessor of Dao Ocean is just an Antecedental Spirit, someone who worships the first era's Ancestral Spirit, and from this obtains great power. Then... just how strong... were the Ancestral Spirits of the first era in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos who had the universe at their beck and call?"

"Where did they come from? Why did they disappear? Do they... still exist now?"

Su Ming narrowed his eyes. If he could verify these assumptions then... He suddenly had a feeling that perhaps he was wrong in certain things that he thought he knew.

For example, his experiences as well as those of the old black-robed man he had Possessed all pointed towards Saint Defier and Dark Dawn with 180 Expanse Cosmoses being ancient, eternal existences, while Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos was like a newborn universe. It might be weak, but if it had enough time, it could grow into an ancient Expanse Cosmos just like Dark Dawn and Saint Defier.

But if this was wrong...

What if compared to Dark Dawn and Saint Defier, Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos was not a newborn... but an existence even older than them?

Su Ming did not continue with that train of thought. He stopped himself from thinking about that theory. He had no proof for this, and it was merely a thought that even he felt was slightly absurd.

He threw those thoughts away, but these assumptions were buried in the depths of his heart. He quietly turned his head around and looked towards the white mountain and the black cave behind him. His eyes sparkled, but he did not immediately step inside. Instead, he slowly sat down cross-legged and remained still outside the entrance of the cave.

He simply allowed time to pass, sitting there for half a month. The color of the fog changed continuously. When it turned purple, Su Ming stood up and left the mountain to rush into the purple fog.

Three days later, he returned to the mountain. This time, without any hesitation, he charged into the cave.

He wanted to go to the Heavenly Spirit Tribe. He wanted to see whether his theory regarding the four eras and the spirit ascension was correct. He had not immediately stepped into the cave half a month ago because he had already used up nearly eight-tenths of his cultivation base when he had the ripple erupt from the ring.

He did not know whether there were any dangers in Heavenly Spirit Tribe, so his cautious nature did not allow him to act recklessly. That is why he had went out to hunt many ferocious beasts in the purple fog. Once he drank their blood, he recovered about eight-tenths of his cultivation, and he returned to the mountain.

The cave was narrow and long, and it extended downwards. Su Ming did not move quickly. He sent his divine sense outwards in a barely discernible manner.

Time trickled by as Su Ming continued down the cave. Eventually, after the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, he reached a large opening. At the instant he walked out of the tunnel and saw the cave abode clearly, he shuddered and sucked in a sharp breath.

It was a huge cave. A small part of it was the inner part of the mountain while the majority was a huge pit dug in the ground.

In the pit... were skeletons of people who had died an unknown number of years ago. He was not in Heavenly Spirit Tribe, but a mass grave!

There were quite a number of skeletons that belonged to children in the pit as well. They might have belonged to a tribe called Heavenly Spirit Tribe while they were alive, but right then, all of them were dead and had been thrown into pit.

The pile was high, and all the skeletons were black, terrifying anyone who saw them. They also gave off a ghastly presence.

Su Ming was silent. He had clearly heard the old voice come from the cave half a month ago, and he had also seen fear appear on the apathetic faces of the red figures who had failed in the ascension of their spirits. They had swiftly retreated as if they were extremely terrified of the voice.

Su Ming looked around him quietly. The place was filled with dead silence. Not a single sound could be heard. When Su Ming cast his gaze on the stone walls around him, his pupils constricted. He saw some carvings on the wall.

They were usually a habit shared among tribes to record certain things. Su Ming knew about this, and he approached the murals to observe them closely.

The first carving was of a beautiful, large tribe. It was peaceful, and the sun as well as the moon were simultaneously in the sky...

Su Ming could tell from the second carving that the people in the tribe worshiped a statue. It was of a man who had long hair, and it had clearly been worshiped in the tribe for years. The people knelt before it, their faces filled with sincerity.

The third carving was of a teenager in the tribe being brought before the statue. Once he knelt down and worshiped it, he seemed to have obtained some sort of legacy...

When Su Ming saw this, his heart suddenly trembled. He was incredibly familiar with this scene. It was clearly the same as Berserker's Initiation from the time he was in the land of Berserkers!

He immediately moved and checked another wall. He saw a tall stone platform in the fourth carving. Kneeling on the platform was an old man. He had both his arms raised as if he was calling to the sky.

There was a gigantic face there, and it belonged to the statue of the man Su Ming saw before. That man stared at the ground and the people on it with a gentle gaze. There was a smile on his face, and he seemed to be bestowing the old man some sort of power. Light spread out from his whole body.

In the fifth carving, Su Ming saw that the face of the man in the sky was no longer smiling. Instead, it held grief. The members of the tribe on the ground were kneeling, and their faces were also filled with grief.

The man's face was no longer in the sixth carving. The sun and moon in the sky had been shattered, and in their place were now countless figures. It was as if they were disappearing somewhere, and most were still staring at the ground. In their gazes was reluctance to leave, grief, and also a thick aura of death.

It was as if they were about to die, but before they did so, they seemed to be worried about the lives on the ground. They joined their hands, raised their arms, and pushed against the air. Then, in that spot, a towering hall appeared!

But a bolt of lightning came from above and struck the hall...

When Su Ming saw this, his heart shuddered. He could understand the meaning pertained in the drawing. There was a high possibility that the figures were the Ancestral Spirits of the first era. Due to some destruction which had descended upon them, they had to leave and walk towards death, but before they died, they gathered all their power and built the hall.

Yet at that moment, a bolt of lightning descended, making it flawed. This was what the carvings wanted to tell him.

Su Ming was silent. He continued observing the final two carvings. One of them showed a hall in the sky. There were plenty of people worshiping it on the platforms on the ground with faces filled with ferociousness and madness. Carved above them were indistinct figures. These figures were filled with the air of death, and they were dressed in long robes. With just one glance, Su Ming could tell that those were the red figures he had seen outside.

When he recognized them, he sucked in a deep breath. The scene in the carving verified some of his assumptions. The red figures who had failed in the ascension of their spirits were once... members of the tribes on the ground.

In silence, Su Ming turned his head and looked towards the final picture. When he did so, he did not notice that a figure had appeared behind him at some unknown point of time.

It belonged to an old man, and he was covered in filth. His gaze was unfocused even though he was staring straight ahead while standing behind Su Ming.

Chapter 1187: Victory in Terms of the Soul

The last picture was incredibly complicated. It was also slightly crude, as if the carver's heart was not in a state of calm at that time, but they had still insisted on carving the picture to record something.

In that carving was a tall platform. There was an old man on it, and he had his arms raised. Floating above him was the hall, and beneath him were countless members of his tribe kneeling and worshipping him. There was excitement and hope on their faces.

However, if Su Ming looked at this scene from another point of view, then the excitement might not be what it looked like, but fear. Similarly, the hope might not be hope, but despair and sadness.

That was all to the picture.

The last crude carving was completely different from the other pictures. It was as if this story said nothing in the end.

Su Ming was silent. When he turned around, he looked at the area where he stood earlier, but he still did not see the old figure behind him watching him silently.

Su Ming swept his gaze across the area and frowned. He could not sense any life in the place, but the voice had clearly come from here. When he immersed himself in his thoughts, his pupils suddenly constricted. He saw that there seemed to be a different region by the side of the skeletons in the depths of the pit.

He charged towards the bottom, where the skeletons were. In the blink of an eye, he reached his destination and stared at a faint hollow on the ground near the wall.

That hollow made it seem that a person had cultivated there for countless years, causing the stone to slowly sink in and form the brand of someone meditating there.

As he stared at the brand, Su Ming narrowed his eyes. When he approached it, he crouched down, and raised his right hand to swipe it past the hollow. At that moment, the hair on his body stood up, because there was a faint warmth coming from it. This meant that not long ago, there was still someone meditating in that place.

“That is the spot I use to meditate.”

Right then, an old voice came from behind Su Ming. He had not noticed the speaker previously, and the voice made it sound as if there was someone whispering by his ears. Su Ming had his cultivation base erupt from his body without any hesitation. He rushed forward, and only when he was some distance away did turn around, but he still did not see anything.

Su Ming’s heart raced, and his skin crawled. Suddenly, someone tapped his shoulder lightly.

“What are you looking for?”

Su Ming’s expression changed. This time, he did not immediately turn around. Instead, he brought his right hand up without any hesitation. A ripple spread out from the ring, and he chose that time to charge away. While doing so, he turned around to look behind him, but it was still the same as before. He still did not see anything.

His heart began to race even quicker than before. He might not have seen the person’s body, but he was certain that the person was definitely behind him. In silence, Su Ming forced down the anxiety in his heart and decided that he might as well sit down.

If the stranger wanted to attack him, he would have done so a long time ago. Since he did not attack even up to this moment... Su Ming laughed wryly. He could only sit down and speak in a low voice,

“Thank you for saving me earlier, senior.”

It was quiet all around him. It was as if Su Ming was talking to himself. There was absolutely no response.

Time passed, and in the blink of an eye, an hour went by. At that time, a thought rose in Su Ming’s mind. He slowly stood up, then walked towards the entrance of the cave, but when he reached the entrance, the air around him suddenly distorted. In an instant, with a wry smile on his face, Su Ming noticed that he had been sent back to the spot where the person had previously meditated.

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath and murmured, "Senior, since you won't speak and won't allow me to leave, you can just tell me your requests. If this junior can fulfill them, I will do my best to repay you for saving me earlier."

"Young lad, which tribe did you come from?" a faint voice asked from behind him after a long time.

"Dark Mountain Tribe. I am a member of Dark Mountain Tribe."

Su Ming spoke without hesitation, and he prepared the words what he would say once the person said he had never heard of the tribe before, but while he waited for the upcoming questions, he heard the old voice behind him say words that caused his heart to tremble violently.

"Dark Mountain Tribe, one of the thirteen tribes born and split from Great Berserker Tribe..."

When these words fell into Su Ming's ears, his heart trembled. At the same time, an old man's withered right hand appeared on his shoulder. It patted his shoulder, and immediately, a domineering presence seeped into Su Ming's body before it swimming a complete cycle in him. Then, it rushed towards Su Ming's soul.

The old man did not perform a Soulseek, but only touched Su Ming's soul lightly. Then, the presence moved back and returned to his shoulder before retreating to the withered right hand.

"It's indeed the presence of the Berserker's Initiation, but your soul belongs to Great Abyss Tribe. There is also something nourishing you, something that doesn't belong to this World. Hmph, I've been the most vocal objector towards interracial marriage, but at the very least, you showed that you're a Berserker by not lying."

When the old voice echoed in the air, a huge storm raged in Su Ming's mind.

'Dark Mountain Tribe... So Dark Mountain Tribe really exists. Berserkers... Great Berserker Tribe... and he says that my soul is from Great Abyss Tribe. This is...'

Su Ming could not calm down. His heart was in complete turmoil due to the old man's words.

"I'll make a deal with you, young Berserker. Since you can come here, you and I are linked through fate. Your soul and aura might be a little mixed, but it doesn't matter whether you're from Great Berserker Tribe or Great Abyss Tribe, for you're still a member of the younger generation from one of our allied tribes. This deal will grant you a great serendipity," the old man said in a faint, ancient voice. A decaying air even formed due to the sediments of time.

Su Ming did not immediately ask what sort of serendipity he would receive. Instead, after hesitating for a moment, he forced down the storm that had begun raging in him due to the old man's words. "Senior, if you had determined that I wasn't a member of the younger generation belonging to one of your allied tribes..."

"You'd share the fate of all the other people who had come here. You have your soul sought through, your skin flayed, your bones plucked out, and when you're dried up, I would add some seasoning to your flesh and feed you to the beasts of offering," the old man said faintly.

A barely noticeable glint shone in Su Ming's eyes. He then asked another question. "What about the other members of the younger generation from your allied tribes who received this great serendipity of yours, senior?"

"They are among the substandard beings you saw in the red fog in the world outside." The old man's voice was as calm as usual, but when those words landed in Su Ming's ears, a cold chill went through his heart.

He fell silent, and the old man did not continue speaking either. When the time it takes for an incense stick to burn passed, Su Ming smiled wryly and sighed.

"Senior, this great serendipity you speak of is a chance for me to have my spirit ascend and become an Ancestral Spirit, right?"

"Hmm? Boy, you're a shrewd one. You must have deduced this from how I dispelled those substandard beings. That's right. The serendipity I will give you is a chance for you to have your spirit ascend. Since you like to analyze things, then you can analyze what you will need to do for the deal before I give you the serendipity. If you can guess it, I will give you some rewards."

The old man's words came to a halt then as if some emotion that had not existed in him previously had entered his heart, but he soon finished what he wanted to say in a faint voice.

"You only have one chance to guess."

When the old man's voice reverberated through the air, Su Ming's eyes sparkled.

"You should not be thinking of leaving this place..." Su Ming said, and the old man behind him snorted coldly.

"Don't try pulling some meaningless schemes."

"Senior, you want me to search for the person who killed your tribe!" Su Ming suddenly said in a firm voice.

He was making a bet, but even if he lost, he would not suffer any loss. Still, Su Ming wanted to win because he had constantly been in the passive during his entire contact with the old man. His constant presence behind him had caused a shadow to loom over his heart. It was also growing larger, and it would continue to do so until Su Ming could no longer muster any will to fight back. At that time, the old man would completely control his mind.

Su Ming wanted to seize control even if it was just an insignificant amount of it, for to him, it was still a form of resistance and struggle against the old man.

And Su Ming had not chosen this answer out of the blue. He had formed it from a couple clues. One, the place had been reduced to ruins and become the burial grounds for Heavenly Spirit Tribe, and the old man had chosen to remain with his tribe members. Su Ming could tell a number of things from this.

There was also the very distinct, crude craftsmanship of the final carving. The things shown in the picture had a bizarre air, and they have the feel of the end of the story. This revealed plenty of things as well. Heavenly Spirit Tribe could have walked to their ruin with all the members' lives coming to a natural end, but there were children among the skeletons, which wiped off this possibility.

There was also the possibility of the red figures killing them. But even though this was possible, it made no sense with the old man's strength. There was also the possibility of external reasons causing it, but Su Ming only had one chance to guess, so he had chosen his answer without hesitation.

Even so, he was not certain of it himself. Yet when the person behind him remained silent for a time, Su Ming knew that there was a possibility that his guess had been correct.

"Perhaps I should have agreed to the matter of interracial marriage in the past..." After a long while, a long sigh came from behind Su Ming.

"You're very smart, and you have a good idea for observations... Your guess is correct, but also wrong. The person who killed my people is me..."

"Tell me, what sort of reward do you want?" There was a hint of sorrow in the old man's voice as it echoed in the air languidly.

Su Ming was silent for a moment before a glint shone in his eyes, and he spoke in a firm voice. "This junior does not want any sort of reward, but would like to have a look at your face, senior."

"You are indeed very intelligent... the mental state of a person able to see and unable to see is completely different." After some time, the old voice reverberated in the cave, and the air in front of Su Ming distorted. A moment later, an old man walked out.

His body was filthy, but Su Ming could tell with just one glance that he was the old man in the last picture, who was sitting on the platform with his arms raised in the hall in the sky while being worshiped by countless people!

There was a profound look in the old man's eyes, but there was apathy mixed with loss in it. People could not look straight into them for it would feel like their souls would be sucked into his eyes.

The old man just stood there. There was no ripple of power about him, but Su Ming could sense a mighty pressure much greater than what he had felt from the Predecessor of Dao Ocean. It was as if there was an entire Realm between this person and the Predecessor of Dao Ocean!

Chapter 1188: The Three Races of Arid Triad!

"There is still a will hidden in your body, a weak Antecedental Spirit who was fortunate enough to evade the disaster, but whose spirit has been split countless times. Right now, what remains of him is weak, and he only retains a little of his soul. It is so faint that it is almost gone. He should be an Antecedental Spirit from Earthen Sand Tribe."

The old man cast an indifferent glance at Su Ming, and it looked like he could see straight through him to discover all his secrets. When his voice echoed in the air, Su Ming's heart trembled, but he did not show it on his face.

When he saw the face of the mysterious old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe, Su Ming buried his wariness in his heart. It did not matter whether it were his expressions or emotions he had revealed earlier, for he had showed them to let the old man know about them and also because he wanted him to do it.

After all, it was easy to find out whether a person was truly temperamental. It was also very easy for others to be on guard against such people. That was why they needed a disguise and a cover to hide all the changes in their heart.

Su Ming knew who the old man was talking about. It was the Spirit of the Sand Earthlings, a being who had declared himself to be an Ancestral Spirit but who was in truth an Antecedental Spirit. The old man's words also answered Su Ming's question about the Predecessor of Dao Ocean.

When he had thought of the Predecessor of Dao Ocean, he had also thought of the Spirit of the Sand Earthlings, which gave him some doubt. But it showed up that the Spirit of the Sand Earthlings was not an Ancestral Spirit as he had declared himself to be, but just an Antecedental Spirit.

It had been constantly asleep, and Su Ming did not summon it because the Seed of Life Extermination had left. He did not know whether something unexpected would happen if he summoned the Antecedental Spirit of the Sand Earthlings.

“Senior, you said before that I have the presence of the foreign races...”

Su Ming knew that he should not take the initiative and ask this question. He should instead ignore it and did not pay any attention to this matter if the old man did not pursue this line of questioning. This would probably be the right way for him to go about the deal with the old man.

But Su Ming still asked that question. If he did not understand everything, then this so-called great serendipity which would be given to him might turn him into one of the red figures, making him a substandard being who failed in the ascension of his spirit.

“Who might these foreign races be?” Su Ming looked as composed as ever as he stared at the old man.

When he asked this question, a cold, fierce glare shone in the old man’s eyes. He stared at Su Ming and did not say a word for a long time.

Su Ming did not speak either. Instead, he stared at the old man quietly. His level of cultivation might not be equivalent and the old man might be able to kill him with ease, but it did not take away Su Ming’s courage to meet his gaze.

“The foreign races... are naturally those from Dark race and Saint race. To all the tribes in Arid race, they are foreigners!” the old man said in a flat voice after a long while.

A brilliant light shone in Su Ming’s eyes. The old man’s words had given him an incredible amount of information.

“Is Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos called a triad because of this?” he suddenly asked.

The old man stared at Su Ming, and a profound expression appeared on his face. He raised his head and looked up at the top of the cave abode. His expression was full of sentimentality.

“You glimpsed some ancient history, and you want to obtain verification about your thoughts from me, hmm? Very well, agree to our deal, and I will tell you everything. It is a past buried in the passages of time, and stories of things... I had experienced personally,” the old man said calmly.

There was an ancient tone to his voice, and it echoed in the cave abode filled with skeletons, making it sound as if the wind of time was blowing in the cave.

Su Ming was silent. After some time, his eyes flashed, and he slowly nodded.

“I can agree to your request, senior, but I would like to have all my questions answered!”

“Arid Triad is known as a triad because there were three races when the Ancestral Spirits created all lives in the universe during the days of old. These three races were Dark, Saint, and Arid!

“There were plenty of tribes among each race.” There was nostalgia on the old man’s face. His voice was airy, as if it had come from a distant time in the past, though no one could tell the exact year.

“Then Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos’ Ancient Wu, Ancient Shu, Ancient Wei...” Su Ming immediately said.

“I don’t know about this ancient you speak of, but I do know that the Dark race developed in the period of time after the era of the Ancestral Spirits. Under the call of their Ancestral Spirit, all their tribes were uniformly known as... Wu!

“Similarly, the Saint Race also declared themselves as Shu under the orders of their Ancestral Spirit.

“We of the Arid race is the Wei you speak of!”

When the old man’s voice echoed in the air, Su Ming’s expression might have remained calm, but there was a storm raging in his heart. The old man’s words answered his questions and made him recall Sir Tian Wu, the Heavenly Centipede he had met in Divine Essence Star Ocean.

That Almighty might have died in the fifth kiln, but Su Ming would never forget how he had stimulated the so-called blood of Ancient Wu. When he remembered that the man’s real form was that of a huge centipede, Su Ming felt his head instantly become clearer.

Those from Dark Dawn practiced the cultivation method of cultivating their inner cores. While the people in this camp seemed like cultivators, they were in truth various strange creatures taking the form of humans, and this was completely similar to what Tian Wu had done!

“They are no longer the Dark race and the Saint race. They’ve come to declare themselves as Dark Dawn and Saint Defier...” Once Su Ming said these words, he stopped and looked at the old man.

The old man was silent. After some time, he sighed softly.

“Even the Ancestral Spirits have their camps... or else Wu, Shu, and Wei would not have appeared... but it does not matter which camp they belonged to. In a disaster that suddenly appeared in the past, about which even I did not know, I managed to find some clues regarding that disaster... which is that most of them had perished.

“In the era when all spirits and lives died, we lost our legacy. There were few Antecedental Spirits who rose to power, but the legacy halls were shattered. The massacre brought upon by those who failed in the ascension of their spirits caused a great war between the three races.

“In that war, Wei disappeared. The Arid race, who represented Wei, scattered, but Wu and Shu also paid a devastating price. This war meant the end of the tribal era after the era of the Ancestral Spirits came to an end. It also meant that Arid Triad was no longer suitable for the races to live.

“This was why besides a few people, most of those remaining in Wu and Shu chose to leave in search for a place which they could mold into a home suitable for their survival.

“Many years later, a member of the younger generation barged into this place and did something prohibited. I woke up from my sleep then, and I searched through his memories before he died. There, I came to know that the third era began after the age of tribes. Nine True Worlds appeared, and from his memories, I learned about Dark Dawn and Saint Defier...” When the old man said these words, he looked over.

Su Ming was silent. All of the truths caused his heart to tremble once he learned that many things were as he had thought, but while he had guessed a lot correctly, he did not expect the part about Saint Defier and Dark Dawn. This revelation didn't allow him to calm down.

“So that's how it is. No wonder there is such a great disparity in power despite us being on the same Realm. So that's how it is...” Su Ming sucked in a deep breath, and his eyes suddenly shone. “Was All Spirits Hall created by all the Ancestral Spirits of the three races, or was it..?”

“It was created by Wei's Ancestral Spirit. There is something similar in Wu and Shu as well,” the old man said languidly.

“Then I have one final question. Regardless of whether it is Wu, Shu, or even Wei, what are the Ancestral Spirits who created all these, and where did they come from? Why... did they come here to create the universe and the three races?!”

When Su Ming asked this question, Dark Mountain appeared in his head. When he was still an ignorant teenager, he had read a sentence written on a beast skin scroll describing the legends of the Berserkers.

“Since the creation of the world and of man, the Berserker Tribe has existed and it still exists to this date...”

“So the legend is not just a legend. That seemingly normal sentence which I thought was just a myth... is real!” Su Ming's expression changed several times in succession before he looked towards the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe.

“Perhaps... there was another great era before the era of Ancestral Spirits.” The old man was silent for some time before he sighed softly. That sigh held an ancient air that could make a hearer feel like their soul would soon turn to dust as well.

“The cultivation of lives during that era exceeds our imagination. They were unmatched in power, but the entire era had perished in an unknown disaster. Its remnants created Arid Triad, but in the end, they still could not escape fate. They too died.

“I’ve thought of your question before. I didn’t puzzle about where they came from, but thought of myself. I was wondering... If I could live longer and witness the changes between eras until the day came when I would have to watch all of us, be it Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos where we stay, or the Vast Expanse itself, destroyed in a disaster which we cannot fight against...

“If I am still alive by then, what would I do? If you’re alive, what would you do?” the old man mumbled.

“With my abilities, I would create another universe... I would make the legacy continue so that our Brand will never disappear...”

Su Ming’s heart trembled. As he stared at the old man, the old man too stared at him. Su Ming had come to understand that the old man had used these words to give him the answer.

“I’ve answered your questions. Now, it is your turn to fulfill your promise and complete your end of the deal. I will give you a chance to have your spirit ascend, and if... you succeed, use the power of the All Spirits Hall to return to the past and stop me from killing my tribe members. Even if you can’t, you have to plant a zone there so I can return to it countless times!”

An obsessive madness appeared in his eyes which he fixed them on Su Ming. It looked like if he was rejected, then even if Su Ming was a member of the younger generation of his allies, he would still wipe him off the plane of existence.

Su Ming was silent while staring at the old man. Even though he had tried to guess what the old man wanted him to do for the deal and the old man had let him see his face, Su Ming still did not expect that the old man’s thoughts would be so mad.

Changing of the past... Forget whether such a thing was even possible. Even if it was, how could it be achieved so easily? The Ancestral Spirits before the old man would have certainly thought of this, but they still died in the end.

Chapter 1189: Position of the Ancestral Spirit!

Su Ming quietly stared at the resolve in the old man's eyes, and he suddenly pitied him slightly. This was an old man who had lived in a constant state of guilt and regret, even though he was incredibly powerful. He was a mad old man who would do anything to change his tribe members' fate.

"I will fulfill my promise," Su Ming said softly.

"This is your serendipity. If you fail in the ascension of your spirit, you will become a soul without consciousness, but if you succeed, you will turn from a Successor Spirit to an Ancestral Spirit!"

The resolve in the old man's eyes became firmer as he stared at Su Ming. When his words fell into Su Ming's ears, his eyes suddenly shone.

"I'm a Successor Spirit?"

"Of course you're a Successor Spirit. Based on the information I gathered from the cultivators who barged into this place, these so-called Successor Spirits and Succeeding Spirits appeared in the subsequent era, the one which came after my era ended.

"You obtained the real Berserkers' Initiation from the Great Berserker Tribe, and you also obtained the Abyss' Awakening from the Great Abyss Tribe. With these two together, you are no longer a normal Succeeding Spirit, but a Successor Spirit!

"Though with another step you could become an Antecedental Spirit, the gap between these two stages is a wide break between two eras. Without the All Spirits Hall, no matter how hard you would cultivate, it would be almost impossible for you to cross that gap. This is why this is your serendipity!"

When he listened to the old man's words, Su Ming thought of the difference between him and the other Almightyies in Arid Triad again. He recalled his battle against the cultivators from Saint Defier's camp, and he understood the reason behind his victory.

"With my power, I can extract three examples of people succeeding in the ascension of their spirits from the passage of time. You only have three chances to copy them. Whether or not you succeed will be the main point during the three times you copy them. I wish you will succeed, but I must say that even during my time, there were incredibly few who could succeed in having their spirits ascend..."

The old man cast a complicated glance at Su Ming, then swung his arm. Su Ming immediately sensed the air around him distorting. In the blink of an eye, his vision blurred. When his world became clear again, they were no longer in a cave, but on a tall platform in white fog.

When Su Ming lowered his head to look down, he saw endless white fog along with some mountains which were barely discernible below.

“You’ve gone through the real Berserkers’ Initiation, so you can be considered a Berserker. Then the first ascension I will show you will be the sight of a powerful warrior from the Berserkers!”

A piercing, brilliant light shone in the old man’s eyes. His cultivation base erupted from him with a bang. The power of his cultivation base swept out in all directions, causing the sky to tremble and the fog on the ground to tumble violently. Su Ming nearly suffocated from it.

The old man’s act of spreading his cultivation base immediately caused Su Ming to see some illusions. It was as if the person standing before him was no longer the old man, but a vast expanse of mountains and rivers, a complete expanse of sky, a complete world, and an entire Expanse Cosmos!

All of this seemed to be contained in the old man’s body. As he stared him, Su Ming’s heart trembled. At the same time, he compared him to all the powerful warriors he had met in the past, be it Sui Chen Zi, the Predecessor of Dao Ocean, or the figure belonging in Avacaniya Realm he saw through the gap torn through Arid Triad in the Immortals’ Union. Then, his heart trembled again.

‘He’s indeed in Avacaniya!’

This was the first time Su Ming witnessed the strength of Avacaniya Realm. It was a strength that could make a world disappear if the old man wanted it, and the entire universe would have to change before him if he so desired. It was a strength which could not be put into words.

It... was a Realm which surpassed the word Realm, surpassed the heavens, surpassed space, and surpassed even the galaxy!

‘This is definitely not the power of Antecedental Spirits!’

Su Ming’s breathing quickened. He had met Antecedental Spirits before. Regardless of whether it was the Spirit of the Sand Earthlings or the Predecessor of Dao Ocean, they were definitely not as powerful.

“This is the power of those who have succeeded eight times in spirit ascension and are only one step away from becoming an Ancestral Spirit. Avacaniya... perhaps it fits into the Avacaniya Realm you speak of, but to me, if I succeed nine times in spirit ascension, I will not reach that Avacaniya you speak of... but Bhaashate! The Bhaashate Realm of the Ancestral Spirits!”

The old man raised his right hand and swung it against the sky. With it, the world roared. A huge vortex appeared suddenly in the sky. It spun and rumbled, then spread outwards in all directions. Wherever it went, the sky was reduced to countless shards. As cracking sounds echoed, the entire sky looked like it had turned into an expanse of land ravaged by a great famine.

It kept on cracking, and the shards swept in all directions. The fog on the ground tumbled backwards, and Su Ming immediately sensed the white ring on his finger buzz.

It came from it vibrating due to its instinctual reaction after running into a power which was much greater than it. These tremors caused Su Ming to understand that while the ring was a supreme treasure of Avacaniya, it was still weaker than the old man.

‘This old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe is a powerful warrior from Arid, and he’s more powerful than the Saint Defier who created this ring! Perhaps... he should be known as the Arid Deity!’

Su Ming’s heart trembled when he saw the countless shards group together as if creating another sky. As they shone, the light descended on the ground, and time seemed to change...

A figure appearing on the platform in front of Su Ming. It was incredibly tall and built. Waves of aura belonging to Berserkers with which Su Ming was familiar with spread out from it, for the person was not holding any of it back.

Even though Su Ming could only see his back, the resonance created due to them being Berserkers made him feel like he had met an incredibly familiar person when he saw the man. The person was covered in scars that had already healed. While he stood on the platform, he looked like he was standing above the world, and the earth had to submit to him. The sky also had to lower its head to him.

“Berserker!”

“Berserker!!”

“Berserker!!!”

Deep roars came from the area below. When Su Ming lowered his head to look, he saw countless Berserkers on the ground beneath the platform. They stood there while shouting loudly. Their presence was so great that it felt as if their roars shot through the sky like long arcs, causing the ground and the sky to tremble.

“This is 83rd Elder of Berserkers having his spirit ascend countless years go. This is the first time he has his spirit ascend, but in the end, he failed. Observe well, this is me using my power to tear apart the universe and extract one of the memories from the will of Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos while hiding the act from it.”

The voice of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe echoed in Su Ming's ears. His figure slowly appeared beside Su Ming, and with a sentimental gaze, he stared at the man's back.

Su Ming's pupils shrank. The old man's words were imprinted at the bottom of his heart. 'So... when a person's cultivation base reaches a certain level, they can tear through the universe, hide it from the will of Arid Triad, and extract its memories...

'But he's hiding. That one word is enough to tell that even with his power, there is still a difference in power between him and the will of Arid Triad.

'He can only hide from it... instead of completely disregarding Arid Triad's will and forcefully extracting its memories.'

As Su Ming thought all of this, he cast his attention on the Berserker in front of him. He saw the man throw his head back and roar. All his veins popped up on his body, and a thick power of Qi erupted with a bang from his body. The blast from it did not contain any ripple of power from his cultivation base, but the Qi was strong enough to overpower all forms of cultivation and crush all barriers.

"Berserkers... they are a tribe who can fight against the God race among the Saint race of Shu. The power of their physical body has become so strong that it cannot be described with words," the old man beside Su Ming mumbled as if talking to himself, but he also seemed to be talking to Su Ming.

At that moment, when the man roared, a ripple spread from his body. It was an airwave, and it spread through the sky, making it distort like it was about to be torn apart. Then, the hall Su Ming had seen before appeared!

It was the Spirit Descension Hall, the one with countless red figures that had appeared to chase Su Ming!

Once the hall descended, it floated in midair. Immediately after, the sky behind it distorted again, and a huge hall with endless golden light shining from it came down!

When compared to the Spirit Descension Hall, this hall was like an adult before a child.

The descended golden hall was completely revealed in the mid of the rumbles. It was so large that it seemed to have no end to it, and Su Ming could vaguely see two large words carved on the plate hanging on the hall.

All Spirits!

"Only one Spirit Descension Hall will appear during the first spirit ascension. When I went through my eighth spirit ascension in the past, eight Spirit Descension Halls appeared to surround the All Spirits Hall," the old man said faintly.

Once the huge, golden All Spirits Hall appeared, its golden light immediately spread one hundred thousand feet into the distance. It instantly painted the sky and earth golden, and countless figures shot out from the hall.

They were not the red figures who had chased after Su Ming, but people dressed in long robes. There were men and women among them, and they levitated outside the golden hall.

It seemed as if the ranking system between them was very strict. The person right above all the others had golden light shining from him which extended to one hundred thousand feet, and it was filled with a mighty pressure which caused people to suffocate. Below him were three people, and below them were eight people, then seventeen people, then thirty-nine people, followed by eighty-six people, and the final row contained eight hundred and eighty-one people.

"This is..." Su Ming stared at the two thousand odd figures before the hall.

He could tell that they were not real people, but seeds formed by some sort of aura which resembled energy. Their arrangement also seemed to be based on some sort of rule. There were ten horizontal rows. If he did not include the sole figure at the top row, then there would only be nine rows.

"These are the positions of the Ancestral Spirits, and there are a total of 2,603 of them! Spirit ascension means choosing one of those standing in the position of the Ancestral Spirits and fusing with them. The first time, you can only choose those at the bottom row, and you can perform analogies between them with the ones above. You will need luck in this. If you are lucky, you can slowly fuse with them nine times until you reach the one and only figure at the topmost row.

"Making different choices will also mean different levels of compatibility. You will need to try again and again, but only one, highly valuable person who has the right to go through spirit ascension will appear in each race once every few centuries. For their people, they will make a gamble with the mind that they will be sacrificed... If they fail, they will die and become mindless souls who only know to kill!

"Each race will remember the order of those who failed in the fusion so those in the future generation can try the others that do not guarantee failure," the old man said slowly and sighed.

Chapter 1190: Great Abyss Tribe

Su Ming listened to the old man's words and stared at the two thousand something figures outside the golden hall. His heart trembled at the thought of the devastating fate the tribe members had to face.

There were 881 positions for Ancestral Spirits in the bottom row, and there might only be one of them which is suitable for the blood of a particular race to make offerings and go through the spirit ascension. This would mean that they needed to sacrifice hundreds of people who were worthy of going through the spirit ascension to lay out a path for their spirits to ascend!

And clearly, even though they were all under Wei jurisdiction, since Great Berserker Tribe, Great Abyss Tribe and Heavenly Spirit Tribe were different races, they had to each search for the Ancestral Spirit suitable for their people for fusion.

Due to each race's differences leading to different choices and results, there were no similarities between them. This meant that the path of spirit ascension was drenched in blood and built on human lives.

And this was just the beginning. Even if they managed to find the position of the Ancestral Spirit suitable for their people at the bottom row, there was still the second to last row, and it would continue until they reached the top. All of those who died would be powerful warriors and people who possessed the right to have their spirits ascend. This would make a tribe gradually walk to ruin. If they could last, then in the end... a true Ancestral Spirit would appear!

But that would require tens of thousands of years, and time did not give any of the races this chance. As the era of tribes came to an end, everything was reduced to nothingness. Even the order of fusing with the positions of the Ancestral Spirits and the numbers, which all the races believed were the most precious to them, had been buried with the dust.

In silence, Su Ming saw the tall Berserker on the platform roar towards the heavens. He rose from the ground and charged into the sky, rushing for the 560th of the illusory Ancestral Spirits on the last row, which was the ninth row if they did not count the row with the one and only golden figure right at the top. When the man stopped there, the countless Berserkers on the ground beneath him roared, but the next moment... the ground fell into dead silence.

With his own eyes, Su Ming saw that when the Berserker touched the 560th illusory Ancestral Spirit, his body shuddered as if an unimaginable pain had erupted in his body at that moment. He brought his right hand up and seized the sky as if he was trying to grab something in the air. Then, he pushed his hand towards the Ancestral Spirit he was fusing with.

"Eternal Creation [1]!"

The man did not say these words, for when he shuddered, he turned into ashes. A red light flew out of his disintegrated body and drifted in the sky, looking lost but also like it wanted to lower its tip to sneak a glance at its people one last time. Yet it could not...

The man's body was sucked into the Spirit Descension Hall by a strong force. A shrill scream of pain rang out, and everything returned to silence.

The person who had said those two words was the old man. They caused Su Ming to stare at the soul who had turned into a red figure in a daze. He fell silent.

The sky returned to normal. It did not matter whether it was the Spirit Descension Hall or the All Spirits Hall. Everything vanished from the sky. Only the countless Berserkers on the ground remained. They were silent, but there was a thick aura of sadness among them.

"Eternal Creation is an Art unique to Berserkers. Outsiders cannot understand it. This is... Great Berserker Tribe's strongest Art.

"Even after I've gone through eight spirit ascensions, if I face a powerful warrior who is at the same Realm as me casting Eternal Creation, I too will have to avoid its brilliance temporarily."

The old man's voice echoed and turned into an unseen ripple that swept in all directions, causing distortions to appear in the world.

When the scene disappeared from Su Ming's eyes and everything in the area filled with white fog, he felt like he had woken up from the previous era and returned to the current time and age. A soft sigh escaped his lips.

"Next, I will show you the spirit ascension from Great Abyss Tribe," the old man by Su Ming's side said calmly after a long time. He swung his arm, and the feeling of the world going in reverse immediately appeared again. When everything became clear, Su Ming was far away from the platform where he had previously stood and was surrounded by a vast expanse of fog.

The fog in the area was incredibly thick. It surrounded them, and when the old man swung his right arm, the fog scattered to reveal a huge, deep pit whose edges could not be seen with the naked eye. In that pit were hundreds of Spirit Ascension Platforms. They were built in circles and stood tall, giving off a feeling as if they were reaching for the clouds.

"Great Berserker Tribe, a tribe I am quite impressed with. The people in this tribe might not be calculative, but their straightforward attitude and their fearlessness towards death is something the other tribes do not possess.

“That includes my own Heavenly Spirit Tribe. In this regard, we cannot compare to Great Berserker Tribe.

“But if we talk about all the tribes under Wei, which includes Great Berserker Tribe, then there is only one tribe which I admire the most... and am in fact, slightly envious of, and that is Great Abyss Tribe,” The old man stood on one of the hundreds of platforms and looked around him while he speaking in a soft voice.

“This place is where Great Abyss Tribe was located. In the past, this was a vast ocean, and it was known as Abyss Ocean, which was also known as Wei’s Forbidden Grounds!

“Great Abyss Tribe is a tribe skilled with the power of time and Possessing all forms of life. They also have the Abyss Gate, which only powerful warriors can open to create their own World... Besides these three inborn abilities, the most frightening aspect about Great Abyss Tribe was that their people’s souls... would not perish!

“This... is an unparalleled power which can only be understood by those who have activated all three of Great Abyss Tribe’s inborn abilities. Once they come to understand them, their souls can last for nearly an eternity without perishing. No matter how many cycles of life and death they go through, their souls will remain. This is something that brings out envy in others, but they are also helpless against it.”

When the old man sighed deeply over this, he raised his right hand and swung it. Immediately, the world roared. The sky shattered, and countless fragments were swept aside before they regrouped. A ripple swept outwards after that.

The world changed because of it as if a curtain had lifted, stirring up dust. Brilliant colors were revealed, and when the ripple vanished, Su Ming saw... a world belonging to Great Abyss Tribe.

It was a black ocean. The waves rose and splashed down as they tumbled about. Hundreds of platforms stood tall in the seawater, and they looked like they wanted to reach the sky. At that moment, most of the stone platforms were occupied by sitting figures.

Most of them were middle-aged man dressed in long, black robes which had shades of gray, making them resemble specters. They were sitting quietly with the seawater around them. None of them made a single sound.

Besides the sound of waves, it could be said that this place was completely silent.

“Great Abyss Tribe is a very quiet tribe, but they are also incredibly terrifying. If we talk about combat abilities, they might not be as skilled in battle as us in Heavenly Spirit Tribe, but their ability to survive is so great that it’s frightening.

“In fact, there was a saying going among us that even if a disaster fell, while the other tribes might perish, Great Abyss Tribe would definitely not be destroyed. This was a race of people who could raise back to power even if only one of them remained,” the old man said as he stared at the black ocean

Su Ming was silent while watching the people from Great Abyss Tribe. Upon seeing them, he felt another sense of familiarity, but it was different from the familiarity he had sensed from the Berserkers. This was a familiarity in his soul.

“Spirit ascension!”

When Su Ming looked over, he saw the people on the platforms speak up. Nearly one hundred people were performing spirit ascension at the same time!

“This is also something the other tribes cannot do. Since they can change time and they have clones, Great Abyss Tribe has a great advantage over the others when they perform spirit ascension. They can have multiple people perform spirit ascension at the same time, and from there, they can find the order hidden among the positions of the Ancestral Spirits.”

As the old man’s voice echoed by Su Ming’s side, the All Spirits Hall appeared again. Golden light covered one hundred thousand feet, and the two thousand something figures appeared.

Soon after, nearly one hundred people flew out from the platforms to charge towards their positions. Su Ming watched it without blinking. He saw the people from Great Abyss Tribe turn into red figures and watch the sky in a daze. Then, one person among the near one hundred shone with a golden light that reached a piercing degree. He... had successfully fused with one of the Ancestral Spirits and threw his head back to roar.

His roar was loud and had an indescribable presence to it. That was not the presence of a cultivator, but the presence of an Antecedental Spirit!

The waves roared and surged into the heavens. A brilliant light shone in the eyes of all the people from Great Abyss Tribe. They stared at the only person who had succeeded after all the other members of their race had failed. Then, they slowly stood up and bowed together towards him.

“With Great Abyss Tribe’s talent, they should have been the first among us to have a person who could succeed in all nine spirit ascensions, but the Great Destruction arrived, and it did not give them or us that chance...”

The old man sighed softly. He lifted his right hand and seized the air. The scene in front of Su Ming was torn to pieces and returned to the original world of fog.

“With my level of cultivation, I can only hide from Arid Triad’s will only one more time and extract another of its memories for you to copy. This is the last time, so I will give you the chance to choose.

“You can pick the Spirit Ascension Platforms from either Great Berserker Tribe, Great Abyss Tribe, or Heavenly Spirit Tribe to have your spirit ascend!”

The old man cast a glance at Su Ming. He swung his right arm, and when the world roared, the world looked like it had started shrinking. When Su Ming’s vision became clear, he had returned outside the cave where he had met the old man and saw a white mountain standing tall in the fog.

He also saw a stone platform which had appeared at some unknown point of time at the top of the mountain. There were ripples spreading out from it. When it surrounded the area, he could vaguely see an old figure sitting on the stone platform.

“There’s no need to look,” Su Ming suddenly said. “I’m not from Heavenly Spirit Tribe, so it’s useless no matter how many times I try to copy it. Senior, you can save your power. There’s no need for you to waste it.”

A hint of resolution appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. This was something that would not necessarily bring him more benefits the more he watched it. If he witnessed too many of these scenes where the people turned into red figures after they failed, his own confidence would be affected.

The old man’s right hand came to a halt midway up to being raised. A surprised glint appeared in his eyes when he looked towards Su Ming.

“Then which tribe’s Spirit Ascension Platform will you choose, Great Abyss Tribe or Great Berserker Tribe’s?”

“I choose Great Berserker Tribe’s Spirit Ascension Platform!” Su Ming said with firmness.

Translator’s Note:

1. Eternal Creation: Call back to ‘Wine, Water’.

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 1191: I Am the God of Berserkers!! - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 1191: I Am the God of Berserkers!!
Chapter 1191: I Am the God of Berserkers!!

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe cast a deep glance at Su Ming, then raised his right foot and took a step into the air. Ripples immediately spread out from beneath his feet. In an instant, he brought the entire area to the spot where the Berserkers' tribe had previously been.

The white mountain stood tall and by its side was the Berserkers' tribe. In the distance was their Spirit Ascension Platform reaching the skies. It was as if Heavenly Spirit Tribe was in the old man's hands, and as long as he wanted to, there was very few things in the world which he could not do.

Moving the mountains and seas, shifting the ground, turning the universe upside down, extracting Arid Triad's memories—all of these opened doors upon doors of possibilities in Su Ming's mind. He was seeing more and more see eye-catching divine abilities.

"You only need to succeed once in spirit ascension. The path of spirit ascension is arduous, but every time you succeed, you will experience extreme changes. With your current level of cultivation, if you succeed in your first spirit ascension, your level of cultivation will increase by ten times!

"This is secondary, however. The main point is that your soul and aura will become out of the ordinary. You will no longer be a Successor Spirit, but an Antecedental Spirit. Even the lowest ranked Antecedental Spirit can stand tall in the world with pride.

"It'll be especially so when you fuse your aura with your cultivation base. You will ascend to another plane of existence, and when you become an Antecedental Spirit, you will be able to bring forth the true power of that ring on your finger. It is the power to kill all those in Death Realm.

"Based on the categorizations of the cultivation systems in the eras after mine, you have only stepped into Fate Realm, but as long as you succeed in your first spirit ascension, you can move slightly past it and master the power of being imperishable, a power that belongs to those in Life Realm!

"In fact, if you can perfect your own laws of fate within a short time while you are in the world outside, your cultivation base will experience a second explosive increase. This will be due to the power remaining in you after the spirit ascension. At that time, it will not be impossible for you to move straight into Death Realm!

"This is a serendipity, but also a matter of life and death. I cannot help you to achieve success. It will entirely depend on you," the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe explained slowly while giving Su Ming a long look.

His expression was grim. He longed dearly for Su Ming to succeed, but it was just as he said, he could only provide Su Ming the chance. Unless he succeeded nine times in

spirit ascension and became an Ancestral spirit, there was nothing more he could do. After all, only at that time would he be worthy of helping others in their spirit ascension, since he would be standing at the peak of the entire universe.

“I, Tian Bai, wish you success!” The old man wrapped his fist in his palm, and for the first time, he bowed deeply to Su Ming.

Su Ming stared at the old man, and in silence, he too wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed to him. Then, he swung his arm and charged towards the Spirit Ascension Platform that belonged to Great Berserker Tribe, which was located not too far away from him.

In an instant, he approached it and landed on the platform. Su Ming lifted his head and stared at the sky. His expression was calm. The scene he had seen before appeared in his head. He could see the people who had existed countless years ago right beneath him, and they were all shouting that one word—Berserker.

‘I did not choose Great Abyss’ Spirit Ascension Tribe because my sense of belonging to the Berserkers is much stronger. I have always believed that I am a Berserker, and I am also... the God of Berserkers!’

When Su Ming lifted his head, an indescribable presence surrounded him and formed a layer of distortions. Once they entered the old man’s line of vision, his pupils constricted.

‘This junior possesses two different presences, those of Great Berserker Tribe and Great Abyss Tribe. Yet this is not due to interracial marriage, but should have been intentionally done by someone... They placed a person with the blood of Great Abyss Tribe in Great Berserker Tribe and nurtured him until he became an adult. In fact, he even has the true signs of a race’s enlightenment about him...’

The old man stared at Su Ming. In truth, when he first saw Su Ming, he had not been as calm as he had appeared to be.

All of this was not because of Great Berserker Tribe’s presence about him and neither was it because of his blood of Great Abyss Tribe. Instead, it was because there was a race’s enlightenment about him that the old man had never seen before among all those who had entered the place!

It was the Berserkers’ Initiation, but it was also their race’s enlightenment!

‘A race’s enlightenment. This is the power to bring enlightenment to an entire race. This is something only the next elder of the race would be worthy of inheriting from the previous elder of the race in the era of the past. In fact, even during the late days of the tribal era, while there were more of these inheritances, most of them were just imitations.

'The value of those who received the imitation enlightenment was to test which of the positions of the Ancestral Spirits were correct so that they could lay out the path for those who truly received the race's enlightenment!

'The true goal of passing down the race's enlightenment was not to give it to the most powerful member of that race, but to present the chosen person... the right to not turn into a red figure even if they failed during the spirit ascension!

'In the current era, those who know of the Art for the race's enlightenment... should be incredibly rare.

'This is a right reserved to only one person in a race. This is... the one and only Ancestral Spirit's Watch... the one that the Ancestral Spirits gave to each race!'

The old man stared at Su Ming, and a raging storm roared in his mind. He could tell that Su Ming possessed the race's enlightenment. This was clearly a hope placed on him, which had lasted from Great Berserker Tribe up till this date.

It was the hope for an entire race to raise to power...

That was why the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe had told Su Ming so many things of the past. It was also why he had asked Su Ming to go through a spirit ascension and had even used his cultivation base to retrieve the memories from Arid Triad's will for him to observe them. This was a treatment that no one who had met him before had experienced.

All those in the past were mostly forced to go through the spirit ascension. He would absolutely not talk to them, and neither would he make any sort of deal with them. Everything had to go according to the old man's will.

But when it came to Su Ming... the old man hesitated. He could not do as he did before.

The race's enlightenment on Su Ming was Great Berserker Tribe's only hope at that point in time. He could not wipe it out. In fact, he was already prepared to give up and even harbored the thought of sending Su Ming away if he failed once.

He... was also one of the races in Wei, and Su Ming could be said to truly be a member of the younger generation from his allied tribes!

Su Ming's arrival also fitted the inheritance. He could be said to be the first one over the course of countless years to have come by completely adhering to the requirements of the inheritance instead of some other methods.

Su Ming's guess had only scratched the surface in regards to the Sun Sinking Talisman. He had guessed that it was activated because of the soul in his clone's body, but in

truth, the real reason behind its activation was the race's enlightenment on Su Ming himself!

'Seed of Great Berserker Tribe... Why do I sense an old friend's presence in your race's enlightenment? Is it you? But I saw the illusion of Great Yu you created in the past, and when you were searching for the hope for the future of your race, you died in anguish...' The old man stared ahead in silence.

'It should be you, and I will not wipe off the seed of Great Berserker Tribe. I absolutely won't...'

As the old man watched Su Ming, his heart suddenly shuddered. At that moment, Su Ming had lifted his head to look at the sky, and he looked like he had fused with the world.

More accurately speaking, he did not fuse with the world, but had fused with the Great Berserker Tribe on the ground. It was as if Su Ming's presence had triggered some sort of strange change and some sort of ripple of power from the Berserkers left on the ground. The air which had been as calm as the surface of a lake suddenly started boiling.

Waves of rejecting force instantly appeared. They were not rejecting Su Ming, but projected their own mountain and their tribe on the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe and the white mountain.

The change caused the old man's heart to jump, and at the same time, he became even more certain of his perception towards the race's enlightenment on Su Ming. He even noticed that there was a strong feeling like the Berserkers' tribe... had been waiting for countless years for a person which had finally arrived.

Soon after, the old man's pupils shrank. Wisps of indistinct souls suddenly appeared on the Berserkers' land, which was once home to the Berserkers but was now the ruins of Great Berserker Tribe. Those souls might be indistinct and not even Su Ming could see them, but the old man could tell that they should have disappeared a long time ago in the passage of time. Yet the wisps of Berserkers' will, perseverance, and determination to protect their land had been waiting for the Berserkers to raise to power!

They had remained in the land, not wanting to disappear from the universe. They did not intend to sleep in the emptiness of time. They lay on the land and waited... Now, the person they had been waiting for seemed to have arrived.

More souls appeared. In the span of a few breaths, there were more than one million of them, and more continued to appear. There were quite a few of them who made the old man tremble once he saw them, for he was familiar with them. They had all been his friends in the past.

“Old friend, you predicted the Berserker Day in the illusion of Great Yu to search for a hope for the Berserkers to live through the disaster. Is he the hope you found in the past? Did you execute Eternal Creation for him?”

While the old man mumbled to himself, the number of the souls reached nearly ten million. They quietly surrounded the area and stared at Su Ming quietly, but he could not see them.

Su Ming stared at the sky. His will was burning in his heart at that moment. A great confidence had gathered within him without a single sound.

‘I am the God of Berserkers!’

‘It doesn’t matter what my blood is or where I come from since from the moment I remember myself, I was a Berserker. Even though my body is different from the other members of my tribe and even though my soul is not that of a Berserker...

‘My will, my spirit, and life belong completely to the Berserkers. I am a Berserker!’

‘I am the God of Berserkers!’

A powerful light shone in Su Ming’s eyes. While standing on the platform, he did not know that there were more than ten million Berserker souls which he could not see in the area below. Yet all of them had an unseen, great power erupt from them.

Their presences mixed together and formed an unheard booming sound, causing the projection of the white mountain from the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe to disappear. He had to retreat, and when he cast his gaze at this sight from the distance, his heart trembled. He couldn’t help sucking in a deep breath.

The presences of the ten million souls swirled and gathered around Su Ming to turn into a white dragon in the blizzard. It rose into the sky, and when it roared at the heavens, its whole body turned crimson. With a madness and an unwillingness to admit defeat to fate gathered from the wills of countless Berserkers, it charged towards the sky.

Chapter 1192: Those Six Numbers!

“I am the God of Berserkers!” Su Ming lifted his head and stared at the sky. At that moment, his presence erupted with a bang from his body. His cultivation base swam swiftly through him, causing his long hair to float, and the red dragon he could not see let out a soundless roar. It then rushed to the sky as if it was doing so in the same dimension as Su Ming but performing this act an unknown number of years ago.

“Berserker!”

“Berserker!!”

“Berserker!!!”

The ten million illusory figures in the area cried out at that moment. Their voices fused with the dragon’s roar, forming a shocking roar that Su Ming could not hear, but which made the pupils of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe shrink again.

He was moving back as images from two different periods of time appeared before him. One was from a time in the distant past, and one was the present. One had the Berserkers from the past, and the other had Su Ming. The two seemed to have reached a resonance due to the race’s enlightenment in Su Ming’s body, and a sight akin to the deviation of time appeared.

During that moment, Su Ming’s cultivation base was stimulated to the peak. His conviction was extremely firm as he stood on the Spirit Ascension Platform. He might not be able to see the abnormality around him, but he could sense that there seemed to be countless pairs of eyes watching him. Those gazes were filled with expectation, excitement, and a resonance that filled Su Ming with determination.

“The place where I was born still did things according to the laws of the universe. When I was born, the Berserkers had weakened. If the heavens are heartless, then we will all be separated. The earth was heartless, and it made my Dark Mountain die...” Su Ming mumbled.

In this situation and on this occasion, the instant he chose Great Abyss Tribe and announced that he was the God of Berserkers, he remembered... the God of Berserkers’ song.

As he mumbled to himself, shock appeared on the face of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe who was watching in the distance. This was because he noticed that when Su Ming spoke the four sentences, the red dragon’s roars became even more intense. The ten million souls in the area increased in number as well and became tens of millions. There were also several more figures among them which the old man was familiar with.

The world trembled, and the sky distorted while the ground rumbled. Layers of ripples spread out. It was as if... a strange power had been activated at that instant due to Su Ming’s existence.

That power should have been buried in the place. When it was activated, it looked like two worlds were about to fuse together. This might sound complicated, but if anyone described the Great Berserker Tribe during ancient times as one world and the current era which Su Ming resided in as another world... then the current situation would be like

the world from ancient times moving through space and waking up from death, wanting to come to this world and fusing with Su Ming's era.

All of this might seem abstruse, but that was indeed what the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe saw and felt.

'What a tribe, Great Berserker Tribe! What a man, Great Elder of the Berserkers, a man who succeeded six times in spirit ascension! What a great plot of yours to predict the Berserker Day!'

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe sucked in a deep breath. Admiration appeared on his face. He could already tell that not only did Su Ming possess Great Berserker Tribe's race's enlightenment as well as Great Berserker Tribe's hope, he also had the entire Great Berserker Tribe's will gathered on him.

His spirit ascension was bound to be extraordinary... because he was not performing the spirit ascension alone. He had already fused with the Berserkers' kismet and everyone's will. All the Berserkers were protecting him... and performing the spirit ascension with him!

"If the heavens have eyes, then why do they never see that my world is plunged into eternal darkness? If the deities have souls, then why did they divide the sky and seas to the south and north? I kept my duty to the heavens, so why did they not let me see the darkness of night? I kept my duty to the deities, so why did they tear me into pieces and scatter my memories?" Su Ming mumbled.

The God of Berserkers' song echoed in the air, making it look like he could see the days of the past, the tens of millions of souls in the area, and the blood-red dragon in the sky. The Berserkers' will was gathered within it, and as it roared... it looked like it was Su Ming!

The number of souls in the area grew again. This time, they increased to nearly one hundred million. There was no end to them. All the Berserkers who had lived in the land in different periods of time felt as if their souls had returned to their homeland. When they appeared, they roared... to worship the God of Berserkers for whom they had been waiting for a long, long time!

This made the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe retreat again. His breathing quickened. When he moved back, he looked towards Su Ming. In his eyes, he no longer saw a single man... but the soul of the entire Great Berserker Tribe!

And Su Ming was that divine soul of Great Berserker Tribe. His appearance became a source for the tribe to boil over. It was as if the sleeping Berserkers, the Berserkers who had died in this land had woken up again!

"I cry tears of blood when I lift my head, so tell me, why should I cherish this life and not defy the world?! If the heavens don't have eyes, then I will step on it and watch myself seal the heavens! If the deities don't have souls, then I swear I will slaughter the deities and become the Emperor!"

"The world's kismet is upon me, and I will surely kill Arid Triad with my own hands! My Berserkers' Soul has formed, and I will dye the Immortals' sky red with millions of their lives!"

"The Berserker Obliteration is the song of my life, and when it ends, what can hold me back from making the Berserkers rise to power with this will alone?!"

Su Ming threw his head back and roared. With it, the one hundred million Berserkers' souls around him howled, and the blood dragon in the sky roared. The weather changed. As the world rumbled, the roars of the countless Berserkers and the roar of the blood dragon turned into one single voice.

"God of Berserkers!"

"God of Berserkers!!"

"God of Berserkers!!!"

"I am the God of Berserkers, and today, I will have my spirit ascend!!"

Su Ming swung his arm up. The blood dragon lifted its head, roared, and crashed against the sky. The sky distorted, and when it rumbled, a hall swiftly descended.

This was not the All Spirits Hall, but the first Spirit Descension Hall. As it appeared and the one hundred million Berserkers' souls roared, the golden light in the sky spread to one hundred thousand feet. Then, the true All Spirits Hall descended with a bang.

The golden hall was broken in parts, but had an ancient will. It was the legacy hall the Ancestral Spirits of Wei worked together to create in the past, and at that moment, it truly descended from the sky.

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe had been forced into the distance by the presence brought by Great Berserker Tribe rising to power. At that moment, he appeared to be slightly excited. In his eyes, Su Ming's spirit ascension had a much higher rate of success compared to the other people. He hoped Su Ming would succeed, for if even Su Ming, who had Great Berserker Tribe's soul gathered on him failed, then he did not know just who could successfully have their spirits ascend in this era.

Once the All Spirits Hall descended, the golden figures swiftly rushed out. If the one person at the very top was not included, then the two thousand-something figures were

divided into nine horizontal rows that appeared like a tower in the sky. The ancient presence spreading out from the All Spirits Hall turned into a mighty pressure, and a resolute look appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

There were 881 golden figures at the bottom row. Waves of mighty pressure spread out from their bodies and enveloped the ground while they waited for Su Ming to make his choice.

He stared at them, and the resolve in his eyes grew stronger. He knew that if he made the wrong choice, he would die. He only had one chance.

He stared at the Ancestral Spirits in silence, his gaze sweeping across all of them. Eventually, he looked towards the figure above the other nine rows whose presence was clearly much stronger than that of the Ancestral Spirits in the other positions.

'The order towards this legacy... is a path of flesh and blood built in exchange for the lives of a great number of powerful warriors from each tribe... It's a path for their descendants to have an increasingly safer route to spirit ascension passed down to them by their ancestors after numerous tries.

'But the order...'

Determination shone in Su Ming's eyes. He jumped into the air from the Spirit Ascension Platform and turned into a long arc that charged towards the eight hundred-something figures at the bottom row.

He could only take a gamble. The only thing Su Ming knew was that he could not try the fifth hundred-something position since he had seen the ancestor of the Berserkers fail there during his spirit ascension. Clearly, if a race wanted to try and lay out this path of blood, they could not choose at will. They should have tried one by one in order. Because of it, Su Ming was certain by fifth-tenths that the previous five hundred-something positions of the Ancestral Spirits would also guarantee failure.

Yet if the Berserkers had started testing the order from the back, Su Ming's guess would be completely wrong, which was why... it would be the same as him not obtaining any sort of clue at all.

He charged forward in silence, and the instant he approached the last position, a glint shone in his eyes. When he swept his gaze across all the other positions, he gritted his teeth and instantly went towards one of them, but when he was about to close in, his feet suddenly came to a halt.

He did not continue onward, but moved back. When he was several thousands of feet away, he fixed his stare on the positions of the Ancestral Spirits beyond the All Spirits Hall. He had suddenly remembered something.

Su Ming's act of moving back caused a light crease to appear between the brows of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe. When he turned his gaze towards him, he saw that Su Ming seemed to be contemplating something.

"Senior, do you happen to know the highest amount of times a person had succeeded in spirit ascension within Great Berserker Tribe?" Su Ming suddenly asked. His voice echoed in all directions.

"Six times!" the old man's eyes immediately answered as his eyes sparkled.

Su Ming went silent then, but a brilliant light shone in his eyes. There was also a hint of nostalgia within it.

'Six times... six numbers... Elder told me six numbers in the past to help me climb up Wind Stream Mountain...

'32, 79, 248, 371, 563, 781...'

Su Ming's heart trembled. He lifted his head and stared at the All Spirits Hall. He cast his gaze at the 781st position at the bottom row. Then, he looked up row by row while comparing the numbers until his gaze fell on the third row from the top.

'Could it be...' Su Ming's eyes focused. He gritted his teeth, and without any hesitation, he charged... to the 781st position on the bottom row.

His speed was a reflection of the determination in his heart. Since he was taking a gamble anyway, he would rather take a bet on the seemingly ordinary set of numbers his elder had given him in the past.

With a bang, he drew close to the 781st position and touched that Ancestral Spirit. At that moment, the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe in the distance might have looked composed, but he was incredibly nervous in his heart.

A shocking roar accompanied by Su Ming's shout rang out in the sky!

Chapter 1193: Berserker Body in Death Realm!

"These numbers..." Su Ming mumbled.

When he came into contact with the 781st position, his heart trembled. He did not sense any danger. Instead, there was a warm feeling that surged into his body from that position. It filled him in the blink of an eye and fused into his soul.

'These numbers... are the order exchanged for with the blood and lives of the members of Great Berserker Tribe's blood. It is... the most precious knowledge of the entire tribe!' Su Ming's heart trembled. Many thoughts rose in his mind when he considered the set of numbers.

At that moment, all those not involved would not see Su Ming's body since he had already fused completely with the Ancestral Spirit in his chosen position. As the world roared, a powerful light erupted from All Spirits Hall. It covered the area and charged into Su Ming's body as if it wanted to make Su Ming's body go through a metamorphosis.

During it, a familiar feeling rose within Su Ming's body. It was... the feeling of a Berserker's Initiation! He would could not mistake it for anything.

At the same time, the one hundred million Berserkers' souls who had returned to the ground beneath him worshiped the sky. Their murmurs could not be heard clearly, but when their voices reached Su Ming's ears, a loud bang echoed in his head as if he had returned to the moment his elder performed the Berserker's Initiation for him when he was in Dark Mountain!

'It's the Berserker's Initiation! It's the Berserker's Initiation which allowed me to step foot in this place, to become the God of Berserkers... and to obtain the will of this land belonging to the Berserkers!

'It's also the Berserker's Initiation which gave me the possibility to have my spirit ascend right now!'

Su Ming's heart trembled as he sensed the presence of the Berserker's Initiation in his body. In fact, during that moment, he had a strong feeling that even if he had not chosen the 781st position but another one, he might have failed, but he would not be wiped off and turn into one of the insentient red figures.

The Berserker's Initiation in his body was more like a form of blessing and protection. It came from Great Berserker Tribe, and it was a legacy from the ancient Ancestral Spirits... and had a strange form of connection with the All Spirits Hall.

But what was more... it was a blessing from all lives!

When the presence of the Berserker's Initiation rose in Su Ming's body and he went through the metamorphosis while his spirit ascended, he suddenly came to a complete understanding. He could sense that there was not just one presence of the Berserker's Initiation about him... but thirty-seven!

'That's right. I once went through thirty-seven cycles of life and death in Yin Death Region, which means that I've received thirty-seven Berserker's Initiations... I... have at least thirty-seven chances to fail!'

When this understanding came to him, nostalgia rose within his eyes. He remembered his elder's kind gaze as he looked at him, the smell of the land where he lived as a child, the Berserker's sky, and everything in Dark Mountain.

'781, 563, 371, 248, 79, 32... These six numbers are the order for Berserkers' spirit ascension. They had only found six successive spirit ascensions before the disaster arrived. They did not have time to search for the seventh, eighth, and ninth numbers.

'But... the elder performed the Berserker's Initiation for me thirty-seven times. He gave me thirty-seven chances. Even if I tried all of the positions left one by one, it would be enough for me to find a path to successfully have my spirit ascend through the seventh, eighth, and ninth rows. Then... once I succeed in all nine spirit ascensions, I will turn into an Ancestral Spirit!'

Su Ming's heart trembled. He had now completely understood the numbers and the indescribable expectation and love his elder had for him.

'But he's by Su Xuan Yi's side... I understand now!'

If Su Ming still did not understand the schemes between the elder and Su Xuan Yi, he would not be Su Ming.

'The elder had long since chosen the Abyss Builders as the hope for Great Berserker Tribe to raise to power, because only the Abyss Builder's innate talents could allow the soul to withstand these many reincarnations!

'He created a path to guarantee my success in becoming an Ancestral Spirit...'

Su Ming threw his head back and roared. As his body fused with the Ancestral Spirit and went through a metamorphosis, he sensed himself becoming much more powerful.

It was a transformation of his physical body. While he was fusing with the Ancestral Spirit, the power of the Ancestral Spirit changed his body so that he could obtain a true Berserker's body.

Based on what the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe said, the strength of the Berserker's physical body was so great that they could fight against the Gods in Shu. In truth, even the Gods there could not compare to their physical body in certain aspects.

'If that's the case, then since this Ancestral Spirit is already transforming my physical body, I might as well make this transformation more complete. I will fill with even more madness!'

Determination appeared in Su Ming's expression. At the instant his body was changed, he lifted his right hand without hesitation and struck his storage bag.

As he was fusing with the Ancestral Spirit and his body was being transformed, he went to open his storage bag.

The old man in Heavenly Spirit Tribe saw from the distance, and his expression changed. He found that he had no idea what Su Ming wanted to do, but even if he did, he could not do anything to stop him at that moment. If there was any interference from the outside world causing any sort of instability on Su Ming's side, there was a high possibility that his spirit ascension would be affected, and this was something the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe could not accept.

At the instant Su Ming struck his storage bag with his right hand, the body of his clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole appeared in front of him. A sleeping soul also appeared on Su Ming's right palm. It was the soul of the clone which had become independent due to the Heavenly Incense Rune.

At the instant the soul was extracted, madness burned in Su Ming's eyes. He had come to understand that he absolutely could not waste the serendipity provided to him by spirit ascension. He wanted to fuse with the Ancestral Spirits and transform his body according to his own will.

While holding the independent soul of his clone with his right hand, he struck the top of its head to send it straight into the clone's body. A red glare shone in Su Ming's eyes, and he executed his second Possession on on his clone!

In the past, when he brought out the clone and his soul, the fog would immediately change color, and numerous red figures would be attracted to him, but while he was going through his spirit ascension, not a single shade of red appeared under the golden light of the All Spirits Hall. Everything in the outside world was normal.

This was the first time Su Ming had attempted a second Possession. At that moment, as his spirit ascended, he swiftly split up a little of his soul and had it charge towards the clone. He was already incredibly used to this sort of Possession, and he had already completely broken the clone's soul. Even if it resisted, its power would not be enough for it to put up a fight for more than ten breaths before it was completely devoured by Su Ming.

In an instant, his soul occupied the clone's body, and once he turned him into his clone again, Su Ming did not have time to check whether any changes had occurred after he Possessed the clone a second time. Instead, he immediately sent a thought to his clone, telling him to fuse with his current body.

'If the power of spirit ascension wants to change my body, then let's make this transformation complete. I will have this clone of mine fuse with my current physical body and have it go through this transformation together with me... so that I can form a body that will possess extreme physical strength!'

Determination appeared on Su Ming's face. The power contained within the Ancestral Spirit descended on him with a bang and enveloped him once he merged his clone and the body of the black-robed man he had Possessed. He was wrapped up in the golden light formed by the strange power.

At the same time, pain which made him feel as if he was being torn apart instantly filled his body and soul, but it was nothing to Su Ming. Instead, he sensed the great changes in his body.

The first to change were his bones. They were instantly crushed and reduced to powder. Then, rays of golden light fused into them, turning into specks of golden light that formed the bones again. They were golden in color, and they were the foundation of a physical body filled with a powerful aura!

An incredibly thick presence that belonged to Berserkers spread out from them. They were Berserker Bones, bones that only true members of Great Berserker Tribe could obtain!

They were much stronger than the Berserker Bones from the Bone Sacrifice Realm. They had been lost in the passage of time and came from another powerful Realm that belonged to the Berserkers! They held a completely meaning compared to those so-called Berserker Bones Su Ming had obtained in the past while he was in the land of Berserkers.

When all of Su Ming's bones turned into Berserker Bones shining with bright golden light, he sensed his veins shattering. They then swiftly grew back from the Berserker Bones. In an instant, they covered Su Ming's entire body, and wherever they went, his flesh and blood would melt, and a presence which belonged to the Berserkers that was much stronger than before erupted with a bang.

Su Ming now possessed Berserker Veins, which were another Realm that surpassed Berserker Bones. It had also been submerged in the dust of time. Only at that moment when Su Ming went through his spirit ascension and the metamorphosis as well as the serendipity provided by the golden light did it return to the universe.

Su Ming threw his head back and roared. As he did so, the blood in his body surged up. It had originally turned black from drinking too much blood of the offering beasts.

At that instant, however, golden light erupted from his blood. It melted Su Ming's flesh and blood, but even while it was doing so, new skin and flesh grew to become a body that could support Su Ming's Berserker Bones, Berserker Veins, and Berserker Blood!

The body created after Su Ming fused his clone and the body of the black-robed man he had Possessed thoroughly transformed while he was enveloped by the golden light formed by the power of the Ancestral Spirits. Yet the next instant, a power he had never imagined erupted from him.

His body had become an extremely powerful Berserker Body that would never perish, had endless life force surrounding it, and looked like it had become one with the world. As long as all lives were not destroyed, it would not die!

It was Death Realm!!

A Berserker Body in Death Realm!

It could be said that this was the first true body in every literal sense that Su Ming had ever possessed over the thousands of years he had practiced cultivation. Its strength surpassed everything that he had ever had, and it was his first clone after he had reached perfection—a Berserker's body!

Chapter 1194: It's Here

The Berserker's body shone with golden light that spread through the area of one hundred thousand feet!

Golden bones, golden veins, golden flesh and blood, and a golden body were what formed the first body that reached perfection in Su Ming's life. It was the body which was the closest to his wish to have the entire universe at his beck and call.

It was a Berserker Body in Death Realm. It was the most powerful body which could use divine abilities with the power of the physical body, and they were strong enough to terrify powerful warriors in Death Realm. It could be said that from that moment onwards, Su Ming had become one of the most powerful warriors in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos.

And this was just one of Su Ming's clones midway through the spirit ascension. But Su Ming could already sense the terrifying power contained in that body of his. In fact, he had a strong feeling that if he clenched his fist and threw a punch... the sky would break!

Those in Death Realm were much stronger than those in Fate Realm. Once they moved past the state of having never ending life, the life force in their bodies would gather together until it reached a certain level, and some strange changes would happen then, allowing them to reach an imperishable state. Their bodies could not be destroyed, while they could wipe out other people's life force, which was why... this Realm were known to be Death Realm!

With an imperishable body, such people could bring the destruction of millions. They gathered together life force and turned it into a will of heaven that stood above all rules

and laws. When they opened their eyes, they could make all lives tremble. When they closed their eyes, they could sense the presence of Arid Triad's will.

This was Death Realm. In the fourth era, this was the strongest Realm on the surface of Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos!

Only those who had moved into Death Realm within the four Great True Worlds could truly be considered to rulers of a region. Only then could they try to determine their own destiny.

Su Ming threw his head back and roared. Golden light surrounded him. The Berserker Body in Death Realm had the power of the clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole and the body reformed when Su Ming Possessed the black-robed man. The mystery of the second Possession had also caused its potential to be nigh endless.

The clone that practiced Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole had originally possessed endless potential once it fused with the Ancient God. Even if Su Ming did not have all the other elements, such as the black-robed man's body and the mystery of the second Possession added into the mix, there was a very high possibility that he could have obtained the Berserker Body when he went through the spirit ascension.

The black-robed man Su Ming had Possessed in the past had been an existence who was slightly stronger than Sui Chen Zi. He was one of the Eight Paramount Daos in Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos, and he had a noble status. However, to successfully descend in Arid Triad, he had chosen to disperse his cultivation base so that he could reform his body in Arid Triad. If he'd had enough time, he could have regained the terrifying power he possessed in Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos while he was in Arid Triad.

That was why his body also had endless potential.

There was also the matter of the mystery regarding the second Possession. Su Ming might not have investigated it in detail, but based on what he could sense, he could clearly tell the differences.

This was why when all of the things were gathered and fused together along with the power of spirit ascension, the Berserker Body Su Ming formed possessed a potential that surpassed the bodies of all other Berserkers!

Death Realm was definitely not his limit. This was just the beginning!

The spirit ascension had not come to an end. The appearance of the Berserker Body was just a start. As the Berserker Body in Death Realm reached perfection, Su Ming threw his head back and roared again. The golden light around him shrank swiftly to

stick to Su Ming's skin as if it would spread through the golden veins in his body once it fused into him.

Then, the thing that would experience a metamorphosis would be Su Ming's cultivation base!

The golden light seemed like nutrients that all lives in the universe could absorb. It was an extremely gentle energy in the world that could change a living being's physical body and their cultivation base.

During the instant the golden light fused with him, Su Ming's cultivation base became much livelier. It swam through his veins, and when it filled his body, it ceaselessly absorbed the golden light. As it was continuously nourished, Su Ming could clearly sense his cultivation base slowly rising in power.

This increase was incredibly gentle. It did not seem like it was making him become superficially stronger, like the act of a farmer pulling shoots to accelerate the growth of his plants. Instead, this increase came to him in a form akin to an inheritance, causing countless epiphanies to appear in Su Ming's mind as his cultivation base increased in power.

Su Ming did not gain these epiphanies by himself. Instead, they came from the Ancestral Spirit with which he had fused. As the epiphanies entered his mind, Su Ming stopped breathing. No storms raged in his head. Instead, he sank into a relatively calm and relaxed state of mind.

As he experienced those epiphanies, Su Ming seemed to hear someone murmuring. The voice belonged to a man, and it sounded like it came from an unknown period of time along with the golden light. It fused into Su Ming's cultivation base.

His head slowly became clouded. Gradually, his mind scattered, and his thoughts turned into a picture with a crimson sky. Fire burned in it. Meteors charged to the ground in long arcs, and every single time one of them landed, the ground would tremble violently.

Earth shattered. Roars shook the sky and earth. Strange beasts several tens of thousands of feet big crawled out of the meteors, and they started ravaging the land with loud roars.

There was an indistinct figure on each of the ferocious beasts' heads. These figures were staring at the lives on the ground aloofly, and there was a merciless look in their eyes.

Further into the distance, mountains shattered to reveal a village they had surrounded. There was a little girl at that moment in the village. She was crouching down and

weeping softly. All around her were corpses. Every single time the ground trembled, the little girl would shudder even more. She hugged her head and did not dare to move.

“Mother... Father...”

The little girl’s voice sounded frail and powerless in the rumbling world. There were no longer any living beings around her. The sky burned as the meteors fell one after another. The huge ferocious beasts that walked out of them were not far from the little girl.

The ground rumbled, and a ferocious beast came out while roaring. Wherever it went, the mountains would crumble. Shattered stones shot out and scattered in every direction.

At that moment, a long blue arc suddenly appeared in the sky. With an extreme speed that made it look as if it was about to slice apart the air, it charged to the ground. Before it descended, the long blue arc flashed once, and immediately, a blue ripple swept through the area. Wherever it went, the ferocious beasts would let out shrill screams of pain, and their forms as well as their souls would be destroyed.

At the same time, the blue arc turned around and went to the little girl. In an instant, the man went over the little girl’s head and closed in on the incoming, roaring beast behind her. With one sweep of his sleeves, the ferocious beast trembled. As it coughed up blood, its head flew higher into the air. Its huge body plunged to the ground with a bang, sending dust and dirt up. This alarmed the little girl so much that she seemed to have forgotten to cry. As she trembled, she stared at a young man in blue robes walking out from the dust fog.

The young man carried three great swords behind his back. There was a smile as warm as the sun on his face. At the center of his brows was a vertical red line. When he walked out of the dust fog, he came to stand next to the little girl. Then, he crouched down and handed her a small red flower that he had found in the dust fog a moment ago.

“Little girl, don’t cry. I’ll bring you away from this place.”

The young man touched the little girl’s head. When she instinctively took the little red flower, she was carried away by the young man who turned into a long arc that charged into the sky. He came to a stop while high above and swept his gaze across the land.

“I, Zhan Bai, third rank disciple of White Heron Compound, have come by the orders of my sect to destroy all of your rebellious Dao Beasts!”

The picture came to a pause, then shattered to pieces before disappearing from Su Ming’s mind. At the same time, his cultivation base moved past Fate Realm with a bang and headed straight towards Life Realm!

Ceaseless life force existed in Su Ming's cultivation base. When it swam through his entire body, the power of Life Realm erupted from him... It was what Su Ming had been yearning for a long time!

Moving slightly past Fate Realm did not mean that Su Ming had reached great completion in Fate Realm. Instead, his cultivation base was simply covered by the golden light. He reached a temporary completion, and because of it, avoided directly reaching Life Realm. If Su Ming could reach great completion in Fate Realm on his own, his power would definitely raise by a considerable margin.

But at that moment, Su Ming could already sense just how strong he had become. The aura bursting out from him when his cultivation base swam in him caused the world to tremble and allowed Su Ming to sense a pinnacle of power he had never sensed before.

'I should be able to make it raise a little more...'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled a little. His cultivation base came to a swift halt, then at his will, it started moving in reverse. This action instantly filled Su Ming with intense pain. However, the golden light around him instantly gathered on him again. It fused with his cultivation base, which began to show signs of rising in power once more.

At the same time, the fragments formed after the picture in Su Ming's mind shattered came to a swift halt, and they too, started moving in reverse to regroup and form a new picture.

In that picture was another world. That sky was sinking with loud bangs as if it was about to crumble. The ground trembled. In fact, if Su Ming lifted his head, he could see that the galaxy beyond the sky was crumbling as well. He was seeing a picture of a galaxy being reduced to dust, a universe dying, and an entire cosmos suffering a disaster!

The ground sunk and formed pits. A sect had been established underground, but at that moment, it got buried. There were various figures in midair, and the power coming from each of them caused Su Ming's heart to tremble. The weakest in the group had power equivalent to those in Fate Realm, and the strongest gave Su Ming the feeling that they had completely surpassed the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe. It was a Realm Su Ming could not recognize.

The group looked like it wanted to leave their world, but when they flew up, their bodies roared as if an indescribable will had swept past them... completely wiping all of them out.

Su Ming's heart trembled violently. In fact, for the first time ever, a great wave of terror rose from the bottom of his heart. The will was so strong that it left Su Ming in disbelief. Its merciless act of wiping out lives held an aloofness that required no words. It was as if the entire universe and all the lives before this will had to be completely destroyed no

matter what sort of level of cultivation they possessed. They were not allowed to leave any sort of mark in the world.

Standing at the peak of a crumbling mountain on the ground was an old man in a long robe. Kneeling behind him was a young man. There was grief in his eyes. He trembled while he stared at the sky around him. That young man was the person Su Ming had seen in the first picture—Zhan Bai.

“It’s here...” The old man sighed softly. There was an ancient and complicated look on his face, along with helplessness and a reluctance to admit defeat.

Chapter 1195: Transformation of the Soul

“If I could have more time, then I could...” The old man shook his head.

He watched the will sweep past the world in front of him. The sky shattered, the ground was reduced to nothingness, revealing that the galaxy beyond the sky had also crumbled. The old man lifted his right hand and struck the young man behind him. The young man immediately fell backwards and was sucked into a huge vortex that appeared out of nowhere.

“MASTER!” The young man’s cries were filled with pain and endless sorrow.

“Go. Use the method I left behind. All of you have three-tenths of a chance to escape from the disaster.” The vortex behind the old man disappeared. A brilliant light shone in his eyes, and he took a step forward to walk towards the incoming will.

Boom!

The scene ended. There was a sharp stab of pain in Su Ming’s head, but at the same time, his cultivation base moved from the initial stage of Life Realm to the middle stage of Life Realm. Soon after, golden light spread out from him. It moved away from his skin and left his cultivation base.

The continuation of his spirit ascension after his Berserker Body reached perfection was the raise in power of his cultivation base. At that moment, this came to an end as well.

Su Ming’s body was drenched in sweat. The inheritance should not be painful, but Su Ming had made his cultivation base move in reverse, which was why he was in great pain, but all of this was worth it. Not only had he forcibly made his cultivation base reach the middle stage of Life Realm, he had also seen the disaster!

Su Ming did not know what the will in the disaster was, but its strength caused a boundless sense of danger rise swiftly in Su Ming's heart as it trembled.

He did not dare to think about whether the will in the disaster... would one day descend again and sweep through Arid Triad to kill all lives. At that moment though, Su Ming remembered the secret of the universe he had seen when he was in Heavenly Incense Rune!

It was death. It was destruction. It was the entire Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos reduced to emptiness, filled only with death.

He also understood that the Ancestral Spirit with which he had fused... was the young man named Zhan Bai. The so-called Ancestral Spirits were in truth just cultivators, but they came from a time much earlier than theirs. That era had been destroyed by a disaster. Those remaining built a new era, and they became... the Ancestral Spirits!

They were powerful, but they were just seeds sent out for the sake of passing down their legacy. The true powerful warriors of that era had long since died. Despite reaching an indescribable Realm, they still died in that disaster. Then, the power of that disaster...

Su Ming did not dare think about it. In silence, he welcomed the final stage of the spirit ascension, which was also the critical part of making a Successor Spirit become an Antecedental Spirit—transformation of the soul!

The first one was the transformation of the physical body, then came the transformation of the cultivation base, and the last... was the transformation of the soul!

With the transformation of the soul, one would open up the gates between the categories of life to break free from being a Successor Spirit and become an Antecedental Spirit!

More rays of golden light swiftly descended from the All Spirits Hall. It enveloped Su Ming and rushed into his body. They then swiftly fused with him and merged with his soul.

This made it so that Su Ming could no longer be seen clearly; he became indistinct. The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe in the distance might have remained outwardly calm, but he was paying close attention to the proceedings. He knew that Su Ming had already succeeded in half of his spirit ascension, but if any accidents occurred during the transformation of the soul, everything may still end in failure.

When the golden light fused with Su Ming's body when he reached the stage of the transformation of the soul, the old man enveloped the area with his divine sense. He refused to have anything from the outside world interfere with the process now. He

would attack at full force against any power that came to interfere with Su Ming's transformation of the soul.

'You must succeed. You've already gone through half of it. The transformation of the soul during the spirit ascension might be the most difficult to get through and there have been plenty of people who failed during the transformation of the soul, but since you could obtain such a great power even though you are a member of the later generation, you must have gone through many hardships in your life. You must have a will that is inconceivable to a normal person!

'And you are also a seed of Great Berserker Tribe. You are Great Berserker Tribe's hope. Your will must have gone through countless trials. You... will definitely succeed!'

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe stared at Su Ming with expectation in his eyes. His gaze, though, soon went to search through the area and the sky with killing intent.

'If he fails, it will be the end. But if he succeeds, the Arid Beasts will appear. I can kill them in his place... but if the Arid Disaster comes... The Arid Disaster should not appear. After all, this is the first time this child has his spirit ascend. He should... not attract the Arid Disaster's attention. It should not... Even for me, the Arid Disaster only appeared during the seventh time I went through the spirit ascension...' The old man's expression was grim as he thought through everything.

While the old man was being nervous, the endless golden light turned into glowing spots that fused into Su Ming's soul. He sensed it swelling up and getting stronger at a frightening pace.

It was a comfortable feeling, as if he was being nourished. His soul was continuously getting stronger, as if his life was filled with vitality and getting stronger. In fact, some of the realizations he had while he was practicing his cultivation in the past were magnified endlessly at that instant, causing Su Ming to gain quite a lot of epiphanies.

However, when he reached the middle stage, the strengthening of his soul was no longer comfortable. It brought with it a terrifying feeling. His soul was continuously expanding, and it soon started to pain Su Ming. This sensation was followed by fear. If his soul continued expanding like this, he would definitely explode!

The destruction of his soul would be equivalent to his body and spirit being destroyed. This made Su Ming feel incredibly pressured, but his soul did not stop expanding. It was gradually growing larger, and the pressure grew to an indescribable level as the intense pain slowly became stronger.

Then, right after he the pain increased a lot more, his soul... split up with a bang.

Su Ming's soul did not fall apart, but split up. With intense pain, it did so to divide the power of the golden light, but immediately after, the two souls swelled up again before they split up once more.

During the first split, Su Ming's soul turned into two. During the second split, his soul turned into four, then it split the third time, then the fourth, and the fifth.

It went from four to eight, then to sixteen, and then to thirty-two parts!

The intense pain from the splitting of his soul was no longer anything to Su Ming because what he could not stand even more was the splitting of his mind. It was also splitting up along with his soul. It was divided into thirty-two portions, and it was as if each of them was one individual Su Ming.

This meant thirty-two Su Mings. If any other race experienced this sort of transformation of the soul, they would definitely find it hard to endure for a period of time. Fortunately, Su Ming was an Abyss Builder. One of his inborn abilities was Possession, which was why he could somewhat handle having his mind split into thirty-two parts and locate his origin soul among them.

'He split five times... that should be the end. Five splits, thirty-two souls... This child is from Great Abyss Tribe, so he should have no problems. He won't lose his origin soul, and neither will he have his mind wiped out when the thirty-two souls fuse and devour each other.

'Great Berserker Tribe, as I watch all of you now, I have to say, I am impressed by your choice. The act of choosing someone from Great Abyss Tribe is an incredibly bold choice.' The old man relaxed slightly in his heart, but the next moment, his eyes focused swiftly, and a grave look appeared in his eyes.

'He's... splitting for the sixth time?! Damn it, how could this be? Based on my experiences and memories, when our people go through the transformation of the soul during spirit ascension, only a few handful experience six splittings of the soul. Could this be related to Great Abyss Tribe? Six times... this child should still be able to somewhat bear through it. Let's hope he... This... This is!'

The old man opened his mouth and sucked in a sharp breath. Great shock and disbelief appeared on his face.

'Seven times!'

He personally saw the seventh split at that moment while Su Ming was enveloped by the golden light! This was something which had never happened before as far as he could remember. Even during his era, no one ever experienced seven splittings of their souls during the transformation of the soul in their spirit ascension, no matter to what race they belonged!

'Seven splits... How could this be?! Damn it, this child... That wisp of the foreigner's presence in the child's soul must be the reason!'

The old man had a gloomy expression which soon turned into anguish. He knew that the possibility of Su Ming succeeding in his spirit ascension had become exceedingly low.

"Whether or not you succeed will depend entirely on your luck now. Hah..." The old man sighed quietly.

At that moment, Su Ming was enduring inconceivable pain that came from his soul being split into 128 parts. His mind, too, had split into 128 parts. All of them were him, and it was precisely because of this that it was easy for a person to lose themselves in such a situation. They would forget which among all the many parts had belonged to them since the start.

And this was the first crucial part of the transformation of the soul. It was also known as losing one's way.

If Su Ming could not find his first soul and got lost among the one hundred something souls and minds, then what awaited him would be a terrifying destruction. He would forever be lost among his souls and could no longer regain his sense of self. Even if he succeeded in the end, the person who opened his eyes might be Su Ming, but he also might no longer be Su Ming.

At that moment, Su Ming was like a lone ship in a raging sea. He instinctively did not want the scattering of his mind to disrupt his heart. He wanted to keep on locking down on his first soul, but while he was trying to do so with great difficulty, his mind roared, and as the golden light continued fusing into him, his 128 souls... experienced the eighth split.

256 souls filled Su Ming's mind, causing his lock on his soul to tremble. It looked like he was already slightly uncertain as to which of the souls was his origin soul!

At that moment, Su Ming did not know that in a place so far away from where he was that it was already beyond Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos was Dark Dawn's camp. Within the ninth World among the 180 Expanse Cosmoes was a black galaxy, and in it was an altar encased in ice.

A middle-aged woman with long hair was sitting on it. There was a sacred, dark will about her. Her eyes had been closed before, but at that moment, she suddenly opened them.

Chapter 1196: Sacred Lady

When the middle-aged woman opened her eyes, she revealed a dash of blue in her pupils. Her face gradually changed during that instant as if she was forcefully removing time from her body. She no longer looked as a middle-aged woman, but like a young woman.

She had a calm expression. As if she did not feel the ice on the altar, she lifted her head and looked into the distance. The direction of her gaze was the entrance to the ninth Expanse Cosmos of Dark Dawn. Further down was where Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos was located.

In silence, she slowly lifted a pale hand to reveal a blue crystal on her palm. At that moment, there was a faint blue light shining on it. That light was incredibly beautiful. If anyone stared at it for a prolonged period of time, they would feel as if their hearts and souls had been sucked in, and they could not get out.

“This is the first time big sister’s Sacred Soul Crystal... shone with such a light in over tens of thousands of years...” the woman mumbled softly. Her voice was incredibly cold.

“The light is pointing towards Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos, and the only thing that could make big sister’s soul crystal have this sort of reaction in Arid Triad is the child she gave birth to. She could not forget it till she passed away.”

The woman fell silent then. After a long while, a contemplative expression appeared on her aloof face. She swung her left arm at the layer of ice in front of her, and cracking sounds instantly echoed in the air. In just the span of a few breaths, the ice shattered and fell around her.

The next moment, ninety-eight shining planets appeared in the pitch-black galaxy. They seemed to be very far away from where the woman was, but it was precisely because they were far away that it could be seen that they formed a picture.

If there was a line connecting all the planets, they would form the image of a phoenix.

Right then, various figures walked out of thin air around the woman. There were many of them already, but more and more of them appeared, and after a moment, more than tens of thousands of them were in the area.

Their faces could not be seen clearly. It was as if they had fused with space itself, but the aura spreading out from their bodies made it feel as if they could freeze the galaxy in this Expanse Cosmos.

Once these people appeared, they bowed and worshiped the woman.

“Congratulations for your egression, Sacred Lady!”

The woman quietly stared at the tens of thousands of people around her and asked flatly, "What happened in Dark Dawn during the years I was in isolation?"

Swiftly one person stepped forward to share everything that had happened during the past years, including the gap in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos as well as the great war happening between Dark Dawn and Saint Defier over it.

After some time, the woman closed her eyes. When she opened them again, she took a step forward.

"Do not tell the outside world about my egression. Su Er, take my place and pretend that I am still in isolation. I will be going... to Arid Triad," the woman said flatly.

A woman from the crowd behind her immediately voiced her obedience. Her body gradually changed, and soon, she took the appearance of her Sacred Lady. She then went to the altar and sat down there. A layer of ice slowly appeared and sealed the place again.

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In the world within the All Spirits Hall, Su Ming was bathed in golden light. His figure could not be seen clearly. In the distance, the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe had a gloomy expression on his face, and a look of pity appeared in his eyes.

At that moment, while Su Ming appeared the same, the 256 souls and 256 wills in his mind had already made it hard for him to accurately find where his first soul was.

This was what it meant to lose oneself. Even though Su Ming had not completely lost his way, if he stayed in this condition for a prolonged period of time or if any other changes occurred, he would definitely lose his origin soul.

At the instant it became difficult for Su Ming to lock down on his origin soul, his 256 souls suddenly jolted at the same time. The great power contained in the golden light filled all 256 souls, and they became much stronger than Su Ming's soul just moments ago.

At that moment, a bang rumbled loudly in his mind. The ninth split descended upon him.

256 souls shuddered and split up again to turn into 512 souls. Su Ming's mind also split up during that instant to turn into 512 parts from the previous 256.

This caused Su Ming, who already had a hard time locking down on his origin soul, to be completely unable to find his origin soul at that instant. He was lost. All of the souls he saw looked like his original soul, but all of them seemed to not be it as well.

When the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe saw this from the outside world, he let out a long sigh. He understood that Su Ming had already failed his spirit ascension. It was not that there was never anyone who had a comeback while they were lost and eventually succeeded, but most of them only had their souls split three or four times, which was why they would have hope in finding their origin souls while they were lost, but Su Ming's soul had split nine times. The level of difficulty was so high that it was practically impossible.

'His failure has nothing to do with him, but it's due to the presence of the foreign race in his soul. Oh well.'

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe shook his head with the look of pity and regret. He could already imagine how when the 512 souls became stronger due to the power contained in the golden light, they would start merging and devouring each other.

Only when a person was in control of their origin soul could they guide the fusion during that moment. When all of them become one whole entity... then a soul of an Ancestral Spirit who had fused with all the other souls would appear!

It was also during this moment that the physical body, cultivation base, and soul would go through a metamorphosis at the same time. Only with the soul of the Ancestral Spirit as the seed, the Berserker Body in Death Realm as the roots, and the cultivation base as the leaves could Su Ming truly take the step to change from a Successor Spirit to an Antecedental Spirit.

'It's a pity... but it doesn't necessarily mean that he failed either. It just means that his mind has been wiped out and replaced by another newly born mind. If that's the case, from a certain point of view, he is still himself, and there's still a possibility of me making a deal with him.'

A glint appeared in the old man's eyes before he sighed quietly. This was something no one could help Su Ming with. Even the old man could do nothing about it. He could only watch as Su Ming's face in the golden light filled with deep confusion.

Su Ming was lost. He was lost among the 512 minds and souls. He could not find his origin soul. When the 512 souls were made to gain completion due to the golden light, he could only watch in a daze... as they started devouring and fusing with each other.

A life-threatening sense of danger instantly rose in Su Ming's mind. He had a strong feeling that if he could not find his origin soul and it was devoured by the other souls, it would mean that he would die.

Perhaps the soul which would come on top in the end would also believe itself to be Su Ming, but it would just be like the independent will of the clone that practiced the Art of Swallowing Hollow Shadows Whole—that person would no longer be truly Su Ming.

The devouration and fusion of the souls had already started. The 512 souls collided against each other, and booming sounds continuously rose in Su Ming's head. As the souls devoured each other, the life-threatening sense of danger arose in all of Su Ming's souls, making it hard for him to differentiate which of them was his real one.

'What should I do?!'

Anxiety filled the minds of all 512 souls at that moment. It was as if all of them were real, but also as if all of them were fake.

When Su Ming saw that some of them had already been devoured during the fusion, he suddenly saw a hint of blue light appear in a soul that was being devoured by three souls at the same time.

The blue light was very faint, but at that moment, it was like a lighthouse in the dark in Su Ming's mind. He had no time to think. At the instant it shone, he sent his entire mind into the soul who was being devoured.

At the instant his mind fused with the soul, Su Ming's heart trembled. He had a strong feeling that this soul was his origin soul. It was his soul from before he was split into 512 parts.

He could not understand why he would have this sort of feeling. The urgency at that moment caused him to be unable to think about anything. He believed wholeheartedly that this was his original soul. Thus, he immediately started devouring and fusing with the souls around him.

Su Ming had long since become numb to the feeling of intense pain. When one of the five hundred something souls was devoured, the soul who devoured it would not be the only one who would become stronger. All the souls would become stronger.

Gradually, the number of souls in Su Ming's mind lessened. When there were only two hundred something left, each of the souls became much stronger than Su Ming's soul before he performed the spirit ascension.

As the fusion and devouration continued, there were a few times Su Ming was nearly wiped off, but since his mind was with the soul, it meant that Su Ming was fighting continuously against hundreds of Su Mings. This was an indescribable feeling, but to Su Ming, this was much more dangerous than the battle of Arts he experienced in the world outside.

Gradually, the souls became fewer: 128, 96, 64...

Su Ming did not know how much time had passed. He could not divide his attention to focus on anything else. He could only immerse himself in the devouration and fusion of his souls. When there were only ten souls remaining in his mind, including his own, Su

Ming could clearly sense that his current soul had become so strong that it surpassed his previous soul by a lot. It was impossible to compare the two. They were already two completely different life forms.

Booming sounds echoed in Su Ming's mind when the remaining ten souls started a crazed devouration. There would only be one that would last till the end, and the one who was left would control the body. It would become the new Su Ming.

If the soul Su Ming chose was the one who lasted till the end and his origin soul, he would still be Su Ming, but if either of the two did not happen, his mind would be wiped out, and he would be replaced by another mind that would be born from the new soul.

As time trickled by, the number of souls in Su Ming's mind went from ten to eight, then to five. When there were only two left, one of them was Su Ming's, and he fought against the other one.

The two souls were infinitesimally close to becoming an Antecedental Spirit. Their presence and the ripples of power were enough to shake the hearts of all outsiders, but they still had to fuse into one. Only then could they truly transform from a Successor Spirit to an Antecedental Spirit!

Chapter 1197: Antecedental Spirit and Arid Beasts

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe had no idea how much time had passed, but his pupils suddenly shrank, and a grave expression appeared on his face. This was because he saw the golden light around Su Ming grow dimmer. In the span of a few breaths, it disappeared completely.

Su Ming's eyes opened!

At the instant Su Ming he did so, the sky roared, and the ground trembled. A ripple filled with a powerful presence spread out from his body uncontrollably. Wherever it went, the sky would distort.

The fog in the area around him fell back at once, and a feeling of emptiness spread out from Su Ming's body.

At the same time, his eyes became incredibly bright as if stars were contained in them. He seemed different from before, and there was a spiritual air about him. When he stood there, it looked like the sky had to lower itself a little and the ground had to sink a little before him. His existence seemed to be able to make the world tremble.

Su Ming swept his gaze across the ground. When he met the gaze of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe, a brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes. The light in the old man's eyes also reached a piercing degree. Once the two of them exchanged a glance, they sensed that their presences were astonishingly similar.

They did not belong to cultivators, but Antecedental Spirits!

Both of them were nearly the same as the Predecessor of Dao Ocean and the Spirit of the Sand Earthlings. Su Ming felt like he had ascended to a higher plane of existence that was above all lives. It was as if he had taken a huge step forward from being a human to becoming an Antecedental Spirit!

He could change the laws in the world as he pleased. He could see the rules in the universe when he closed his eyes. In fact, Su Ming could even vaguely sense the will of Arid Triad existing in space. That feeling of having ascended to a higher plane of existence was indescribable. It was as if... he had escaped some shackles and become a life form that what he could previously only imagine.

If anyone compared Arid Triad's will to a giant fireball akin to a sun and each person to a glowing spot, then if the flames of Su Ming's life burned, he could destroy all lives. The flames of his life might not be able to compare to Arid Triad's will, but they were much stronger than of all lives.

It was especially so for his soul. Once he devoured all the souls split up from him, he had become so strong that if he sent his soul outwards, he could wipe out a person from existence with just one thought.

He could kill a cultivator with just his mind. Even if that cultivator was an Almighty, it would still be difficult for them to fight against Su Ming's will sweeping past them. There might be some Almighties who could fight against it, but it would intimidate them greatly.

It was as if he was a galaxy in this universe. He could even described as the will of heaven for a certain area. If he wanted a person dead, then they would die, because Su Ming's will could change laws, disturb rules, and crush space.

This was the power of Antecedental Spirits. It was a state of life Successor Spirits could never reach, no matter how hard they practiced cultivation.

This was a strength Su Ming had never possessed before. The feeling as if he had control over other people's lives and deaths made Su Ming sense the madness of existence when he opened his eyes. He sucked in a deep breath and slowly took a step forward.

With that one step, the world distorted. Booming sounds surged into the sky, and a huge vortex appeared. It spun with loud bangs. It seemed like there was an indistinct

face in it, but if anyone looked closer, they would find it was just a vortex. Everything seemed to be just an illusion.

“You are...” A barely noticeable glint shone in the eyes of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe.

“Our deal is still ongoing,” Su Ming said calmly.

He did not tell the old man directly whether he was still himself, but he knew that he was still himself. The soul with the blue light spreading out from it was indeed his origin soul. The blue light had guided Su Ming, providing him a way to find himself when he was lost.

In the beginning, Su Ming had not understand what the blue light was, but when he became an Antecedental Spirit, with his great soul and as a life form who could turn into the will of heaven, he understood that this was the power of his mother’s race fusing into his soul. It was the power of the foreign race the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe had mentioned existing in him.

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe narrowed his eyes. Just as he was about to say something, a thought appeared in his mind. He raised his head to look at the vortex that had appeared in the sky. Su Ming lifted his head as well. He might be slightly slower than the old man, but he was only one breath slower.

‘As expected, once he experienced nine splits and fused with all of them to become an Antecedental Spirit, he grew incredibly power. This is just his first success...’

While this thought might have entered the old man’s mind, he did not have time to analyze it more. Roars came from the vortex in the sky, and right after, dozens of figures manifested from within it.

Those figures did not belong to beasts, but to humans!

They were clearly cultivators. All of them were dressed in different attire, but most of their clothes were damaged. They were cultivators with fierce and murderous looks, but on their faces was bewilderment.

Their presence was incredibly strange. There was an ancient air to them along with a powerful intent for destruction. In fact, there seemed to be a will about their bodies. It seemed to be asleep, and it was not strong. However, it somehow gave off a feeling like it could destroy the entire universe.

At the instant Su Ming saw the cultivators, his heart trembled. He recognized one of them as Zhan Bai’s Master, the one he had seen in the picture from the inheritance of the Ancestral Spirit!

The sage-like old man who was originally dressed in long robes and had a head full of white hair was like a wild beast at that moment. When he opened his mouth, there was even saliva dripping down. Upon coming out from the vortex, he looked swiftly towards Su Ming with fierceness in his eyes.

When he looked over, Su Ming sensed his presence of an Antecedental Spirit became chaotic, as if the dozens of figures had an inborn ability to form some kind of restriction on his status as an Antecedental Spirit. Su Ming even had a feeling that his presence was some sort of supplement for them. They would close in on him to devour him without a care for the cost.

“Thirty-six Arid Beasts. Su Ming, I will help you hold them back. You’ve just become an Antecedental Spirit right now, so you need to stabilize your body, cultivation base, and your soul. This moment is critical for you, but your existence is the best food for these Arid Beasts.

“You must try to restrain your presence. Merge your cultivation base, body, and soul into one and stabilize your status as an Antecedental Spirit. I will buy time for you, but you must hurry!”

As the voice of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe echoed in the air, he took a step forward. With a swing of his arm, a ripple spread out until it enveloped the thirty-six figures. Once the old man prevented them from moving forward, a chilling glare appeared in his eyes, and he fought against the thirty-six figures with loud booming sounds in the air.

A freezing glare appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. Without any hesitation, he sat down. When he closed his eyes, he had his soul spread through his body and circulated his cultivation base, quickly fusing the three into one before stabilizing them, just as the old man had told him to do. He continuously retrieved the presence that had spread out from his body, intending to completely lock it in his body.

But his presence was too strong. Even the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe had given him a few attentive glances previously, so it was completely impossible for him to restrain the presence in a short period of time.

Just like that, two hours passed.

During those two hours, the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe executed his divine abilities and activated his cultivation base to fight against the Arid Beasts. The cultivators roared like wild beasts. They had no cultivation bases nor any divine abilities. All they relied on was some sort of instinct.

But they could not be wiped out of the plane of existence. Even if the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe had monstrous power, he could only watch helplessly as they manifested again after their bodies crumbled.

After two hours passed, roars came from the vortex once more. This time, hundreds of figures appeared.

The old man's expression became darker. He knew that at that moment, what Su Ming needed the most was time, and he had to be the one to buy it for him. With a cold harrumph, the old man formed a seal with his right hand and pointed at the sky. It instantly roared, and a horsetail whisk appeared next to the old man. When he swung it, illusory shadows appeared in the sky. As rumbling sounds rang out, the fight continued.

All of Su Ming's attention was placed on restraining his presence. By then, he had already managed to keep it to a boundary of only about ten thousand feet. Slowly, it turned to one thousand feet.

When it reached five hundred feet, the vortex in the sky rumbled again. This time, thousands of Arid Beasts appeared.

When they saw that Su Ming's presence was becoming lower due to him restraining it to the point that the five hundred feet had been reduced to one hundred feet, the thousands of Arid Beasts in the sky roared together before suddenly crumbling and turning into countless glowing spots. The old man's expression changed, and the glowing spots swiftly gathered together.

Then, like a long river, they shot through the old man's body and rushed towards Su Ming. When it closed in on him, it turned into a huge, ferocious face that opened its mouth to devour him.

The face was several hundreds of thousands of feet in height, making it look like the sky was sinking. It was also fast enough to instantly reach Su Ming's head. At the instant it opened its mouth wide and was about to devour him, Su Ming opened his eyes. All his presence had been completely restrained in his body.

He lifted his head and with an aloof gaze looked up at the face above him, which was as big as the sky itself. The face came to an abrupt halt at that instant. While being less than one hundred feet away from Su Ming, it stared at him, and Su Ming, too, stared at it.

This lasted for only a few breaths before the ferocious face suddenly smiled. It made the face appear even more ferocious, but the next second it disappeared. At the instant it vanished, a crimson bolt of lightning shot out from the center of its brows and shot up towards the vortex in the sky. Soon after, the vortex faded away among loud booms, and the sky gradually calmed down.

When the old man saw this scene, his expression instantly changed.

"Arid Disaster..."

“What is an Arid Disaster?”

None of Su Ming’s emotions could be seen on his face. He slowly stood up and stared at the sky as it returned to normal while he asked this question calmly.

The old man was silent for a moment. A hint of pain appeared on his face when he began to speak slowly.

“Once you succeed in spirit ascension, most of the time, the things that appear are Arid Beasts. If you have help or if you can deal with them on your own, there will be no problems for you in the future, but sometimes, it is the Arid Disaster that appears, though it is very rare...

“The power of the Arid Disaster is strong enough to destroy all wills. I went through it once, and it is the reason why all my people died. Even I don’t know how I lived through it, since halfway through it, I lost consciousness.

“When I woke up, the Arid Disaster was gone, but all my people were dead. I also found my hand buried in my grandson’s chest...

“The Arid Disaster will not come immediately, but will descend on you within a year...”

Chapter 1198: Created in Antiquity

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe was silent for a moment. When he spoke again, he looked towards Su Ming, and a complicated expression appeared on his face, because he saw that there was the mark of a lightning bolt at the center of Su Ming’s brows at that moment. Clearly, it had appeared without Su Ming’s knowledge at some point of time.

“The mark of the lightning formed at the center of the Arid Beasts’ brows symbolizes the Arid Disaster. It is the same mark you have at the center of your brows right now. This means that you are the next person who will go through the Arid Disaster.”

Su Ming remained as calm as ever. He lifted his right hand and touched the center of his brows gently. The skin at that spot seemed to have been burned by some strange power, causing the mark of a lightning bolt to appear without him realizing that anything was off.

“It will descend at some point within a year, hmm?” Su Ming asked faintly after being silent for a moment.

If anyone looked at him then, they would only see that he seemed to have a spiritual air. They would not be able to tell that he had already escaped being a Successor Spirit and become one of the few remaining Antecedental Spirits in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos.

But once Su Ming released his presence, it would be strong enough to destroy the world. He had become powerful enough to turn into a galaxy's will of heaven.

"It will descend within a year. The Arid Disaster descended on the seventh day of the tenth month after the sign had appeared," the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe said in a low voice.

Su Ming smiled in a relaxed manner. His life was filled with hardships, and the dangers he ran into were countless. The Arid Disaster might be mysterious, but since it was bound to come, being alarmed would be of no help. Facing it with calm composure and wisdom was Su Ming's choice.

"Thank you for protecting me just now, senior. I will not forget the deal we made. But for now, I'm afraid you will need to wait a little longer. When I became an Antecedental Spirit, I suddenly understood plenty of things I had never puzzled out completely. I will need to use this power to refine some of my divine abilities," Su Ming said while staring at the old man.

"That is what you should be doing. Once you become an Antecedental Spirit, the world will fuse with you. It is the moment when you are the closest to Arid Triad's will. Get a good sense of this feeling. During my time, there were quite a few shocking divine abilities and ultimate techniques that were created while we were in that condition." The old man nodded.

Su Ming sat down and closed his eyes. At that moment after the Arid Beasts left and the vortex disappeared, the two thousand something golden figures and the All Spirits Hall above Su Ming slowly turned into illusions as well. After a moment, the Spirit Descension Hall, too, disappeared from the sky to wait for the next time someone summoned it.

Su Ming slowed down his thoughts and recalled the sensation he had when he became an Antecedental Spirit. Gradually, he made this feeling fill his heart. In about an hour, he immersed himself in it while also remaining alert of his surroundings.

Several hours later, when Su Ming's mind had been immersed in the feeling of him becoming an Antecedental Spirit, his mind became clear.

It was a relative state of relaxation where his consciousness left his body to drift around him so that he could gain an understanding of the universe. In this state, two images appeared in Su Ming's mind without his realization. One was Dark Mountain, and the other was him while in the land of Berserkers. In that image, he threw his head back

and roarer as countless Berserkers beneath him worshiped him while crying out to him as their God.

This image remained in Su Ming's mind for a long time before it gradually faded away. When his line of vision became clear again, Su Ming felt as if he had returned to the ninth summit. He sat outside his cave with a drawing board before him. He had his right hand lifted and was drawing something. Su Ming knew that this was his first style from the God of Berserkers Transformation—Berserker Obliteration.

“The direction of my epiphany... is the God of Berserkers Transformation,” Su Ming mumbled. At the instant his words echoed in his heart, the image in his mind disappeared. When his mind became empty again, Su Ming opened his eyes.

He was still sitting in the world connecting the Sun Sinking Talisman to the All Spirits Hall. He was still sitting on the towering Spirit Ascension Platform in Great Berserker Tribe, but all around him were distortions in the originally ruined Great Berserker Tribe. They made it seem as if the sky and the earth were in disorder, and also as if time was changing.

At that moment, brilliant light shone in the eyes of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe. He moved back slightly and stared at the entire ruin of Great Berserker Tribe. It was filled with distortions as if a world from another period of time was overlapping somehow with the place at that moment.

It was similar to what he had felt previously. The time of the past... had come over because of Su Ming's appearance and because he had become an Antecedental Spirit.

As the two times overlapped with each other, figures gradually appeared in the distortions, and they all belonged to members of Great Berserker Tribe. Some of them charged through the sky, and some of them were meditating in the area. There were also quite a few children playing in the tribe.

The place seemed to have returned to the past through the distortions, allowing Su Ming to see the people of Great Berserker Tribe who had lived there in ancient past and observe their lives.

Smoke curled in the air, and there were hunting teams going out in groups. Buildings made of stone that had various heights were located all over the tribe. Spirit Ascension Platforms could be found standing tall all around.

There were countless floating stones in the sky. Huge birds Su Ming had never seen before circled above him, occasionally letting out loud and clear screeches. They fed swiftly on the pieces of flesh the Berserkers threw on the ground for them.

The sound of bustling people, laughter born from playing, and the breathing of Berserkers exercising their breathing not too far away filled Su Ming's mind at that

instant. He stared at the area and saw that most of the Spirit Ascension Platforms in Great Berserker Tribe were occupied by people meditating on them.

“The creation of Great Berserker Tribe lies within your will!”

When an ancient voice rang from behind Su Ming, the Berserkers meditating on the Spirit Ascension Platforms around the area immediately opened their eyes. They looked at Su Ming, and their eyes filled with reverence and zealousness.

Su Ming turned his head around and saw a person sitting behind him. It was an ancient-looking old man with graying hair.

He was dressed in white robes and looked forward as if his gaze could see right through Su Ming.

Su Ming quietly took a few steps back and sat down beside the old man. He had already come to understand that he was watching a scene which had happened an unknown number of years ago.

He stared at the area and at the old man, then began listening in silence.

“Your will is the thoughts of your mind. Creation is the beginning of bringing something into existence. Turn your thoughts into your will, and turn your will into your creations. Then turn your creations into nothingness. This... is the strongest Art of Great Berserker Tribe. You have the will of Eternal Creation, and hence you have the right to practice cultivation on the Spirit Creation Platform, and you also have the right to understand Great Berserker Tribe’s Eternal Creation Art.

“This Art is divided into five states. Ten Creations, Hundred Creations, Endless Creations, Eternal Creations, and Created in Antiquity. Over the years we have passed this legacy in Great Berserker Tribe, no one could execute Created in Antiquity. Our limit is Eternal Creations.

“You must understand that the strength of this Art... is as brilliant as the sun. It is one of the reasons why the other races fear us,” the old Berserker said languidly. When his voice echoed in the air, the Berserkers on the Spirit Ascension Platforms immediately became spirited, and longing appeared on their faces.

Only had a glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes, however. He had caught a phrase from the old man’s words that was unusual.

‘Spirit Offering Platforms? Are those Spirit Ascension Platforms?’ Su Ming’s eyes sparkled, but the old man’s subsequent words cleared his confusion.

“This Art is passed down through our legacy. One part of it is contained in our blood, and the other is personally given to us as an inheritance by Great Berserker Tribe’s Ancestral Spirits when we worship the heavens!”

When the old man’s words echoed in all directions, a thought appeared in Su Ming’s heart.

‘The world I’m seeing now is a world before the disaster descended. It’s the era before the Ancestral Spirits died!’ Su Ming immediately lifted his head and looked at the sky.

Its blue shade was as clear as water. White clouds drifted around, causing all those who saw it to feel calm. This sort of sky was one Su Ming could rarely find in the outside world.

“Now, worship the sky and summon the Ancestral Spirits to descend among us!” The old man stood up and swung his arm. Then, he wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed to the sky.

All the people on the platforms in the area stood up and worshiped the sky. A thought appeared in Su Ming’s mind, and he stood up as well to bow to the sky. There was a brilliant light in his eyes as he stared above.

Layers of ripples suddenly appeared in the blue sky. Immediately after, as they spread out, they formed a huge face. It sank from the sky, and when it descended, Great Berserker Tribe instantly fell into silence. All the people stared at the sky. Besides respect, there was also sincerity and gratitude on their faces. Not a hint of fear could be found anywhere.

When most of the face had descended, its eyes sparkled, and two pillars of light shot out from them. When they landed on the ground, they became piercingly bright. The bodies of two people slowly manifested from the pillars of light.

They were dressed in long robes, and judging by their looks, they appeared to be in their middle ages. There were no awe-inspiring expressions on their faces, but smiles like the gentle breeze of spring while they stared at the members of Great Berserker Tribe on the ground.

The two people were a man and a woman, and the man asked softly, “My fellow tribesmen, what is your request?”

There was no air of supremacy or arrogance in his words, but genuine emotion. He did not treat the people in Great Berserker Tribe as ants, but as his tribesmen, just as he said.

The woman by his side reacted in the same way. With a glow akin to motherly love in her eyes, she looked at all the people in Great Berserker Tribe. When she looked at the children, her expression brightened with deepest love.

“Ancestral Spirits who protect Great Berserker Tribe, please allow us to inherit the Created in Antiquity Art so that these people can obtain the epiphany and fight for the tribe!” The old man in white robes bowed deeply.

“Created in Antiquity is the strongest divine ability of our race. You have the blood of our race in your bodies, and you were created by us so that our race would grow through the generations. Because of it... this Art will never come to an end. Created in Antiquity...”

The male Ancestral Spirit spoke softly, then raised his right hand to swing it at the ground. Immediately, some glittering sparks spilled out. Each one was a runic symbol, and they landed at the center of the brows of each of the Berserkers on the platforms.

One of them drifted towards Su Ming as well.

Chapter 1199: My Creation

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He allowed the runic symbol to approach him and fuse into the center of his brows. At the instant it disappeared into his forehead, Su Ming's mind and soul jolted. His cultivation base instantly started circulating based on a particular trajectory, and only calmed down after a long while. When it did, he saw that the man and the woman in the sky had returned to the huge face and vanished into the air.

“Gain an epiphany from the runic symbol's power, understand your thoughts, and turn them into your will, then with your will, produce your own creations!” The old man in white swept his gaze across the area. Once he spoke in a flat tone, he sat down and remained still.

The people meditating on the platforms in the area immersed themselves in a state of enlightenment.

Su Ming sat in the area as well and closed his eyes to understand what the old man had said so that he could learn Great Berserker Tribe's strongest Art—Created in Antiquity.

“My thoughts are the God of Berserkers' beliefs...” Su Ming murmured. This was when his very first belief appeared. At the moment he became the God of Berserkers, he had already determined his beliefs towards the Berserkers.

At the instant Su Ming affirmed the belief in his heart, he saw time begin to flow. The sun, moon, and stars moved, and some of the people on the platforms left and were replaced by new ones.

He also saw that someone seemed to have mastered the power of Created in Antiquity. A piercing light blasted out from them, but the time kept on passing. The elderly in the tribe died, those in their middle-ages became old, and children grew into young adults. An unknown number of years passed like that. Generations of Berserkers lived and had their offspring. The people on the platforms, too, changed, batch by batch.

As for the old man in white, he reached the end of his life and passed away. Others took his place one after another... and the Ancestral Spirits in the sky appeared time and again to pass down the Created in Antiquity Art.

As this continued, Su Ming noticed that the smiles on the faces of the Ancestral Spirits when they descended slowly disappeared, replaced by sullen looks and panic in their hearts. Their descent was no longer as frequent as in the past as well.

Even so, Su Ming could not count how many times he had inherited the Created in Antiquity Art. Then, one day, he saw the Ancestral Spirits in the sky vanish. He then saw that the growth of Great Berserker Tribe was no longer as swift as before. One day, the sky rumbled, and in the mid of all that ruckus, the sky collapsed...

While it was being torn apart, many Ancestral Spirits watched the ground, Great Berserker Tribe, the other tribes, and all the other races they had created. Su Ming, too, watched them.

Their expressions were gloomy. With a reluctance to leave, they created a huge hall to pass down their legacy in their place. Then, their bodies slowly vanished. Their presence... gradually turned into nothingness, and a red bolt of lightning descended. With just one glance, Su Ming could tell that it was nearly the exact same as the lightning bolt at the center of the brows of the face formed by the Arid Beasts.

The lightning bolt charged towards the hall created by the Ancestral Spirits, and booming sounds surged into the sky. The hall might not have collapsed, but it suffered a heavy blow from which it could not recover...

Su Ming bore witness to all of it.

He saw the races waging war against each other during the era after the death of the Ancestral Spirits. During the war, Su Ming saw the people from Great Berserker Tribe die one after another. He saw them turn the old Spirit Offering Platform to the Spirit Ascension Platform so they could perform the spirit ascension. He watched the Berserkers attempting to search for the order in the All Spirits Hall and witnessed far too many deaths.

He saw the children in the tribe forget how to play and smile in that happy and innocent manner of the past. He also watched the people in the tribe gradually dwindle in number...

“My will is the will to make the Berserkers rise to power.”

When he saw all of that, Su Ming mumbled to himself on the Spirit Ascension Platform. The words he spoke were his will. It had always existed within him, but at that moment, it became an incredibly firm resolve.

Su Ming closed his eyes. When he opened them again, quite a lot of time seemed to have passed again. Great Berserker Tribe looked like it was about to turn into an empty wasteland, but a person had come to sit on his platform at some unknown point in time.

It was an old man dressed in long robes. Before him was the spine of a ferocious beast. He stared at the sky with an unfocused gaze. In his right hand he held a stone piece, and he was scraping it against the spine. Cracking sounds came from it.

The sound echoed in the air, causing all those who heard it to feel sharp stabs of pain in their hearts, but at that moment, Su Ming only felt his heart tremble violently. He stared at the old man, and his vision became slightly blurry. The old man was blind. His appearance was the exact same as that of the blind xun maker Su Ming had seen in the land of Berserkers, but when he stared at him again, he looked exactly as his elder!

This scene caused Su Ming to remember... the Berserker's Realm Mountain about which the elder had talked to him.

Su Ming sensed a powerful ripple from the old man. It signified his level of cultivation, and it was strong enough to even make Su Ming apprehensive.

His pupils contracted. It was not because of the connection this old man had with his elder or the blind old man in the land of Berserkers, but because he could sense the presence of an Antecedental Spirit on him.

Su Ming saw a broken smile appear on the old man's face. When he lifted his left hand, he patted the Spirit Ascension Platform, and it immediately trembled. The entire ground also trembled. At the instant the sky trembled as well, the entire world changed.

The bright sky turned into dusk, and snow fell from the sky. The entire ground became unfamiliar. Even the Spirit Ascension Platform turned into towering altars. Under them were hundreds of thousands of Berserkers dressed in black robes. All of them were kneeling quietly.

Su Ming could even see a huge palace in the distance...

At the instant he noticed it, his body shuddered slightly. He was familiar with all of this. It was... the Great Yu Palace he had seen when he was in the land of Berserkers!!

“Kala, kala...”

The sound echoed in the area. It drifted in the snow and wind, lingering for a long time and refusing to leave. Yet the blizzard grew stronger. Snow was swept up by the wind, and it surrounded the area.

“Is there still hope? Is there?” an ancient voice asked indignantly in the blizzard. There was a hint of grief in it along with a cry filled with the reluctance to admit defeat. That voice had tumbled out of the mouth of the old man next to Su Ming.

The blizzard wailed as if in answer to the old man’s question. At the same time, it caused his voice to be fragmented before it was drowned out by the snow.

“If there’s still hope then where is it? If there is no hope then why do you let me see it?!” The old man looked as if he had sunken into a state of madness, and he sounded hysterical. As his roars echoed in all nine heavens, Su Ming stared in a daze and did not say a single word.

The snow began to fall harder.

“If you’ve let me seen it then there must be hope, but where is it?!”

“Today is the day the Emperor returns, the day the gates to the Three Lands open, the day the blizzard arrives, and the day all was created. I will predict the Berserker Day once again!”

When the old man lifted his left hand and formed a seal, Su Ming saw the blizzard instantly gather before him and turn into a dragon that roared at the heavens before it charged at the sky.

But the moment the dragon of snow and wind rushed above, it seemed to crash into an invisible barrier. It was as if a will had descended on it, and the dragon collapsed.

The old man threw his head back and roared. He bit down on the tip of his tongue and coughed up a mouthful of blood. At the same time, the hundreds of thousands of Berserkers under the altar bit the tips of their tongues while kneeling so that their blood would charge to the sky together with the old man’s blood.

Once it fused with the crumbling blizzard dragon, it turned into a blood dragon that looked like it was drenched in blood. It bore the weight of the roars and thoughts of the hundreds of thousands of Berserkers and rushed at the sky again.

Booming sounds reverberated through the air. The blood dragon broke the invisible barrier and went even higher, but at that moment, its body suddenly froze...

At that moment, it looked like it saw the universe beyond the barrier and a picture contained within that place.

There was only one object in that picture... It was a butterfly, a butterfly flying beyond the universe...

Boom!

The blood dragon's body collapsed while it cried out shrilly. It fell apart as blood-red snow that fell down from the sky. During that instant, however, the dragon let out a sound completely different from its roars!

"Death..."

When the voice echoed in the air, Su Ming's heart trembled. Blood trickled down corner of the old man's lips, and he mumbled that one word.

"Death..."

He placed the stone piece he held in his right hand on the thirteenth vertebrae of the beast's spine and left it there.

"You cannot see the world that I see... You... cannot see... Hope..." the old man mumbled in anguish. With the stone piece in his right hand, he started scraping against the beast bone, making cracking sounds once more.

There was a desolate air about him. It fused with his voice, and a grief-filled loneliness as well as a bleak air surrounded him.

"Hope... is not here, but in the future..." the old man murmured.

Su Ming closed his eyes, and when he opened them again, the world had already changed. An unknown number of years had passed since what he had seen last.

The world roared at that moment, and fog filled the entire area. Forlorn cries made by people before they died filled the area. Su Ming stared at the land being reduced to a wasteland under a disaster. Gradually, when the area returned to dead silence, Su Ming stood up quietly. He looked around and found himself before countless souls.

They seemed to have been staring at him quietly since the time Su Ming chose to gain his epiphany, since the ancient world appeared before his eyes, and even since he had begun performing his spirit ascension. They seemed to have been there from the very start, but only at that moment had Su Ming seen them.

The souls were countless. Their numbers went past a hundred million, and they were all people from Great Berserker Tribe. The might have died, but they appeared because of Su Ming, existing only due to him. They witnessed him gaining his epiphany and watched as he became an Antecedental Spirit...

Su Ming stared at them quietly. After a long while, he murmured to them in a slightly hoarse voice.

“My creation will be to rebuild Great Berserker Tribe so that all of your souls will find rest! This is my creation, the creation of the God of Berserkers!”

When he finished speaking, all the souls in the area bowed to him.

Chapter 1200: Su Ming’s Intelligence

At the instant these souls bowed to him, Su Ming lifted his right hand and stared at it. After a period of silence, he slowly drew a line in front of himself.

He drew it slowly. and it looked like ordinary trail. The spot where he started was the Dark Mountain located in the land of Berserkers from his memories; the path in the middle went through the hardships he experienced throughout his life; and the end held the old man on the altar who had appeared in his mind when he muttered those words.

That path was Su Ming’s whole life. It could also be said that it was the life of the current era’s God of Berserkers.

“With the God of Berserkers’ thoughts, I will turn it into the will to make the Berserkers rise to power, and I will create a new version of Berserkers. This... will be my very own Created in Antiquity!”

At the instant Su Ming spoke after he finished drawing, the hundred million souls in the area shuddered. When all of them lifted their heads, they turned into a gust of cold wind that howled as it charged towards Su Ming from all directions. The souls fused into the path Su Ming had drawn in front of himself so that the illusory path would become real.

It turned into a seemingly simple line, but contained within it were more than a hundred million souls which belonged to people from Great Berserker Tribe. It also contained the years that slipped by Great Berserker Tribe which acted as the intersection point between the ancient past and the present.

“This will be the first style of my God of Berserkers Transformation that will reach perfection. My Berserker Obliteration might not have reached the level of Created in Antiquity, but it can reach the majesty of Eternal Creation,” Su Ming mumbled.

He swiftly brought his right hand down, and the world immediately roared. The sky distorted. At the instant an incredibly terrifying presence appeared, Su Ming clenched his right hand into a fist and gathered all of the power in it.

He could sense that once he executed the perfected first style of his God of Berserkers Transformation at full strength, he could change the universe in which he stood into an ancient era. The power of Eternal Creation would gather together the souls of more than one hundred million Berserkers from Great Berserker Tribe, and they would attack together to bring forth the greatest divine ability of Great Berserker Tribe.

‘Turning the universe into that belonging to Great Berserker Tribe... Time will overlap to turn the present into ancient times. One hundred million souls will then gather on him. Eternal Creation...’

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe in the distance witnessed the entire process. He might not have been able to see the world Su Ming saw, but after his spirit had ascended eight times, he could guess what was going on based on just a few clues.

At that moment, his pupils shrank slightly, and a grave look appeared in his eyes when he looked at Su Ming.

Eternal Creation was a divine ability which made the old man slightly apprehensive. Even though it could not be of a threat to him, if Su Ming could have his spirit successfully ascend two or three times in the future, its strength would allow the youth to stand proudly at the top of the universe.

‘If he can have his spirit ascend five times and obtain that greatest serendipity of the fifth ascension, there is a high possibility that he will become the strongest person in the current era, as long as the others are not Ancestral Spirits!’ The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe cast Su Ming a deep glance.

Su Ming lowered his head to stare at his right hand. In silence, he slowly unfurled his hand, and a fierce glare appeared in his eyes.

‘The name of the second style of my God of Berserkers Transformation was given by my second senior brother. It was known as Phantom Flash. It was an Art I often cast to travel at extreme speeds, but as my power increased, the speed provided by the second style gradually lost its usefulness...

‘Right now, with the perfection of my first style, the second style will also reach completion.’

Su Ming formed a seal with his right hand and pointed at the air. A strange thing happened then. Countless afterimages appeared behind his palm, and they did not disappear. All of them remained as if Su Ming had multiple right hands.

‘The figures moving back from the ancient past to the current world will no longer be limited to shifts, and neither will they be limited by the changes in dimensions. Instead, they will be able to move through time. Due to their indistinct figures, their bizarreness, and the difficulty of restricting them with Runes and seals... is why they will be known as Phantom Flash!’

Su Ming took a step forward, and in an instant, his body disappeared. When he reappeared, he was already hundreds of feet away. This action seemed quite normal, like something a slightly more powerful cultivator would be able to do with a shift, but Su Ming had not shifted, and neither had he used an extreme speed to move.

Instead, during that instant, he had used his power of an Antecedental Spirit. With his will as his driving force and the epiphany of turning the universe into the Great Berserkers, he moved as if he was moving through time. This was time moving. It was a divine ability of a higher level compared to a normal shift or warp.

The trajectory of a normal warp or shift could be detected, but Su Ming’s Phantom Flash lived up to its name. It could come and go without a trace.

With Phantom Flash, Su Ming could leave as he pleased even if he ran into people who were stronger than him.

“With this Art, I can be faster than others when it comes to casting divine abilities,” Su Ming whispered softly to himself, then slowly closed his eyes.

He had just perfected the first two styles, but there was no way he would stop. He wanted to create the third style for the God of Berserkers Transformation, an even stronger divine ability.

“The name for the third style... will be the God of Berserkers Transformation!”

At those words, Su Ming’s eyes flew open. When he raised his right hand, a hint of dark light appeared clearly in his eyes.

A large number of souls immediately appeared around his right hand. Fifteen million of them surrounded his right hand, and each of them were Progenitors from Great Berserker Tribe. As they screamed soundlessly, they instantly seeped into Su Ming’s right hand due to his will of a God of Berserkers.

Intense pain that made him feel as if he was being torn apart shot through his body, and his right hand swelled up. The feeling of great power then surged into his mind.

Su Ming lifted his left hand, and another fifteen million Berserker souls appeared. They fused into his arm, and in great pain, Su Ming jumped into the air. When he was airborne, he threw his head back and roared. Thirty million Berserker souls then appeared around his feet. Each of them had sincerity, zealousness, respect, and hope in their hearts as they seeped into Su Ming's feet.

Then, the air around him distorted. As he became indistinct, forty million souls manifested to charge at Su Ming's body. They fused into him, and the instant his body bore the weight of more than one hundred million souls, it transformed with a loud bang that surged into the heavens.

Su Ming's body became more than hundreds of feet tall, and it looked like a hill standing in the sky. It was filled with an indescribably terrifying power and the presence of an Antecedental Spirit. Once it fused with his Berserker Body, it caused the world to tremble and the weather to change, and Su Ming let out another roar at the sky.

That roar seemed to replace the rules in the universe and seemed to have turned into the will of heaven. Su Ming's power swiftly increased exponentially once he cast the God of Berserkers Transformation. His level of cultivation surpassed Death Realm and reached a state far above even if he had yet to reach Avanicaya Realm.

Yet he could not use God of Berserkers Transformation for long. Su Ming was a little fuzzy about the details, so he lowered his head and cast a glance at the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe in the distance.

The old man saw the current Su Ming as well, and his eyes sparkled. When he met Su Ming's gaze, he saw the fighting spirit in Su Ming's eyes. A faint smile appeared on his lips, and he nodded. He lifted his right foot and took a step into the air. The world immediately roared. Su Ming swiftly moved and executed Phantom Flash while under the effect of the God of Berserkers Transformation.

Once Phantom Flash was activated, he appeared out of nowhere in front of the old man without a single sound and without any ripples stirring up due to his movements, in a manner similar to shifting but was at the same time not. He lifted his fist and punched forward.

The old man's gaze focused. He straightened his right hand, formed a seal, and pointed at Su Ming's fist. A loud boom tore through the air, and a huge crack in the air ripped the space between the two men. The old man froze for a moment, but he did not retreat. A joyful look appeared on his face.

"As expected of the Great Berserkers of Wei, whose physical bodies can fight against Shu's Gods!"

Su Ming took six consecutive steps back before he lifted his head. When he rushed forward again, he was so quick that he instantly reached the old man with Phantom Flash.

The two people fought in the sky. When about seven breaths passed, the loudest rumble yet rang out.

Su Ming was forced back. He then lifted his right hand and swiftly drew a line at the old man. With it, the sky distorted to turn into the sky of the ancient past. The ground shattered to turn into the land that belonged to the Berserkers. Countless Berserker souls left Su Ming's body to fuse into the line, and it turned into... Eternal Creation.

The old man's eyes immediately shrank, and his heart trembled. At that moment, he actually sensed danger from Su Ming's Eternal Creation Art while the youth was under the effects of the God of Berserkers Transformation.

That feeling of danger might have been just a tiny spark, but he was a person who had succeeded eight times in spirit ascension, so he was similar to a peerless warrior in Avacaniya Realm. He might not have used his full strength against Su Ming just then, but if he could sense a hint of danger, it was enough to tell him just how powerful Su Ming had become.

He saw the slash created by Su Ming's Eternal Creation charging at him. Not only did it contain more than one hundred million Berserker souls, it also pulled the world to him, as if the slash had turned into a black hole that could devour everything.

It was especially dangerous because it contained Su Ming's will. It was the will of an Antecedental Spirit with a power equivalent to the will of heaven. When it descended, it instantly charged towards the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe.

A glint appeared in the old man's eyes. But just when he was about to take action, his expression suddenly changed. He had seen Eternal Creation Art being executed before and faced more powerful versions of it, but Su Ming's version was slightly strange. It gave the old man a feeling that the world in which he stood had turned into a still picture and that the incoming slash was a line drawn on that picture. It was also one that could completely destroy the whole picture.

When he saw that Su Ming's Berserker Obliteration was about to land, the old man closed his eyes before opening them the next instant. When he did so, both his eyes had three pupils in them.

He lifted his right hand and pointed casually before himself, sending a force to crash against Su Ming's Berserker Obliteration. Booming sounds surged into the sky, and dust filled the area. The old man stood in his place without moving as he stared at Su Ming who was walking out languidly from the fog and who had returned to normal from his God of Berserkers Transformation.

When Su Ming walked out of the fog, he looked at the old man and spoke flatly with a calm expression on his face. “As I thought, you have indeed provided me with extra care when those Arid Beasts appeared, senior. That is why the Arid Beasts turned into the Arid Disaster in the end.”